IN VAIN WITHOUT GOD.

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# Voorhees College Vellore

VOL. XVI APRIL 1952 No. 1

# Voorhees College

**Vellore**

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# EDITORIAL.

Elections.

Perhaps the thrill of election campaigns and polling at various centres, followed by the announcement of the names of successful candidates, is still fresh in our memory. No one could deny a great disappointment as things had taken their own shape, contrary to speculations in different quarters Well, life itself is full of speculations. Very often, things take a sudden turn. And the unexpected always happens. People are eagerly looking forward towards something tangible, specially by way of alleviating distressing conditions and thoroughly ourhauling the present economic order. We look forward with great expectations what the five year plan is going to achieve, when the next party holds the reins of the Government. The coming of the new Governor with his wide experience and great qualities of head and heart will go a long way in transforming conditions in our province. Our prayers will ever be with the new Governor and the new Cabinet.

Successful Educational Institution.

As we write this, we have been greatly inspired by the address of our revered Vice-Chancellor at the University Teachers' Conference held in Madras. He had rightly referred to the success of an educational institution vesting on the "obligations on the part of the teacher to discharge his duties in such a manner that he will evoke in the students and in the management, respect and regard." Here seems to be a triangular relationship—shall we say an eternal triangle is formed here—between the teacher, and the student and the management? Perhaps it is not an exaggeration to state that excellent relationship is possible between the teacher and the management. But has it always been possible to maintain cordial relationship between the teacher and the taught? What is wrong with the modern system of education? How is it that our ancient gurus succeeded in creating respect and awe in the minds of students? Who is to blame now if there is something amiss in an educational institution? Is the task of the teacher so light as is imagined by the student or the layman who does not know the A B C D of education—not to speak of the Collegiate education? The teacher is not a simple, ordinary figure who turns out mechanically some routine duty. He is the guiding influence, moulding the plastic minds of the youth entrusted to him. He has to be a great dynamic force, not only to radiate the mighty potentialities in him, through the subject or subjects specialised by him or her, as the case may be, but also detect such potentialities among students themselves and direct them in proper channels so that the student may grow into a magnetic personality and a powerful influence among the student body in particular and society in general. Sublimation is a great psychological process in improving the personality of the student.

Indiscipline and the Remedy.

But to pursue the question further, how is it that educationists all over seem to harp on the growing indiscipline among students? And the University teacher, in particular, is not unaware of this wrong and baneful tendency among the younger generation. What then is the cause for this restlessness and what solution is available? Let us face these questions boldly and frankly, without any reserve whatsoever. None can deny the fact that obviously there is a lot of bad influence from without, damaging the very vitals of social structure, like a worm in the bud, peculiar fads of all sorts of fantastic descriptions have sprung up and the atmosphere is vitiated with these contagious ideas and ideals. And our students plunge into it thoughtlessly and take a deep breath of it, thereby poisoning their young and impressionable minds, with the result, evidently, they try to play the hero everywhere. They seem to forget the fact that freedom does not mean negation of rules and regulations. We do want the younger generation to enjoy the fullest freedom possible, provided they do not infringe the laws and thereby, while imagining to upset the working of the administrative mechanism, incidentally and unconsciously degrade their own otherwise fine personality. Well, here lies the crux of the problem. We, teachers, cannot pose as moulders of character of the students entrusted to our care without detecting the problem children and without having a firm grip in handling them. We must act without fear or favour and take effective and constructive measures in tackling problems. Parental co-operation should be sought and problems ought to be discussed squarely. It is only when we move freely with them, specially outside the lecture halls, in the play fields, libraries, debating clubs and the like, that mutual trust and confidence could be expected.

Godlessness.

Another glaring setback traceable in University life is the growing tendency to pose as irreligious or godless. It seems to be a fashion to negate the existence of God, the Creator and to profess a non-religionist. Well, how could denial of God or religion ever warrant a disciplined life? And how could a godless generation ever respect their superiors? But the strange thing about them is that the Divine spark is, nevertheless, present in their breasts, too, whether they will or no. And "the Hound of Heaven" is ever in pursuit of them. It behoves every good teacher then to see that the spark lying hidden is fanned. Results alone should not form our criterion. For, after all, examinations are not the be-all and end-all of life. They are just passports or stepping stones for life, but the greater test of life lies in the character of individuals. Without proper credentials, who will care for us? We want the younger generation to realise that and lend themselves to timely correction and enjoy the harmony of life. Let them turn to God, the source of all happiness. And they will have success in life.

# DIARY FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1951-1952.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| June | 18th | ... | College re-opens. |
| | 28th | ... | Mr. G. V. Job, M.A., L.T., addresses the students. |
| | 30th | ... | Rev. Sathya Joseph of the Papua Islands visits the social service of the S.C.M. at Kasba. |
| July | 1st | ... | Rev. Sathya Joseph's talk to students and staff on life in Papua. |
| | 2nd | ... | The Juniors join us. |
| | 7th | ... | The gift of rice from the U.S.A. through the Guild of Service, distributed to the poor at Kasba by the College S.C.M. Social Service Unit. |
| | 11th | ... | Inauguration of the various societies of the College.—The Principal presides. |
| | 12th | ... | Social Evening at the New Hostel. |
| | 15th | ... | College Chapel Service—Dr. J. H. Piet preaches. |
| | 18th | ... | Inaugural Address of the Association—Mr. Anantharaman, M.A., I.C.S., Dt. & Sessions Judge speaks on "the Ideals of University Education." |
| | 27th | ... | English Association Meeting. |
| | 31st | ... | College Council meets. |
| | " | ... | Inauguration of Literary Association at Hostel No. 1. |
| August | 1st | ... | Vernacular Associations meet. |
| | 2nd | ... | Excursion to Pondicherry by hostels and a few members of Staff. |
| | 3rd | ... | The members of the New Hostel go on a picnic to Otteri. |
| | 11th | ... | Prof. C.S. Paul, M.A., General Secretary of the S.C.M. of India, Pakistan and Ceylon Visits the S.C.M. work at Kasba. |
| | 12th | ... | Prof. C.S. Paul preaches at the College Chapel Service. |
| | 15th | ... | Independence Day celebrations at the College. Dr. R.P. Nathaniel hoists the flag and Mr. M.J. Sudarsanam gives a talk. |
| | 16th | ... | The S.C.M. delegates from the College join the Provincial Annual Conference at Chinglepet. |
| | 20th | ... | Miss Helen R. Sexton, Asst. Officer, Cultural Affairs, U S.A. Information Service, addresses staff and students. |

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| August | 22nd | ... | Philosophy Association Meeting—Dr. J.H. Piet addresses. |
| | 25th | .. | Staff Retreat to the Agricultural farm at Katpadi —Rev. A.O. Shaw leads the devotions. |
| | 29th | ... | English Literary Association—Debate. |
| | 30th | ... | Mr. Rohit Mehta, General Secretary, All-India Theosophical Society—addresses the students and staff under the auspices of the English Associations. |
| Sept. | 2nd | ... | The S.C.M. Terminal Service—The Rev. Russel Chandran of the Union Mission Theological Seminary addresses. |
| | 4th | ... | Miss Carmen from the Philippine Islands gives a talk on "Life in the Philippines". |
| | 10th | ... | Quarterly Examination begins. |
| | 16th | ... | The S.C.M. 'At Home' to Dr. James Robinson, B.D., L L.D., (Doctor of Humane Letters), Pastor, New York. |
| | 19th | ... | Staff Fellowship meets. |
| Oct. | 15th | ... | College re-opens after the Michaelmas Holidays. II Term begins. |
| | 17th | ... | Rev. John Sathyanathan speaks on. 'The greatest need of the present world'—Distribution of New Testaments by Dr. J.H. Piet to the successful candidates in the Scripture Examination. |
| | 21st | ... | The Christian members of staff and students join the Retreat of the Christian Medical College—Rev. Mac Leod and Bishop Newbegin address. |
| | 24th | ... | U N.O Day lecture by Mr. M. J. Sudarsanam—Staff Fellowship welcomes Mr. V.S. Muthiah on his re-joining the staff. |
| | 26th | ... | Staff Council meets— |
| Nov. | 11th | ... | The S.C.M. Terminal service—Dr. Somervelle speaks. |
| | 14th | ... | The S.C.M. Benefit show "Marie Antonite". |
| | 15th | ... | Science Association Meeting—The District Medical Officer presides—The Principal speaks on the "Radar". |
| | 16th | ... | The Andhra Saraswatha Sangham meets—Mr. Ramachandra sarma, Lecturer in Telugu presides—the Principal, Hindi College, Chittoor, addresses. |
| | 26th | ... | Rev. Moulton, Principal of the Theological Seminary, Bangalore, addresses the staff and students. |

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| Dec. | 8th | ... | Hostels' Christmas Day.—Rev. Vande Berg of Punganoor addresses. The play "Kings in Judaea" enacted by the staff and students- |
| | 9th | ... | Caraol Service—Dr. C.R. Wierenga, Principal, Theological Seminary, Vellore, gives the message. |
| | 13th | ... | Selection and Half yearly Examinations commence. |
| | 14th | ... | Dinner by the Principal to the members of staff and their families. |
| Dec. | 15th | ... | Christmas Cheer for the people in the Kasba Colony—Message by Dr. Hilda Lazarus, Director, C.M.C. Hospital, Vellore. The Principal, Voorhees College presided and Mrs. Wierenga gave away the prizes. |
| | ,, | ... | Fellowship Dinner by the College S.C.M. to the Kasba people. |
| | 19th | ... | Staff Fellowship—Farewell to Mr. V.S. Muthiah. College Carol Party visits the Christian Homes in Vellore & Katpadi. |

## 1952

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| January | 16th | .. | College re-opens after Christmas Holidays—III Term begins—Devotional Meeting for the Staff—The Principal conducts. New year message by Mr. M.J. Sudarsanam. |
| | 20th | ... | Chapel Service—The Principal preaches. |
| | 26th | ... | Republic Day Celebrations—Dr. Ramachandran, M.U.P. hoists the Flag and Mr. C. Yogasundaram M.A, L,T., Lecturer in Tamil, addresses. |
| | ,, | ... | Elocution Contests in English, Tamil and Telugu. The Principal presides. |
| | 27th | ... | College Chapel Service.—Dr. Roy Ebinazer, Chief Medical Officer, the Eye Hospital, preaches. |
| February | 3rd | ... | The S.C.M. Combined Retreat at the A.A.M. Agricultural Farm. |
| | 6th | ... | University Extension Lecture by Mr. S.D. Collison, M.A., Lecturer in Mathematics, on Curves, Circles, Parabola and Hyperbola—The Principal presides. |
| | 7th | ... | College closes as a mark of respect for the death of King George VI. |
| | Do. | | Scripture Examination for seniors & Juniors. |
| | 9th | ... | College Sports Day at the New Hostel grounds. |

13th ... Hostel day (Hostel No. 1.) Dr. Roy addresses.

14th ... University Extension Lecture—by Mr. S. Jagaraj, M.A., Lecturer in Logic on Psychoanalysis. Dr. J.H. Piet presides.

15th ... University Extension Lecture—Lecturer—Janab S. Abdul Qadir, M.A., (Oxon) Principal, Islamiah, College, Vaniyambadi.

20th ... Combined Hostels' Day of the Women's Hostel and the New Hostel — speaker, Mr. J. J. De. Valois, B.Sc., Prnicipal, A. A. M. Argricultural Farm, Katpadi. Mr. S. Jesuratnam, B.A., B.Sc., Manager, Voorhees College Hostels, presides.

21-24th ... Dr. Stanley Jones Lecturers, at the College Quadrangle.

26th ... Associations, Day—Rev. C.A. De Bruin, M A., M.TH., presides. Speaker Mr. S. Jesuratnam, B.A., B.SC., on "The atomic calendar".

28th ... College Day—Speaker Mrs. Santhanam, Deputy Mayor of Madras.

29th ... Farewell to Seniors — Valedictory Address by Dr. J. H. Piet.

# ARE YOU GOING TO BE GOVERNED BY ILLITERATE PEOPLE?

(By V. V. Margabandhu, I. U. C.)

It is not without considerable hesitation that I venture to write on this topic. I think I will be failing in my duty if I neglect the writing of this essay.

During the address given by Mr. James Sudarsanam, M.A., on 16th January 1952, when the College was re-opened after a long Christmas Vacation, he referred to the recent elections. At that time our Principal, S. Jesuratnam Esq., B.A., B.Sc., G.I.E.E. raised the question "ARE WE GOING TO BE RULED BY ILLITERATE PEOPLE?". It set me thinking.

I am of opinion that "we are not to be governed by the illiterate." I will state the causes which forced me to arrive at this conclusion. After reading this essay, I hope that every University man will agree with my point of view.

If any of you glance back at "THE HINDU" (which I hope you would do) you will notice a column written by a correspondent about the present elections. In that he states that a voter pointing to the "flower" said that he voted for "kooja". Another voter, it seems, told a pressman that he wanted to vote for flower, but was unable to find it and so he voted for a pair of bulls with a yoke on.

From this, it is clearly evident that voters are in need of education and that they are unable even to recognise the symbols on the ballot boxes. Some, it is told, called the aid of the presiding officer and polling and marking clerks to come and put their votes in some box. Is this not the result of Adult Franchise?

At this juncture, Adult Franchise will be useless unless the voters are able to recognise the ballot boxes. If a voter is unable to recognise the symbols on the ballot boxes, is it possible even to presume that he would be able to choose the right man to represent him ?

Now let us consider for a moment those who stand for elections. Most of them too, I very much regret to state, are uneducted persons. So naturally, some ministers may be un-educated, too. If these uneducated persons govern this Province, I am afraid that they would be unable to realise the value of education, and even if they do, they would naturally be at a loss to know how to spread it.

Now, dear readers, some of you may object this point. You may agree that Adult Education, which is introduced now, shows the value they attach to education. But their introduction of Adult Education is proving a complete failure. First of all, propaganda was welcomed by all, and Adult Education centres were fixed, and grown-up men began learning the alphabets. It is truly said that the "FOUNDATION LAID IN YOUTH WILL BE STRONG AND WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN". For these adults began to sink in their duty gradually. After toiling all day long, they found it impossible to acquire any knowledge during nights. Often they dozed away in their classes unconsciously. So (according to the correspondent of "THE HINDU") most of them gave up their studies and thus the Government incurred a heavy loss of expenditure. The Government must have thought twice before an action was made. If they had consulted the Civil Servants (most of them being I. C. S. Officers) who, being highly educated persons with a rich fund of experience too, know the manner of spreading real education, they would have probably been warned of the results. But our uneducated Members of the Legislative Assemblies took a hasty action and now the Government of Madras bears the fruit of it.

Now let us consider some reminiscences of the former Government. The prohibition of drinking is no doubt a good act. But it proves to be a loss to the Government. So they increased the other taxes. Betel leaves, cigarettes and similar things were regarded as not essential for men and so they were highly taxed. But a person points out that, though these may be regarded as unnecessary luxuries, these are ordinarily used by the poor and the heavy taxes put on them affect the poor. I am not prepared to argue out that because it is not my theme, and it is also beyond the scope of this essay.

In the year 1950-51 "Social Studies", and "Secretarial Courses' were introduced and English was made a Second Language. Only five periods were allotted for the Classical Languages like Sanskrit, which must be held in priority. The abolition of optionals caused a great agitation among High School and College Staff and Students. The College Principals were at a loss to know how to admit all the presons who did not take optionals. So those who wished to enter colleges were allowed to take Optional Mathematics.

But in the year 1951-52, the then Educational Minister Mr. Madhava Menon B.A.B L., recognised the wrong done and tried to alter the Courses. He had allotted some more periods for Sanskrit and other Classical Languages. They are trying to make English as First Language though there is a strong opposition from the uneducated persons. How far will it be successful. I do not know, but I welcome the proposal heartily. Now the Optional Subjects were also considered. Those who do not take composite Courses need not attend Elementary Mathematics.

'ALMA MATER.'

Balasubramaniyam, I. U. C.

So if we take into consideration the scheme that was followed from 1926 onwards till 1952, we find that many great changes had taken place in recent years. I am of opinion, dear readers, that these changes are due to our uneducated representatives, but probably you may differ from me.

I maintain that all this is because the uneducated people govern educated persons. In my humble opinion, even if he is an expert, and even if he realises the value of the University (as well as High School) Education, if an uneducated person governs the educated ones, the standard of education will certainly go down. If an educated person is a Minister, he will certainly recognise that the removal of optional subjects will decrease the standard of college students. So my positive answer is in the negative.

# MISS MALA

By A. Jumna Bai, II. u.c.

During the Summer holidays I felt too monotonous to be pent up in the house. Though I engaged myself in reading some masterpieces, the humdrum was very unbearable to me. A day contained the whole of my three months' life. But during the last days of the vacation my uncle came to my house with his family. He had been in Trichy, occupying some high post under the Government of India. As he was transferred to Madras he visited us enroute. I had great pleasure at their arrival, particularly because my uncle's daughter, Mano also came with him. We both had great pleasure in this meeting as this was the first in our lives. I had heard a lot about her. Likewise she too had heard a lot about me.

She is the only daughter of my uncle and had been studying in the South. It is unnecessary to say that we became fast friends within a short period. Her father was anxious to join his new post in Madras forthwith. But she refused to go without spending a few days with me. My mother was quite unwilling to send Mano and her mother so soon. He found no other way than going alone to Madras to join his new post, leaving his wife and daughter with us. Mano and I were seen together at almost all times. I took immense pleasure in telling her about my college, the girl students there and my friends among them.

She also told me a lot about her college, her fellow students, the lecturers and tutors. She said that the particular Tutor whose name was Miss. Kamalakanni was lean and tall with a huge hunch back. She would greet students and others in such a funny way that they used to go before her wantonly and repeatedly greet her so as to enjoy the sight of the peculiar pose in which she wished them in return or they would prevail upon some innocent girl to greet her and they themselves would be hiding somewhere and laughing. This tall, though not interesting body, is an amusing one.

During the course of the days she stayed with us, Mano told me about the sayings and doings of one of her college mates. They were very funny to hear. One day 1 asked her to give me a full account of this peculiar friend of hers. She took very great pleasure and gave me a full narration.

That girl's name was Miss., Meena. She was about 4' and 6" in height, a short plumpy lady, darkish in complexion. She used to paint eye-tex (a black pigment) to the lower lids of her small eyes and also wear thick glasses.

The application of the eye-tex was so generous that it was visible as a thick ribbon of her lower eyelids through thick glasses, even from a considerable distance. It gave her eye a ghastly appearance. The thick glasses distorted her eyes, and they seemed to shine like pebbles with a darkest edge on one said. She always wore thick sarees and chollies whose pattern hardly resembled chollies, in a culmsy and shabby manner. As her parents were very orthodox and conservative, nothing need be said about the elegance of her dress.

It would have been excusable if her father had no means to equip her wardrobe properly. He was quite a wealthy man with an annual income of Rs 15000/-. But she never cared for elegance in dress either as a high school student or as a grand college student. She was such a stingy girl that she refused to buy sarees even if her parents sometimes insisted on her to get decent ones. If they themselves present costly sarees to her, she would keep them safely aside in her wardrobe and would wear the same dirty and cheap ones. But fortunately, her younger sisters were admirably spick and span and fashionable in their attire as well as in their studies. This strange Meena was afraid of her younger sister studying in III class. She would often lose her pencil and stealthily bring to the college her younger sister's. She would refuse to lend it even for a few minutes to others, lest her younger sister might detect her stately ways.

The thick-glassed spectacles which she wore would be taken off and cleaned for a pretty long time with her dirty saree, at least twice every hour. Within this fairly long time of cleaning process she would have two or three gazes at the other women students. Even if they were to sit behind her she would turn round and look at them. Even if they vexed her with gazes she would not turn and give up her blank gazes.

She never failed to get a kerchief with her. If anybody were to look at it in the evening he would surely be taken aback. Because it would be seen as if it was immersed in a basin of ink. Her hand, too, would be seen as if dipped in the ink along with the kerchief. It was such a leaky pen that she had. Sometimes she would be engaged in repairing it in the class and would not be able to take down notes under dictation by the lecturers. She could receive help from none, as she never used to lend her things even if others were to ask her in a pathetic way.

When her pen failed miserably she would look at others, inviting the loan of a pencil, but none would be so obliging as to give her pencil or pen. For they had no consideration for her as she was too selfish and narrow-minded.

Because she failed to take notes she would ask any other girl who was her nominal friend for ending her notes to copy. She would coolly receive it if she gives the notes without repentance for her own unobliging ways. If she a b u s e s her she would receive that also coolly with no retort. But she would return with a long face and express it to others and at length ask them to give her their notes. But it was sure that nobody would give her the notes for fear of her carelesseness and disfiguring their notes with ink marks and stains.

During assemblies she would sit in the first row and would drop either a book or a pencil or her good old instrument box. After dropping it without any conern for her untimely act, she herself would be laughing loudly at it along with others. During athletics hour she would be seen wandering here and there, telling others about her grand-mother's refusal to give her jewels and reasons also for the refusal. She did not mind whether others cared to hear her or not. She would say that her grand-mother was afraid of giving jewels for fear that she (Meena) would lose them and also that they would be reduced in weight due to wear and tear and their lustre, too, would be lost. She would explain the reasons for her failure in three or four subjects or she would indulge in mimicry. Fortune favoured her at least in this art.

Miss. Meena used to come to the College in a hurry just 5 minutes before 10 A.M., almost running as if she had lost something of great value and was looking for it. On the eve of the examinations she would go to every girl and ask her if she had finished her revision and without waiting for the answer would boast that she had finished the revision and was thorough. She expected congratulations from them but got nothing but abuses in return.

If it were to be the days of re-opening after terminal holidays she would spread a false rumour that only one girl passed in Shakespeare and two in Physics and she would mention the names of two or three dull students. Some would believe her and after receiving the corrected answer papers they would come and scold her. But this Miss. Meena would laugh at them good-humouredly saying that she told it just for fun.

On one occasion she went to an intelligent and studious girl who unfortunately failed in Chemistry and said that she and herself Miss. (Meena) were doomed to fail in the University examination. The girl's anger knew no bounds and flew at her and scolded her for her impertinence to compare her with herself as well as for her stupidity.

The other day she came to the college with tears in her eyes and took her seat in a corner of the room. When Miss. Kumari,

who always used to mock at her, consoled and asked her the reason for her grief, she at once began to pour out her fears as well as the woeful account of her grand-mother's death. Miss. Kumari really felt for her and asked about the age of her grand-mother. Miss. Meena without stopping her tears said that she was aged 85 and also said, amidst her sobs, that her grand-mother used to do her hair and wash her clothes also. She also complained that they could celebrate no festival for one year from her death. She seemed to be more for the loss of the festival than her grand-mother's loss.

One day Meena came to the college with some cheap polish on her nails. On that day also she went to a corner and went on doing something very, very seriously. Miss. Kumari went to her and saw what she was doing. At once she had fits of laughter and when others asked the reason for it she was not able to answer in the midst of laughter. Others went to Miss. Meena and saw what she was doing and they too fell into laughter like Kumari. Miss. Meena almost had scratched away the polish with an old shaving blade and there were white and red marks and streaks on her nails. Even the most sober girl could not refrain herself from laughter at her nails. But this simpleton never cared about their laughter and asked a girl whether the red abominations could be removed by smearing cow-dung or sweet-oil over them. None was able to answer her as they were laughing at her foolish question.

During practical work, particularly in Physics, she was often seen with tears lingering in her eyes and wandering from one student to another. She was short in height and could not reach the table to do the experiments. One day during such practical work she went straight to the lecturer in charge of the class and asked hime "shall I cook it up, sir?. Poor girl! She was not able to arrive at the correct answer and went to the lecturer with this audacious question. He at once flew at her with anger and abused her as he would do any Tom, Dick, or Harry, but not a girl. But she did not fall to crying like a girl but protested against it and argued like a well-trained lawyer. The lecturer after many repeated scolding taught her once again as to how to do it correctly. She would often go to other students at all leisure times, disturbing their work and provoking them and would ask them to teach her either the Arterial system of frog or the respiratory system of cockroach. Sometimes she would get taught. Often she would be shunned. Still she would not be provoked.

Her Natural Science Practical Note Book would provide indefinite amusement. She would draw the external shape of the frog like a mouse and that of the cockroach like a barrel. She would draw the Human Vertibral column like a bamboo with distinct nodes and internodes.

The Biology Lecturer was a hard task master. She would come sometime smilingly, at other times with a serious look and would ask her whether she had discovered and drawn a new species of frog or earthworm. She would draw such peculiar diagrams whose counterpart could nowhere be found.

One habit of Miss. Meena is to sing some cinema song whenever she is asked to sing. She would begin it at once without any fuss. She would never care whether others really enjoyed it or mocked and lauhged at her. She would see all laughing but could not know whether they appreciated or depreciated it. She would still continue like the Solitary Reaper of Wordsworth and would sing another and another until somebody being bored, asked her to shut up.

On the first day of the annual examination Miss. Meena came to the college with an unusual gait and fortune. She came fanning herself with her dirty kerchief, and with her plait of hair, which was short, thin and tail-like, over her shoulder in front. Miss. Mathi cried from a corner that the Cinema star Vijayanthi Mala came to the college for a visit. She meant Miss. Meena. This nick has stayed on only for a day as Miss. Mano, who was well versed in the up-to-date fashions, suggsested that the name must be shorn to Mala from that long name Vijayanthi Mala, according to the fashion of having dimunitive names. From that instant onwards the name Miss. Mala existed instead of Miss Meena. She was addressed by the same name by all students. She was very much pleased with the name. Occasionally, she used to have a friction with them saying that if it were to reach the ear of her father he would be very serious with her. What the devil did they care for her threats? They continued to call her by the very name Mala till the end.

After this long narration, my cousin, Miss. Mano asked me as to what I thought of her college mate. I told her she was indeed a peculiar but amusing personality who is worth being known to the whole student population. Indeed we need such personalities as students in colleges to amuse us like clowns.

# IT IS FINISHED

BY. P. CHANDRANATHAN II. U. C.

This is the sixth word uttered by our Lord Jesus Christ on the cross. Never in the history of man do we come across a deeper meaning than that this word implies.

Who is Jesus Christ? After Adam and Eve sinned and before they were driven from the garden of Eden, God promised a Redeemer for them. So God came to the world as a human being to save men from sin. He is Jesus Christ the son of God.

He was born in a stable to Mary, cradled in a manger, and driven from his birth place by King Herod. His relatives thought him mad and called him a demon. He went from place to place to preach the gospel to the poor, heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and to restore sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that were bruised. Judas, his beloved disciple betrayed and Peter denied him. He shed tears and bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane before his trial. He was treated like a criminal and tried by men like Annas and Caiaphas. Though he was declared innocent, he was crucified and crowned by thorns. He was mocked and spat upon. His garment was divided among the evil men. But he opened not his mouth like a lamb that is led to the slaughter house. He spoke seven sacred words on the cross The sixth word is, ' It is finished"

What was finished?

The whole work of redemption was finished and the entire debt of sin was paid in full by his innocent, holy blood. The resurrection after three days proved that the price of redemption had been paid fully.

His sufferings were finished. He had suffered much in the world. No one could bear what he had done for us. He took all our sins on him and he submitted himself as an offering.

The ancient prophecies were finished or fulfilled. We have scores of prophecies about the coming of Christ, his birth, his works, his sufferings, his death and his resurrection. During those 33 years after crucifixion all the prophecies uttered from about 1000 to 500 B.C. were fulfilled.

The satan's power was finished or broken. Satan wants to separte man from his maker. God created man with a free will.

Satan tempted him to take a worng choice in his struggle. But Jesus came to destroy the works of Satan and to deliver us from his power and to bing us back to God. Up to the bottom of his life the devil had no power on him.

His father's or God's will was finished or accomplished. He came to the world not to do his own will but the will of God who sent him. He finished the work which God had given Him to do.

What should we try to do?

We are sinners, because it is said that no man is perfect in the world. We must try to get rid of that sin.

What is the way?

Eternal life is a free gift, and salvation is by grace; it cannot be earned. The debt of our sin was paid by Christ on the cross. There is nothing left for us to do but to fall on his knees and accept this Christ the Saviour and His salvation. Though Christ was rich, yet for our sake he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. He was wounded for our transgressions. He was banished for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him and with His stripes we are healed.

Now He is asking every one of us Thus :—

" All these I did for thee. What has thou done for me?"

Shall we come before him with burnt offerings or calves? Shall we give our first-born for our transgression, the fruit of our body for the sin of our soul? Will the Lord he pleased with thousands of rams or ten thousands of rivers of oil?

He wants you to do nothing but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God. He hath showed thee what is good and what is bad. He can give you salvation from sin and the everlasting life, which no one could.

Where is salvation?

Salvation is not in the water you drink, the food you eat, the air you breathe but in his word. Christ is the only door to salvation. Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life, and no man cometh unto the Father but by Jesus.

If you value your soul, keep it under the rays of God's words. If you love your soul, bring it under the influence of the holy word of

God. Accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, trust Him completely, be active and whole-hearted in his service. Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord and to the house of God and He will teach us his ways and we will walk in his path.

On merit not my own I stand;
On doings which I have not done,
Merit beyond what I can claim,
Doings more perfect than my own.

Upon a life I have not lived,
Upon a death I did not die;
Another's life, another's death,
I stake my whole eternity.

Not on tears which I have shed,
Not on the sorrows I have known;
Another's tears, another's griefs,
On them I rest, on them alone.

Jesus, O son of God I build
On what thy cross has done for me;
There both my death and life I read
My guilt, my Pardon there I see.

—Unknown.

(*Material gathered from various Sources.*)

## RECEPTION

Dark rays of light profuse everywhere,
Sweet sound of strings out from the lyre;
Grey became the sky, having her face blue
Gave birth to the sound of the sweet airy late.

From her nest the cuckoo thro' her moring song
Waited upon the lord ere his dawn long;
'My love to thee lord and thanks from my heart',
Revealed this sentiment a part of her heart.

There stood the cock the world's free servant,
Crowed which we know not what the truth he meant;
Perhaps, stood he there to the idle world to show
Nature's rigid honesty through his sincere crow.

The pond lies calm, like the heart of the deep.
Welcoming the wind, to her love like the sweet
Touches the wind, the waters with his joyous hiss,
Like the lover's kiss on his love's wide lips.

The winds pass slow and touch the water-nymphs
That rest on the flowers when touching the feeble glimpse,
The flowers, as they move on the dark blue bed,
Thrill the charming hearts that happy tears set

The lotus in the pond like the bright eyes set,
Lay blossomed at the touch the slow gust's wet;
Spread the bands to the breast of the water red,
To give the lord their prayers leaving the idle bed.

Soft, gay, sweet, the vision doth lay
Sharp, kind mirth made my heart gay ;
Providence is great in his mighty power's use,
To bestow these scenery and wisely seduce.

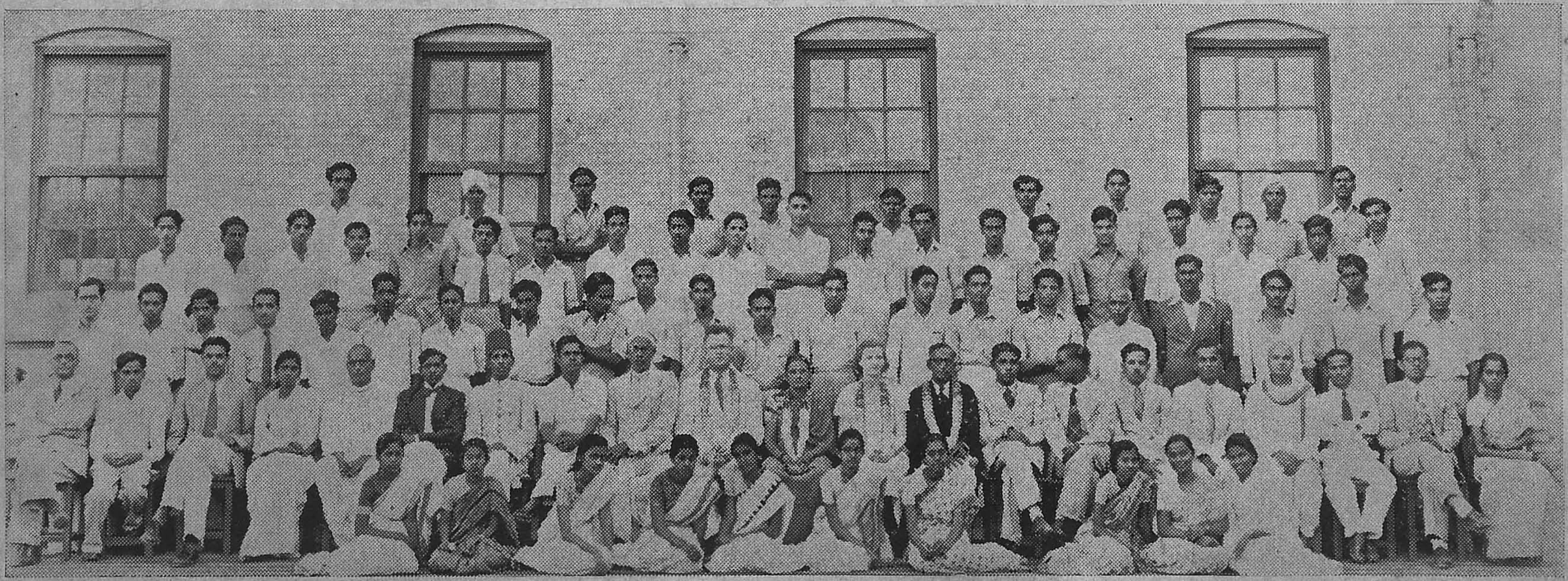
White rays of light rode along the sky
Raising the whole world active with a sigh
Nature in her firm way did the order lay
To receive the noble lord great on his grand way.

Dim curtains of snow that rolled everywhere
Broke down and down on the grassy wear ;
On the leaves and grass the glassy beads are found
By the restless eyes led by a heart sound.

* * *

Darkness vanished like the groups
Driven away by the powerful troops;
Rays of light that nature let
Are those troops the divine set.

Senior Group I.



Senior Group II.

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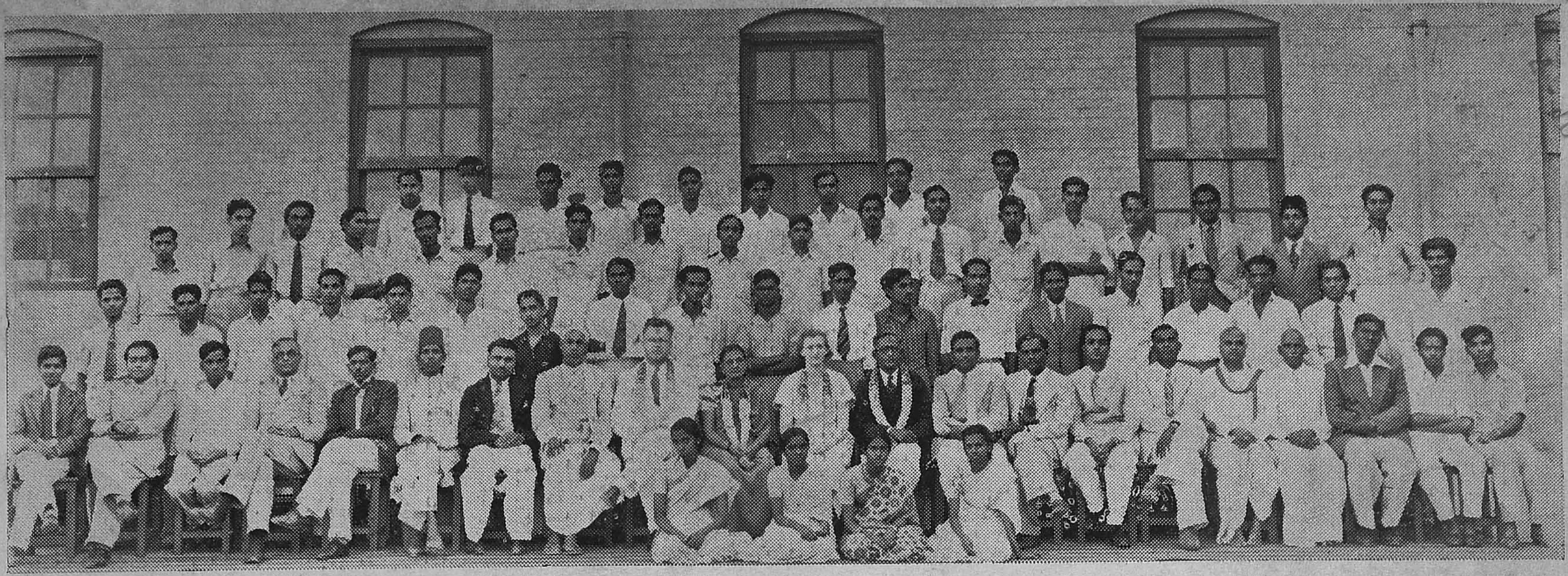
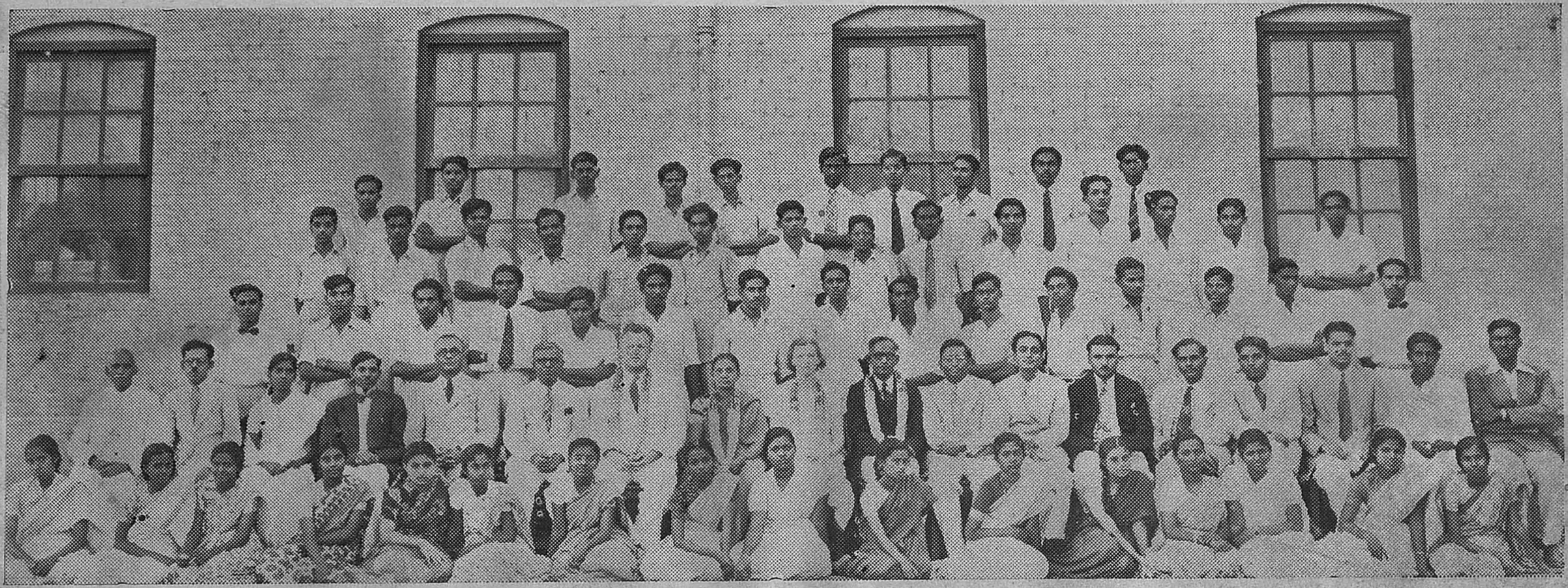


Seniors Group III.



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Human pride is like that night
Waiting upon the lack of light
When divine light sets insight
Off that, sways hunted straight.

Bright light horses are they,
Bringing with them the joyous day,
Full of pleasures, mirth and gay
'Profuse' on the earth they say.

Forces of the lord they be
Free the parts that they see
From the loathesome grievous sighs
Powered by those uncouth nights.

Men, birds, and animals do
free from rest, free and gay
As the lights closely move
'Receive the Lord', so they say.

Belike should they mostly be
'Holy' from the heaven's sighs?
Fleet that first ever we see
Off from irksome, weary ties.

Stars like the noble deeds
Shone bright in the darkest nights
Rested on their prayer knees,
As there set the brilliant lights.

Let nought flee from men
Go to the seas unknown then;
Let that wisdom flow, when
Night and nought hence to the den,

Rays of light turned red
Bright and blue alike ahead
Nature wore the percious pearls
Behind the clouds of smoky curls.

Nature stood calm and quiet
Behind the clouds thick and light,
Bloody red, turning white
Blue, white and then bright.

* * *

There is the deep that roared and sacred
Above and alone to the endless sky;
Arose and arose with the strength that stored
When the bird in her nest did sing.

There's the bosom that whirled and whet,
Touched and roused as the darkness dry.
Waves that fretted and foamed at sunset
When the lark in' er flight did cry.

Waves did vie with froth on their heads
Up and down on the sandy beds,
Down and down ran so low!
When the storms did sway above.

Whales in deep, like the waves in the sea
Moved as shadows in dark we see,
Moved and moved with monstrous roar,
When the imps conjointly did roar.

Waves did move on the dark bed blue
By the perilous winds blown
By the loathesome night's rules undue
When the lion in his den did groan.

Wide that bosom with the monstrous heart ;
Terrible the winds with the horrible waves ;
Perilous the roars of the horrible lives,
When the night ruled that part.

Calmness whelmed all over the deep ;
Waves did dance when the darkness
Moved in happiness all the sea-beasts,
When the white lights did fleet.

Lights did pass thro the water deep,
Touched and roused that inside keep
Winds did pass on the water deep
When the irksome dark did sleep.

Lights did grow brighter and brighter ;
Hearts did grow happy and lighter ;
Gold and silver and perilous stones
When the nature did Wear.

Clouds did pass all over the sky—
Black, white, slight, and blue,
Bright and red there in groups
When the thoughts in the mind did fly.

* * *

Then became the eastern parts,
Red and red, touching the hearts
Like the ruby-coloured lips
Of the country dames.

Bees on the flowers did
Sit and sang the honey song,
When that lord, noble and great
On his path did flit.

Birds from their noble seats
Sang with their trembling lips,
When the lord in his grand
Silver chariot did flit.

Nature of her worthy friends
Made his ways lovely ones,
When the horses bright and strong
The noble chariot did flit.

Winds on their kindest feet
Moved with their song "hush"—
Moved and touched all the flowers
With the greatest charm.

In that pond the lotuses
Moved about to and fro,
When the winds touched'em
Together with the lights.

There those pea-cocks
Laid there joyous feet,
Having the feathers spread about
When the winds passed thro'.

Here and there, the butter flies
Flew with their colour wings,
With their hearts, full of charm
With the winds that passed.

All the world, gay and bright
Waited upon the noble lord,
When the chariot fitted there
How happy we were!

* * *

Then arose the lord the 'Lord of light,
In his mighty chariot, silvery and bright,
Fitted with horses, straight and light
Which filled the hearts with bright light.

Great is that Lord that gives the mirth ;
Noble is that Lord that lights the earth ;
Kind is that Lord, unique and worthy—
None so great, noble and kind.

Blind are those that see not him great
That gives us light and life alike.
Mute are those that praise not his worth
That profuses all mirth and gay.

Thank that God that gave this Lord.
How noble was he to do so!
Be it known that "God is great
For ever"—as men, never so low.

K. RANGASWAMY.
II. U. C.

# THE RUINS OF MAHABALIPURAM.

## (By. V. N. Padmanabhan, II U. C. III Group.)

As it was Christmas time, we all arranged for a short trip to Mahabalipuram or "The seven Pagodas". Our party consisted mostly of young men who are members of an association of college students in Vellore. Some students desired a great deal to sail in a boat, and so we first went over to Mylapore at Madras. We fixed Sunday for starting, as we had previously arranged for a boat to take us there, and we set out at 6 P.M., in the evening. Unfortunately, we had no moonlight to enhance the beauty of the scenery around us. It was dusk, when we reached Papaanchavadi and, after passing the locks, we were once more on the canal, enjoying the beauty of nature. The sails were hoisted and the boat was moving at jutka rate. The night advanced and the whole canopy above was obscured by darkness. The tall trees on the banks appeared like ghosts gibbering at us, and we all couched in our beds to make the boat trip as comfortable as possible. We divided ourselves into groups of four or five and spent the night in conversing upon various topics, political and religious. Fear of being plundered by robbers broke upon us and it chilled our hearts. The boatmen might turn pirates themselves, as it was famine time and our lives were in our hands, as we say in Tamil, and through them in the water below. Every one of us was praying either in Tamil or in Sanskrit. It was nearly eight O' clock in the morning when we reached Mahabalipuram. We began to pack our goods, which lay scattered upon the deck and, before lapse of quarter of an hour, we soon bound ourselves upon the bank. Though all of us were ready to go to the village, we sent our cook and some of our friends first for rough work, to find out a lodging for us where our breakfast could be prepared, before we ascended the hill, while we, rest of the party strolled along the banks to have a bird's-eye view of the whole locality.

What first struck us were the ruined caves and the monolithic cars on the shore which rudely stared at our faces the moment we got down from the boat to have a view of the whole place. What a beautiful and a lovely scenery around! What a picture of natural beauty met our eager eyes! But who would paint the scene in words or pigments? A proud city once rearing its head in magnificence is now a staggering village of ruins. There is a wealth of rare sculptural specimens to be admired by sculptors and architects and epigraphists. The village which is only 33 miles away from Madras contains only a few houses. It is impossible to give a detailed account of the rock-cut caves and temples. The sculputural rocks may be divided into three groups :—(1) Caves, (2) Temples (3) Rathams or cars. The first stone work that becomes visible to the eye of the tourist, when he

enters the village is a rock called Arjuna's Penance. It is nearly 90 feet long and 30 feet high and on it are engraved the beautiful figures of gods, beasts, birds and men. The artistic workmanship of the figures is indeed admirable, though they appear to be worn out and weather-beaten. On one side is seen Krishna playing upon the flute surrounded by the kine, which listen to the sweet music. Far away are seen a bevy of shepherd lasses carrying milk pails upon their heads and children playing with mirth and merriment. Our next visit was to the cave of Seshasayi. There is also a specimen of the monolithic for which the place is noted. There is a Siva temple in the middle and on the side walls is seen the Mahisasuravadham, illustrated by means of figures. The scene of Parvathi attacking the giant appears to the naked eye, not as a picture, but as a real combat between two rivals. A short turn from the Krishna Mantapa brought us to the Ganesha cave. The inscriptions written in Pallava characters cannot fail to strike the eye. The other cave is the Varaha cave. There is seen Vishnu raising the world,*by assuming the form of varaha. Then he is seen humbling the proud vali by assuming the form of Vamana (Dwarf). On one side is seen Lakshmi, bathed by water poured from golden vases, held by trunks of elephants.

So much for the caves. Then we started visiting temples. They are situated upon the same shore. They are two in number, one smaller than the other. They appear to be in a dilapidated condition. These temples are not built out of brick and mortar, but from top to bottom the whole structure is cut out of a single rock. The bigger temple is dedicated to Siva and the smaller to Vishnu. Here the images are no longer worshipped and the temples are a heap of ruins. As for our superior sculputral workmanship, it is beyond our power to describe it. We could not take off our eyes from what we saw. Alas! Ages have passed away and with them the patrons of the artists and the artists themselves. Where are their successors? What has become of their noble science? The sea is not merciful to the work of mortal man. It has no pity and, coming nearer and nearer, has washed away many beautifully-cut docks. Once, as we were standing, a huge wave rushed towards the temples and, rising to an enormous height, dashed upon the rocks which lie strewn on the beach. The peculiar characteristic feature of the temples is that the Gopurams are higher and of a more dignified appearance than the Prakara which surrounds them.

We soon returned from the temples on the beach and we made our way to visit the so-called monolithic cars or Rathams. These are situated on the southern side of the place. They are five in number. They are not really cars, but temples, cut out of single rocks, in the form of cars. These show the last forms of Buddhistic and the first forms of Dravidian Architecture. There is a close resemblance between one of the cars and the back of an elephant. Who built these cars? When

were they buitl? Those questions will be answered in a separate paragragh.

There are several inscriptions, glorifying the fame of the building in beautiful and fine Pallava character. The remaining four cars are called after the names of four Pandavas, Sahadeva, Nakula, Bhima, and Arjuna. In fornt of these are two figures, one, of an elephant, the other, of a lion, cut out of two single rocks. In the back, there is a bull similarly cut and it has a majestic appearance. Some of these cars are left in an unfinished state and the reason is not plain enough. Man has not cared for these beautiful structures, while nature, a kind of mother to all, has also disregarded them by allowing the lightning to strike them mercilessly. The principal buildings of this place are a light-house and a Dak bunglow. There is another light-house which stands on a rock, towering above all the innumerable rocks of this place. The light house is built upon a small temple which surmounts another temple which is entirely carved out of this single rock with reliefs in the interior. We left nothing unseen, that is worth seeing.

A careful study of the inscriptions written in Pallava characters leads one to think that this village was once a flourishing town, ruled by benevolent kings. During their time they seemd to have patronized sculptors and that to a great extent. Mr. Ferguson, in his "Cave Temples" says that the temples, probably had their origin between 600 and 700 A.D. The inscriptions in the Ganesha Temple give us an account of the kings who ruled Mahabalipuram. The kings belonged to the Pallava dynasty and their reign lasted during the fifth and sixth centuries. After the 6th century, their ascendency was on the decline and they were defeated by the Chalukkyas who occupied Conjeevaram (Kanchi), the capital of their opponents. Pandit Hari Prasad Shastri in his "History of India", says that the Chalukkyas, though they occupied Kanchi and made themselves masters of Kanchi, never ventured to destroy the sculptural works, but, instead, they preserved them, out of pity to the vanquished foes. Thus we see that these magnificent works were left without any protection and the result is plain enough.

# "THE ATOMIC CALENDAR".

(BY S. JESURATNAM ESQ., B.A., B.SC., PRINCIPAL.)

Radio-active elements, such as Radium, Uranium, Thorium, Plutonium, etc., have revolutionised science, caused confusion in political circles and created a state of unrest among nations.

**Radio-activity.**

Henri Becquerel in 1896 discovered that Uranium salts were radioactive, i.e., emitted continued radiations which were very much like X-rays. Later on, Pierre and Marie Curie discovered that certain ores of Uranium also exhibited similar properties, more active than the salts of Uranium It took three years for Pierre and M. Curie to analyse and separate the active elements, Polonium and Radium. To-day there are about forty natural Radioactive elements. These elements continuously throw off what are called,

(1) Alpha particles.
(2) Beta particles.
(3) Gama rays.

In transmutation of elements Alpha particles play a very important part.

**Half life.**

Radioactive elements, as a result of continuous radiations, decay at a definite rate. After radiation the atoms will be transformed into some other substance The time taken by the number of atoms to get transformed into some other element is called **Half life.** The half life of uranium is 4,50,00,00,000 years and for thorium it is much longer, that is, 1,65,00,00.00,000 years.

**How to determine the Radio-activity.**

Geiger and Muller designed an apparatus called after them-Geiger-Muller Counter, to enable them to determine the radioactvity. Now that a high state of development is reached, they are extensively used in Cosmic ray research and in detection of feeble radioactive elements, natural or artificial.

**Artificial radio-activity.**

Production of artificial radioactive nuclei was accomplished by Irene and Joliet in 1934. They found that Aluminium was radioactive even after the bombardment by alpha particles was stopped.

**The first miracle.**

The first miracle in transmutation of elements was performed by Lord Rutherford in the year 1917. He was looking for tiny bullets of

very high speed to bombard nuclei of elements. Radioactive elements supplied him his requirements. It was he who first exhibited how, when an alpha particle scored a direct hit on the Nitrogen nucleus, Oxygen and Hydrogen were formed. Later on, scientists discovered that protons (Hydrogen nuclei) and neutrons (Neutral particles of electricity) could also effect transmutations of elements.

**Cosmic rays.**

Cosmic rays, whose origin is still under investigation by eminent scientists, is one of the chief factors in the development for new technique called the **Atomic Calendar.** Attempts to locate the origin of these rays have been unceasing and, upto the present, completely unsuccessful. It is, however, found that a large amount of energy is associated with a single particle. The energy obtained in a single parlicle is considerably more than the energy obtained in annihiliating heaviest atom of any element. It is on this account that Cosmic rays will provide a new and powerful tool for the study of nuclear reactions.

**The Atomic Calendar.**

Professor Willard F. Libby, a radiochemist (Chicago) discovered that when Cosmic rays bombard the atmospheric Nitrogen, radioactive Carbon-14 was formed. Plants or animals during the life time take in some of this Carbon-14, which is retained even after their death. The half life of Carbon-14 is 5,600 years. It is therefore possible to estimate accurately the age of the dead plant or animal matter by measuring the radioactivity of carbon-14 in them with the help of Geiger-Muller Counter. It is stated in the Popular Science of December 1951 that Prof. Libby "estimated the age of wood from an Egyptian mummy's casket, flooring from a Syrian palace, cedar from an Egyptian funeral boat and other items, checking in each instance with dates established by archaologists using traditional methods."

**A quotation** from Popular Science.

Libby who had just finished determining an age of 3,798 years for a charcoal sample from Stonehenge, 6,381 years for a handful of grain from an Egyptian pit, and 11,109 years for a scrap of burnt bone from a Paleolithic hearth! These very clearly indicate that the Atomic Calendar will enable us to fix the dates of any manuscript and other objects which breathed some time or other.

**Conclusion.**

Our thanks are due to the Cosmic rays and Carbon-14, for they enable the Scientists to verify the veracity of Historians and for enabling the present generation to pass from guess work to science.

# A FRESHMAN'S VIEWS
# ON
# ELECTIONS.

CHANDRAN SAVARIRAYAN, (I. U. C.)

The culture, the wealth and the fine hand-craft of our motherland, India, attracted foreigners. Foreigners who came as visitors and merchants, finding the country having internal troubles and dis-unions, joined sides in such internal troubles and, when they won in such battles, commenced ruling. Practically, India in general and North India in particular was under foreign sway ever since the Mughal period in the 15th century. The British who came in the later half of the 17th century ruled India for nearly 3 centuries. It was perhaps Lord Ripon who reminded us of the foreign domination and stirred in us the feelings of 'Swaraj' and Independence. The sacrificial services of our patriots like Dadabhoy Navroji, Surendranath Banerji, Bala Gangadra Tilak, Ghandhiji, Motilal Nehru, Lal Lajput Roy, Vittal Bai Patel, C. R. Das, Pandit Malaviya, Mahadev Desai, Subhas Chandra Bose, Jawaharlal Nehru, Rajendra Prasad (and no less) a figure like Rajaji and Bharathiar made India attain its Independence on the 15th August 1947. It is said India attained its Independence without bloodshed. Is this true? Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated and over 20 years of the precious life of Pandit Nehru was spent in jail forthis Independence. One "Congress party" was respon-sible for our freedom and it is that party under the able leadership of a Mahatma Gandhi, Sri Rajendra prasad, Pandit Nehru and Sri Patel who have brought the country to this level. On the 26 January 1949, the Constitution and the Republic of India was declared. Ever since India attained its Independence, we have been waiting for this election for Democratic Government. But the long-expected election, after being postponed thrice had come up.

For a Democratic Government we are at polls to elect the best of our own to steer our motherland, India, to a safe anchor wherefrom India would try not only to renew the past glories and culture but also would be the leader of the other nations, spiritually, culturally and in every other aspect. It is a point for dispute whether we are selecting the right type of men from among us to lead the country to reach such aspirations of ours.

In our Province especially, the right types have not been selected as candidates from the Congress Party and hence the Party which has been responsible for the "Swaraj" is not successful so far. This

is the reason why Mr Santhanam wants re-election. But this may be also wrong in the sense that we will not be democratic So many parties like mushrooms have sprung up to contest in the elections. The election itself seems to be a farce. Even the literates are made illiterate by the introduction of ballot papers which has been kept secret till the time of voting. Consequently, ballot papers relating to the House of People have been issued by mistake for state Assembly and vice versa, the Presiding Officers themselves being ignorant. The identification mark has made many educated people not to exercise the votes. The Democratic Government, i e, the Government of the people, by the people, for the people, suspects its own people. Have the elections been democratic? It has been mostly communal. Even the Communists are claiming votes on communal basis. Is this all we have learnt of our culture and of the 'teachings' of Poet Rabindranath Tagore, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Gandhiji, more familarly known as Tharithra Narayana and Dr. C. F. Andrews, better known as Deena-bandu? The propaganda speeches we have heard and are hearing, but for Mr. Nehru's are nothing but blowing their own trumpets If it had stopped with the blowing of their own trumpets, it would have been better but they are decrying other parties. The shortcomings and weaknesses of one party are being made much of by the other party. Their speeches donot end with this, but they go further and not make promises which perhaps they will not be able to fulfil. All these are talked just to get votes from the uneducated masses. The innocent and ignorant peasants at the villages are moved either by such speeches or enamoured by the money offered Such speeches and temptation for money make the illiterate voter not to decide to whom they should vote for. The fascinating speeches and the huge promise made one whom I know decide to vote for the Communists. When the same person again met me the very next day after listening to the talk of a Congress man, changed the previous day's decision of his and said that he will vote for the Congress at any cost. But, he being a "Vanniya," voted for a Vanniya candidate. How easy it is to move the ignorant masses who know very little about each party and its creed that one voter who votes with the intention that his country should flourish and that India should be, both spiritually and culturally, once again the leader of the world, without caring to which community, class, or creed that particular candidate belongs is better than thousands of these illiterate voters who are easily captured by those power-seeking selfish candidates !

The funnier part of their ignorance is that these ignorant voters do not know howto put the ballot papers into the box. They try to do it by any means other than through the proper space made for it at the top of the box. When their trials to thurst the ballot papers into the box, proved futile, they left their papers on the boxes. To satisfy all those who approached him, the ignorant voter made the ballot paper into as many pieces as there were candidates and posted the bits

into the boxes. This he had to do because he had not been given sufficient number of ballot papers he asked for. He, perhaps, thought that the authorities were not wise enough. Another voter since his wife was cooking, wanted to vote on her behalf When the official refused to give him his wife's ballot paper he tore his ballot paper into two and exercised on her behalf. All these for a Democratic election!

The Government have also not helped and educated the mass. The symbols pasted on the boxes were not at eye level. One had to bend and look for symbols. Sheds constructed are dark within, resulting in mis voting. All these had to be done because it is adult franchise. If the people had been mass educated before they could be voters, it would have been different All these are the result of dult Franchise which is too premature for India at fhis stage.

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## IF YOU HAVE TEARS..................................!

"KANTHARAJ SAVARIRAYAN."

Oh! That woeful day has come...... ! We have to leave our college.........! We have to forget our interesting class hours... .....our joyful moments......all we did for the past seven hundred and twenty eight days.........! They are but a dream......a phantom......blurred...... illusive......! They are gone in a moment .....! But something is left behind... ..! A vague memory of all that had happened.........! It is all by the passing time.........! That day has to come....... These things have to occur...... . ! If you have not known fate before, this is an illusion.

It is a transition......nay... ..an epoch in our career. Our college life is terminated. Today this life may mean nothing....... But think of to-morrow ..... . ! When we have entered into life, either with the smiles of fortune or the grim realities......, then, they may mean something next to wonderful......! For only when things get out of our reach we tend to love them more......!

We are no more students of Voorhees......! How horrible it sounds? We are something more ......are perhaps less. We can no more enjoy the thrills of our past! The future has something in store for us...... Better or Worse......It all depends on how we take it..... ! My College......Oh, she was more than a mother to me! She sends us across this foaming, fretting sea of life. Some may fall... ..Some may falter...... Some may fail........ But some keep going on with something in their minds.........! IT. is the tyrannic will......Indefatigable vigilance........ indifference to the judgment of the world...... ..!

The romance of a scene may end. But its memory lingers on. How many hours, weeks and years have we spent inside that red fort? How many times have we gazed at its Gothic structure? How many pleasant hours have we spent at its gate? How many times have we teased it and got the red colour on our shirts......? Those days are to go......! These times have to pass......! Look up.....! Think of the palm trees......! Imagine the row of cycles ...... ! Picture the Botanical gardens......! Don't they mean anything? They should. They are in tears...... They are weeping...... It is all for us...... It is perhaps to bid us adieu, to wish us good luck during times to come......!

My first experience is still fresh in my memory. How happy was I to enter the college for the first time from the sickening school life? How delightful was it to look at the red building for the first time? How many times have I dreamt of all I would gain by this sudden change into liberty from bondage? How bright was my face when I entered the college office to seek admission? It was a day of simultaneous thrill and joy for a school boy like me after eleven monotonous years. There was a queu inside the office. Students were waiting for an interview. I joined the queu...... It was nearing nine..... Time passed on ........ but the queu never.........

I grew impatient. I looked around me, began to read each and every letter, word, and sentence of all that was hanging on the wall...... so carefully that I could have even repeated them verbatim. Even then the queu did not move. Then I took out myself-filling pen and tried to understand its mechanism. I did, and could have even talked for hours on that subject. But still I had to bide my chance.

It was eleven. I turned around, focussed my book on each and everyone by my side until they started gazing at my strange behaviour. To my surprise the queu had moved a considerable distance. There were only a few before me! My heart throbbed faster than usual. I could feel the circulation of blood within my body. I pulled up my collar......... combed my hair ..... tried to look cheerful .......wasted two minutes to bring up a pleasing smile ......; Now I was ready for an interview...... to meet the head of the college..... ,the hero of the day......!

I was the next to go in. I did enter the office. The surroundings seemed to change all of a sudden when I pushed the door in. But......... the seat was empty..... the principal was missing...... How great would have been my anxiety? The peon picked up his strength to announce that the principal had to engage his classes. I was stunned a good deal. I could not gather my wits. I had to wait for another hour. I made up my mind not to move an inch from the door. I stood gaping at the calling bell, blotting paper and the heap of certificate books which were to decide the fate of the applicants. I could distinctly hear the voice

of the principal lecturing in the next room. The hour passed on. The principal came in. Before taking his seat, he turned to the peon and shouted at him. My blood seemed to freeze. My heart shrank within itself. But when I handed over the certificates, his mood seemed to change. A smile lighted up his face. He was in good spirits. I did not stand long before him ..... I had nothing to talk to him. Without a word I cleared away. I was sure of an admission. The next day I received the passport and, the day after, found myself in the red ship.

Have I to forget those happy moments? Have I to forget the silvery sound of the college bell? Have I to forget the black board next to the office where the names of lecturers "who would not engage their class" would apear? How very happy we often stood gazing at the empty board awaiting something wonderful to appear all of a sudden in bold blue letters? Have I to forget the shady trees...... often a place of rest during athletic hours ........? Oh! you trees......... oh you tennis court, play fields, thank you... ..thank you......for all you have done......! we have to leave you......!.

My friends.........! Oh it really turns my mind to think of them......! All were my friends......as I was to all of them for 'Nothing in the world is single. All things by a law divine in one true spirit meet and mingle' (Shelley). How many hours have we idled over? How happv would it be to share our anxieties when examinations are ensuing? How much fun we would have in the tennis court? Oh! what a pity ! Those days are never to come! We can no more enjoy the evenings as before......! We are to be scattered in life......! I have to leave you all......!...perhaps some of you once for all......! Will I meet you in this wide world again?...... I doubt......! But even if you have to leave me...... .. even if we are never to meet again......, you would be in the secret chambers of my inner soul. All that we did.........the happy days we spent.........jolly times we had.........the funny jokes we cracked...... these, would never die out of my memory...... Even when times have passed and days have gone......when I think of my good old friends......... those happy days I spent at college.........those interesting chats we had and felt! Ah, me, they are gone. Oh! pity me..... ¡ We have to leave our college and friends......! IF You have tears, weep them now. If you cannot, I will lead you.........

KANTHARAJ SAVARIRAYAN,
II. U. C. I Group.



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# ON EXCURSION TO PONDICHERRY

BY MR. A. B. PADMANABHA RAO, B.SC.,

Rare, I think, are the occasions when one joins excursions, for pleasurable as all excursions are, yet the socially more orthodox world, call it philosophical, if you like, is inclined to ask whether there is anything really worth contributing to the fund of general knowledge. Rare still are the excursions one will join, such as I joined. It was an excursion to Pondicherry!

Madras, it may be argued, is as good a place— if not better, as Pondicherry. Nor is the Marina of Pondicherry as enjoyable as the one in Madras, beside the swimming pool. At least there is a good sea breeze or is it a "she breeze"? But why then, in the name of an excursion, was the trip to Pondicherry made— a place more suited for strictly non-teetotallers and smugglers?

Well, I am of opinion that never was a better choice made. It has the double advantage of visiting a foreign place (under the French Govt.) and giving us a new experience of having to submit ourselves to the nuisance—but otherwise a curiously interesting thing to enjoy—of the critical examination by the customs department, of all the new things we buy. Thanks to the leader of our excursion for the right choice he has made.

Coming to our excursion in particular, we started for Pondicherry on Thursday the 2nd of August 1951, at half-past nine, after prayer. My first feeling after we reached Vellore Cantonement station was one of doubt, whether the passengers were ever so gay and cheerful before. It was quite a sight to see the students and some members of the staff, too, with their cameras—and a variety of cameras there were of which mention must be made of the unloaded cameras.

The train starting, the entertainment committee got itself very busy, of which the members were not few. New members offered themselves to join the committee. Whenever there was fatigue owing to the unconscious creeping of (thanks to catering committee) monotony over us all, the catering committee was always there to see to the needs of us all.

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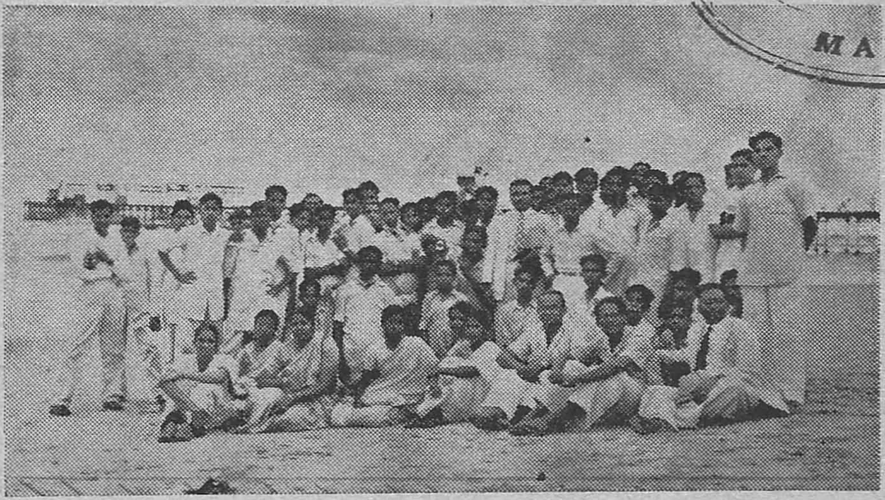
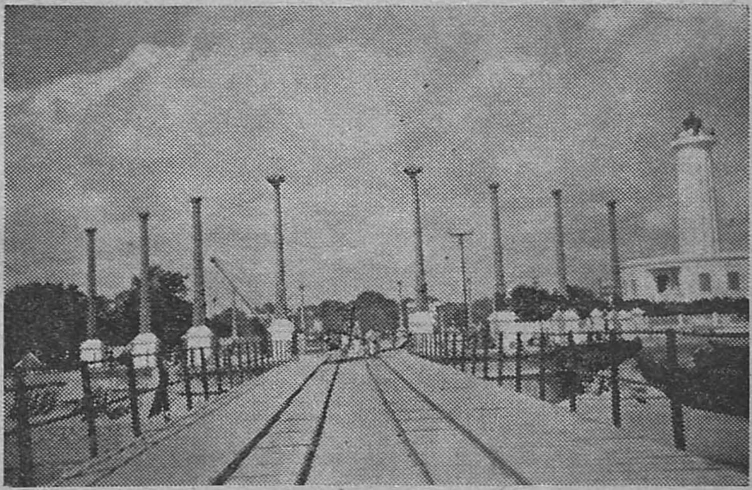


At the Beach with the Host (Dr. Selvaraj Andrie)
By Mr. C. Z. Verghese.

DUPLEIX
By Rev. J. Sathyanathan.



PIER
By Rev. J. Sathyanathan.

And for a philosopher, impressed neither by the ovor-enthusiasm of the entertainment committee nor by the over-hospitality of the catering committee, there was the panorama of the moving scenery of the vast expanse that was left behind us, as the moving train swept its way through the atmosphere.

We reached Pondicherry on the same night. We were all very thank ful to—regret to say so late—Dr. Andrei for his over-flowing hospitality. He was at the time of our visit, very ill. He not only did oblige by giving decent and spacious quarters for our short stay but he was also our host at the dinner which he was not able to attend, to the regret of us all.

The next day, eager as the students were, as also were the members of the staff, to go for shopping, it was an item next only to our visit to the Govt. Hospital.

The comparative low cost of the fancy things tempted us, and most of us were victims of the temptation and brought as many things as funds permitted, forgetting for that moment the Customs Department, despite our excursion loader's warning to the contrary. It I remember a-right the Customs Department was obliged to give preference to the lady members of our excursion party, and consequently the customs duties they paid topped the list. Surely, it must have told heavily upon their purses.

The longest visit we made was the one to Sri Arobindo Ashram. Never was a worthier visit made. Words cannot picture to one's mind the spiritual beauty of the Ashram. One cannot but be impressed by the calmness and discipline of the Ashram.

To look at it, one would be inclined to think it a self-governing body to which are attached departments of all sorts, from carpentry to the library, all other departments ranging in between. The sort of education the students receive there is not at all comparable to one we receive here. Only things of similar nature are comparable. It is very basic—the education imparted by the Ashram.

Coming to the physical education of the Ashram, all the students and the members of the Ashram staff, irrespective of age and sex, take part in the sports. It is interesting to note young boys and girls compete with the members of the Ashram staff. It may be a thing of curiosity for us to see a girl running a race with boys, but for them

it is merely a daily routine. We can also see grown-up girls and boys indulging in friendly boxing! Such is the spirit in which they meet each other.

Apart from the daily games and sports, they have a non-stop performance of the daily practice of drill for half an hour, in which all the students of both sexes and the Ashram staff members take part. After that they all have silent meditation.

We also had the privilege of hearing the lecture on a spiritual subject by one of the members of the Ashram staff. I think there is truth in their theory of evolution of 'super man' from the ordinary, wordly man of the earth, early.

First, inanimate things, then by the process of evolution, necessitated by the environment, the plant life, then the animal life, then finally—on nothing is final, for the matter of that in this uncertain world—was created man! May be, some million years hence, by this slow process of evolutions, man may see super beings created. No doubt the very idea of new creation fill, man with inferiority complex. However much blessed may one's views be, one cannot help appreciating the health mental and physical habits of the spiritual inhabitants of the Ashram.

Most of our time in Pondicherry was spent in visiting the Ashram. Of course, we visited the lighthouse and the glass house of Pondicherry. Though it is not much of a sea shore, compared to the Marina of Madras, yet the rowing was quite enjoyable.

Then on Saturday the 4th of Aug. 1951 at 9 P.M, we left Pondicherry for this place and arrived here the next morning at 10 A.M. We all dispersed to our respective places after the prayer by the leader of the excursion.

On the whole, I think the excursion was quite an enjoyable and a jolly one and, I am sure, it was considered to be quite a new experience.

# HOW QUICKLY RUMOUR GROWS.

By R. Narayanan. II. U. C.

It is a wonder how quickly rumour grows—especially with our College students. Even before the lecturers are appointed or even before the lecturers tender their resignation, our college students get the information, somehow or other. I often pondered over this topic, "How Quickly Rumour Grows," but was unable to find a satisfactory solution.

Goldsmith in his "Instability of the world grandeur" (which is one of the essays written in "The Bee") stated that he must illustrate the instability of the world grandeur by a story. He stated that he did not know any other method. Truly, I think, I must also say the same words to prove that, "Rumour grows wonderfully and quickly".

A tramp whom I will call, A, saw a glow worm in farmer Bell's farmhouse. He told B that he saw a glow-worm and mistook it for a fire, and on closer examination alone he discoverd the fact. B told C that A saw something glowing in the farmer Bell's farmhouse and added it was a wonder that the farm-house was not reduced to ashes. C, in turn, told D that Mr Bell's farmhouse was reduced to ashes. D told F that as Mr, Bell's house was near the farm-house, there was the fear of the cottage also being burnt down. G told H that Mr. Bell's cottage and farmhouse were burnt down and it was a wonder that Mr. Bell and his family escaped unhurt. H told I that Bell's cottage and farmhouse were reduced to ashes and the family sustained a severe injury. I told the fact to J, adding that Bell's people were burnt down. J at once informed the Fire Brigade of that and they ran to the farm-house, followed by a mass of people with their shouts To their surprise they found nothing. In fact, Mr. Bell was also surprised to find them.

This is how a rumour grows. So I wish our college students to believe only 10% of rumour because the other 90% is only fib. Even the reports in the news-papers are not always true. It contains some facts and figures and some portion is only exaggeration. Especially when an accident by fire, or when an accident caused by a storm to the crops occurs, our news papers show that a great damage was caused while, in fact, the damage would be very small, compared to that published in the paper.

# * PSYCHO ANALYSIS

(BY. MR. JAGARAJ SAMUEL B.A. (Hons.))

The great pioneer in the science of Psychoanalysis is Sigmund Freud of Vienna. By his masterly analysis of sex life, to which however he has ascribed an undue importance, he has stripped love of many veils which made it look like a scare crow. The word "sexuality" as used by analysts comprises a wider group of phenomena than the emotions and acts obviously related to the union of the genital organs. "Sexuality" includes "genitality" (as analysts say when reference to impulses to normal adult. inter-course is intented), but also all other aspects of life to which the term "love" is commonly applied—friendships, ideals, parent-child affection, love of abstractions, self-love etc., and all pleasant bodily sensations. The broadest customary usage of "love" also implies that we love what gives us pleasure or what is essential for our pleasure. The universal characteristic of "sexuality" as used in psycho-analysis is also the pleasure either potential or realized, sensual or emotional, afforded the subject.

Modern psychology has shown that our psychological disorders and abnormalities of behaviour are caused by some forgotten experience of the past, to use the technical term, they are due to the repressed wishes in the unconscious which have not been properly assimilated in the life of the individual. They continue to affect our lives, say something like what a foreign matter will do in our physical system. With the help of the knowledge of the abnormal psychology it is possible to dig into the past of the individual and bring out those experiences and get them properly assimilated. This process of enquiring into the past with this object in view is called "analysis".

The following are the examples of some of the mental disorders :—

*Compulsion neurosis* :—The compulsion to wash hands often is a mental disorder belonging to the category of Psycho-neurosis. Invariably it is the symptom of an emotional conflict arising out of a sense of guilt in the unconscious and that mostly in sex-life. The frequent washing is only a symbolic attempt to wash the guilt away. It is easily amenable to psychological treatment.

*Kleptomania* :—Kleptomania is a mental disorder and is one of the compulsion neurosis. Unlike the thief Kleptomaniac does not use the article he steals. He stores them up. It is a momentary compulsion which the patient cannot resist.

*Phobia* :—Phobia is one of the mental disorders called Psycho-neurosis. A phobia is a morbid fear. It is amenable to psychological treatment. There are people who have a phobia for closed spaces, open spaces etc. Usually, the cause of phobia is an early experience, which has now been repressed and completely forgotten because of a sense of shame or guilt attached to it. In the attempt to deny the guilt there is self-denuciation. When the buried experience is brought to light by analysis the phobia will disappear.

*Inferiority Complex* :—The average layman uses the term inferiority complex wrongly to mean conscious inferiority feeling. Complex is something unconscious which can be detected only by an analysis. The person who has an inferiority complex will naturally have superiority feelings and bullying nature. Suffering from any complex is equally bad. Inferiority complex can be cured by psychological treatment, and inferiority feeling can be cured by training and education.

*Hysteria* :—Some people get hysteria due to lack of proper care, affection, sense of security etc., from their parents. As an additional factor the sexual urges also may not have proper expression. Also in some rare cases a particular girl may develope hysterical fits if the parents have been neglecting her and her unexpressed desire for marriage. Hysteria may be a language she uses to express her desire.

*Melancholia* (hypochondria) :—Melancholia is an extreme form of self-centredness. The person is so concentrated in a small world of his own ideas that no actual event of the outside world can shake him out of it. This extreme form of introversion is usually met with when a man meets an unbearable emotional disappointment in the real world and, so to speak, he shuts himself up with his grief. So it is a state of sadness and depression.

Freud is of opinion that the Oedipus complex is the root cause of every neurotic disturbance. Oedipus complex is named after the Greek legend according to which Oedipus killed his father and later married his mother without being aware of their identity. The male child may become over-attached to his mother and develop a morbid, more or less concealed hostility to his father. The female child may become over attached to her father and manifest more or less an overt hostility to her mother. The average child manages to free himself gradually from mother's body, first seeking pleasurable sensation in his own body, sucking his thumb, playing with his genitals, later becoming interested in other children like himself, finally at puberty, seeking human beings of the opposite sex. Some children, on the other hand, find it difficult to free themselves from the parents of the opposite sex. They are technically designated as the victims of "a mother fixation" as in the case of boys, and "a father fixation" as in the case of girls. There is no case of neurosis in which analysts do not discover a more or less marked mal-adjustment of this type.

Psycho-analysis is a lengthy process of discovering childhood sources of conflict by dream-analysis, re call, free association, and re-education There are dreams which are produced because of the conflicts and strivings that take place in the unconscious. An unconsciously homo sexual who is married and quite potent and who consulted the psychotherapist after a serious "break down" had a dream in which he saw himself at the top of a mountain in Africa (flight from reality and his present environment). Six large negroes (powerful male sexuality) carried away his wife's coffin (flight from the sexual partner). A long line of negroes then walked past him and he felt that as long as he would be on friendly terms with them he would not want for anything (line of least effort). Therefore dreams become the language of the unconscious at the hands of the trained psychologist. The psycho-analytic method tries to discover the origin and the development of the wishes which are present in the dream. Dream analysis is a useful part of the treatment of psychological disorders since the disorders are produced by the unconscious. Actually these dreams are produced by the distortion effected by the unconscious. The conscious critical mind is always opposed to the unconscious coming out. And the unconscious often achieves it by deceiving the conscious mind with symbolism and distortion. When we have a dream, it looks so real, because the conscious critical powers are not at work. Usually the dreams represent the unfulfilled and repressed desires and hopes of the individual. The one important thing to be remembered about dream is that the actual contents, shapes and forms of the dream should not be taken seriously. They may be only actors in disguise. According to Freud's view, the only way to treat a neurotic patient is to get back to the origin of the trouble in childhood. Usually Freud may ask the patient to narrate a dream of the previous night By the method of "free association" the patient is allowed to talk freely and recall all his past experiences and childhood memories. By dwelling on these memory fragments the patient comes to revive some of the emotional attitudes of his childhood—the child's attitude towards father and mother. The patient is now entirely dependent on the psycho-analyst. At this stage there is a process of "transference" The next stage of the treatment consists in "re education" of the patient. Under the guidance of the psycho-analyst the patient practices for many weeks in handling the difficulties of his present life and gradually weans away from his dependance on the psycho-analyst. Then he becomes more and more capable of managing his own affairs.

*University Extension lecture delivered at Voorhees College, Vellore & at Islamiah College, Vaniambadi.

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## RAYS, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE

Not so very many years ago light was, well just something, a form of energy which enabled us to see things and which we received from the sun in the daytime and from gas burners, torches, candles and lamps after the sun had set. Until the beginning of the last century, light was regarded as being due to streams of infinitesimally small particles projected from a luminous body in all directions in straight lines. These particles were regarded as being able to penetrate transparent substances and to cause the sensation of vision by impact upon the Retina.

But now we know light not as a stream of particles but as waves or vibrations in some medium called ether. These waves can be compared to the ripples on the surface of a pond except that the ripples of water are millions and millions of times longer than the longest light wave. Although light consists of waves in the ether, these waves are not all of the same length. There are very long waves and very short waves and waves of intermediate length. All of them are waves of light but not waves of the same light. The colour of the light is fixed by the wave length.

When we look at a rainbow or study a ray of sunlight through a spectroscope, we see a band of seven colours, ranging from red at one end, passing through orange, yellow, green and indigo to violet at the other end. The difference in the colour of light seen is due to the difference in the wavelength. Thus the wavelength ofviolet colour is about half the wave length of red colour. To have a rough idea about the wavelength of light one can say that in the case of yellow light there are nearly 17,000 waves in a length of 1 centemetre.

The visible spectrum, as seen through a telescope, merges into darkness at both ends. This, however, is not due to the absence of radiations of longer wavelength than the red or shorter wave length than the violet, but merely to the fact that such radiations are not able to excite our sense of vision. There are rays longer than the red and shorter than the violet. The difference between the visible rays and these invisible rays is due merely to the limitations of our organ of vision. Scientists have made some wonderful discoveries connected with these invisible rays and have learnt many ways in which they can be used for the benefit of mankid.

There are rays called infra-red rays. These rays exist beyond the red rays of visible light and have a wavelength much longer than the longest red visible to our eyes. Though invisible these infra-red rays find various uses. In combination with a photo electric cell they can be used in invisible burglar alarms and in a shop protected by these invisible rays, the burglars should be very very clever if they are not to set all the alarm bells ringing. Infra red rays are used by doctors to cure various diseases. Infra red rays have greater penetrative power than any light in

visible spectrum and this property of these invisible rays makes it possible to take photographs in the dark. A hot iron in an unlighted room would not be visible in an ordinary photograph, but a photograph taken with a material sensitive to infra red rays would show it effectively owing to infra-red light being emitted by the iron. Quite recently, photographers have been amazed at photographs taken by these same invisible means.

Why should they be amazed, you will ask. Well, when you take your camera out to take your holiday snaps, you like plenty of light, the more light, the better in fact, and were a dense fog to descend upon the scene you would pack your camera away until it cleared. But suppose some one came along with a spool of film and told you to put it in your camera with the promise that if you exposed it you get just as good a photograph of the view before you as you would with your ordinary film in bright sunlight, although at the moment you could see nothing but a blank wall of mist, wouldn't you be amazed? Yet that is practically what happens Although the scene before you is invisible because the fog has cut off all the visible rays of light which can be seen by the human eye, the invisible infra-red rays are still coming through, and if you could see those rays you would still be able to see the view. But though your eyes cannot see the infra-red rays the photographic chemist has recently produced a sensitive photographic plate which in effect is able to do so. These plates are so sensitive that, when such a plate is placed in a camera and an exposure made, the photographer will get a clear photograph of the object or scene he is photographing, even though he is taking a photograph in a totally dark room, or out of doors with a dense, dark fog. Nowadays ships are fitted with a special camera placed in the bow or on the bridge and is for use in time of fog. The fog camera, as it is called, works automatically and every minute a photograph of the sea in front of ship is taken on a plate, sensitive to the invisible infra-red rays. This plate is developed and fixed in fifty seconds, and though the navigating officer on the bridge may be unable to see thirty yards into the fog the photograps taken by the camera by means of the invisible rays will give him a clear view of the sea ahead. All he has to do, in fact, is to press a button, and immediately the last photograph taken will be lighted up, and a glance will show him if the sea ahead is clear, or if there are any hidden dangers, such as icebergs, ships or rocks which must be avoided.

In medicine, photographs taken by infra-red light have proved valuable in showing symptoms of disease, particularly in the early stages which otherwise would have gone undetected. Infra-red photography has greatly increased the range of astronomical photographs and has provided very valuable information regarding the temperatures of stars.

Merging into darkness beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum are rays of light of wavelength shorter than visible light which are also invisible to our human eyes. The first of these are the "Ultra-violet" or beyond violet rays.

These are the life-giving rays received from the sun which are so necessary to our bodily health When we lie out in the sun and get tanned and brown we are absorbing the ultra-violet rays into our system and if we go about our sun-bathing properly we shall derive much benefit. Not so long ago we were dependent upon the sun for these life-giving rays, and in the long, dark days of winter many people suffered from a lack of sunlight But nowadays such a sufferer can go to his doctor, and be bathed in artificial light containing the invaluable ultra-violet rays, so that in the seclusion of the doctor's surgery or in his own home, he can become as brown and healthy as though he had spent a holiday in some sunny seashore.

These same invisible ultra-violet rays are also useful for producing from a chemical in the skin the precious Vitamin D which absorbs calcium and promotes bone growth and keeps teeth sound and healthy and prevents rickets and is therefore very valuable to young children. Vitamin D is found naturally in some food stuffs, but scientists have discovered that it can also be produced in certain other food stuffs if, during the process of manufacture, the food is bathed in artificial light, containing the invisible but invaluable ultra-violet rays. Although ultra-violet rays are invisible, certain substances are found to glow or fluoresce under ultra-violet rays, if all ordinary visible light is excluded. The flourescent properties of various substances when submitted to ultra-violet light can be used in many interesting ways. The disfigurement of wearing apparel by the usual marking ink can be avoided by marking them with certain substances quite invisible in ordinary light but visible in ultra-violet light, seats in theatres and cinema can be marked with special ink and illuminated by ultra-violet light when ordinary lights are out, without spoiling the darkeningof the theatre. In black-outs during air raid protection street names could be easily painted and made to fluoresce under invisible ultra-violet rays. The flucrescent properties of substances in ultra-violet light finds a very valuable use in testing the quality of food-stuffs. It is easy to tell under ultra-violet rays good eggs from bad, good meat from stale, butter from margerine, and adulterated products are discovered by simply looking under ultra-violet light. The age of various substances is revealed under ultra-violet light. The ultra-violet lamp has also proved itself invaluable in examining articles connected with a crime. The rays can be used in revealing forgeries. No two inks will appear the same under ultra-violet rays, although they may appear identical to the naked eye and hence no forgery, however clever, will deceive the ultra-violet rays. Poisonous drugs, however, in small quantities can be easily identified by ultra-violet rays.

Beyond the invisible ultra-violet rays exist rays of smaller wave length. These rays were discovered by Professor Rontgen in the year **1895**. One day he was experimenting with a specially-constructed glass tube which was evacuated and through which an electric discharge was passing and in the course of his experiment he covered the tube with some black material. Imagine his astonishment when he discovered that a chemical screen near the tube was beginning to glow. Rontgen realised

that this strange luminosity must be due to some invisible rays not discovered so far proceeding from the tube and passing right through the covering black material that made the screen to shine. Rontgen named these invisible rays as X-rays. Experiments revealed that these X-rays could penetrate stone, would, human flesh and many other solid and opaque materials. Hence, if we had eyes sensitive to X-rays, we might know each other as skeletons and glass wood be no more transparent than lead. If a photograph could be taken of a man's body using X-rays and developed, the picture would show all his bones as darker shadows amidst a lighter background of flesh.

These marvellous X-rays are used very largely by doctors to examine the condition of the internal organs of the body and to detect symptoms of disease. When there is a fracture of a bone, the patient is X-rayed so that the doctors may see the extent of the injury, and whether the bone has been set properly. The use of X-rays in medicine is not limited to examination of bones or the location of foreign bodies. By using X-rays the circulation of the blood can be watched. By injecting iodine and taking an X ray picture many troubles of the gall bladder can be discovered. Exposure to these same invisible rays is also a cure for several painful diseases. Just as X-rays can record bones in the body so also they can show the interior of a piece of steel or contents of a locked box and X-rays are used by customs officials to examine the contents of a sealed packet. These invisible rays are used for inspecting welding, in detecting real from artificial diamonds, in examining materials included for pulping for the presence of foreign bodies. X-rays are found to produce marvellous biological effects, subjecting seeds and bulbs to X-rays, has produced most striking results. Grape fruit seed treated with X-rays are found to get stimulated and the seedlings bore bud in five weeks. Treatment of tobacco plants with X-rays had resulted in the same plants attaining a height of fifteen feet instead of the normal three feet.

In the realm of pure science X-rays have considerably increased the knowledge of the structure of matter. As visible rays of light have a certain range of wave-length, so also X rays are produced over a large wave-band. Like ultra-violet rays X-rays also have the property of causing fluorescence in certain substances like, Barium platinocyanide and calcium tungstate.

Shorter than X-rays are the r (gama) rays which are invisible and they are emitted by the element, Radium.

The shortest and most penetrating of all rays so far discovered are the cosmic rays which are able to penetrate upto a depth of 700 feet in water which reach as from the outer sphere. No ways of artificially producing them have yet been discovered.

All these rays, though differing widely in their properties, are known now to be of essentially of the same nature as light. How do these invisible rays penetrate substances which present an impossible barrier to any visible form of light ? To explain this would entail a great deal of very complicated explanation, but it is partly due to the value of the wave-length.

N. L. THIRUMAL RAO, II. U. C.

# KAILASAGIRI

From our housetop I could see towards the south the stretches of hills with a peak far higher than the rest. I wondered what it would be like at the top of this peak called Kailasagiri. A great desire to climb it came on me. We had one of the world's greatest mountaineers, Dr. Somervelle living in the adjacent bangalow. His infectious enthusiasm no doubt spread in a very diluted form to me also.

Kailasagiri is 2741 ft. above the sea level—the highest peak in the Vellore range of hills. Being in the reserved forest, it is necessary to get the permission from the District Forest Officer to enter it. It is only five miles from Vellore to the foot. There is a footpath about three and a half miles to the top.

I had been begging my father for a long time to take me to Kailasagiri. One noon he said, all of a sudden, he was ready to go. I quickly got ready. My eleven year old brother and six year old sister also insisted on coming with us. By 12-30 we reached the foot of the hill and started the climb. We were joined by two friends. The sun was hot. The footpath was strewn with loose stones and the ascent was steep. We walked on, taking frequent rests. The way lay over six hills. Part of the way lay on the estern slope from where we could get a magnificent view of the ranges of bare hills, starting from the Vellore Fort hill to the Kannamangalam Ranges. A group of three of these hills against the sky looked like a Red Indian warrior lying on his back, facing the sky. The profile of the head with the feather crown and the protruding belly could be clearly distinguished. Looking forward, one could see the rock top of Kailasagiri, towering above the rest of the hills. As we neared the last hill, we had to go on the western slope. From the footpath the villages on the western side could be clearly seen. Paddy fields looked like green square mats spread on the ground. Some part of the slope looked like a sheer drop of several hundreds of feet.

It was by 2-30 P.M. that we climbed the last stretch of zig zag ascent and reached the top. We were very tired and wanted very much to open the lunch basket. But the cool breeze and the magnificent view held us enchanted. We drank in lung-fulls of fresh, cool air and looked, east, west, north and south in all directions. We could see Vellore in the northern direction, a cluster of trees, hiding the buildings. The fort with the temple towers could be seen. The Christian Medical College Hospital with its windmill and clock tower could be distinguished. The minarettes of the Arabic College and the Mosque also could be made out. I thought I could even see the Voorhees College towers peeping through the trees. The College Hill and the Medical College were very much nearer and could be made out with ease.

In the distance one could see the sands of the river Palar, winding through the landscape like a huge yellow snake. Sitting at the top of the mountain and nearer to heaven, one could see the efforts of man in a greater perspective. How small the mighty works of man looks! How very small his possessions which he has acquired by all manner of means! One for a moment loses the sense of personal importance and the pride in oneself.

We felt hungry and the lunch basket was opened and all sat down eagerly and ate heartily. What remained of the water we brought from Vellore was rationed round. We could get plenty of water in the three wells on the top of the hill. But we had no heart to drink it without boiling. Later on, when felt thirsty, we collected dry twigs and lighted a fire and boiled some water for drinking.

There were two fine, tiled-bungalows at the top : One of them, larger and with a kitchen attached. The larger one had several rooms and could easily accommodate more than twenty people. The doors and windows had glass once. It is said that in the "Quit India" struggle some persons came up and smashed all the glass and broke all furniture. We slept for a little while and went about exploring the hill top. On the southern side was a way leading down to a large rocky platform. Some of the carved stones strewn near the path showed that they once blonged to a temple. There we could see the fortification at the top. This mountain fortress must have given security to a large number of persons. The water available could have been sufficient for a few hundred people. The rocky platform has a sheer drop of several hundreds of feet on its southern side. A stone thrown took what seemed to be several minutes to reach the ground and sent back the sound of its impact with the rocks below.

The story is told of a certain king of Sholavaram-a village nearby-who, when his kingdom was attacked by enemy forces, rode away to the security of the top of the Kailasagiri fort. He saw from there his people massacred and their villages burnt and lands laid waste. Over come by sorrow he felt he should not try to live after the destruction of his kingdom. He blindfolded his powerful horse and rode on it to the southern slope of the rock platform from where he dropped with horse into the valley over a thousand feet below, smashing on the rock. Many of his retinue it is reported followed suit. As I stood there for a moment, I thought I heard the dead once more back, riding their horses clop-clop on the rocky platform and falling with pierceing screams into the valley below. My little sister ran here and there and wanted to look down from the edges. It was with a great effort that I controlled her. My little brother was busy, flying paper gliders that went on uninterrupted for miles until they could be seen no more. We were not fortunate in seeing the wild grey black-faced monkeys or the wild

fowls which they say abound near the top. We did not see a single wild animal. After a last look around, we started climbing down by 5-30 P.M. and we could see the Sun setting behind the hills on the western side in all its red and golden glory. There was a bite of chill in the air, and darkness was descending fast, and we hurried down over the loose stones on the footpath.

My father was telling of an experience of his in 1940 when, coming down with a batch of College students, the girls of the party tarried behind. It was turning dark. A snake crossed the road and a girl seeing it fainted. Then another snake was seen by another girl and she also fainted. The boys of the party in all chivalry carried these girls down to the foot, lighting their way with torches, burning surplus oil from the noon-day cooking.

Part of our way we had to walk in complete darkness and I was repeating to myself what the psalmist wrote, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil". I was always afraid of cheetahs that might come suddenly out of a thicket and snatch away my little sister, for she always wanted to remain alone in the front or in the rear of the party.

At last we reached the foot and I counted up the party My little sister was not in the group. With anxious fear we shouted for her and when there was no response we thought of going back for her. After a long and anxious waiting we could see my father coming with our little sister slowly down the hill.

ELIZABETH JACOB,

I U. C.

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CONNEMARA PUBLIC LIBRARY
4 - JUN 1955
MADRAS

## Address by Mrs. AHALYA SANTHANAM

*(Dy. Mayor of Madras)*

## ON COLLEGE DAY

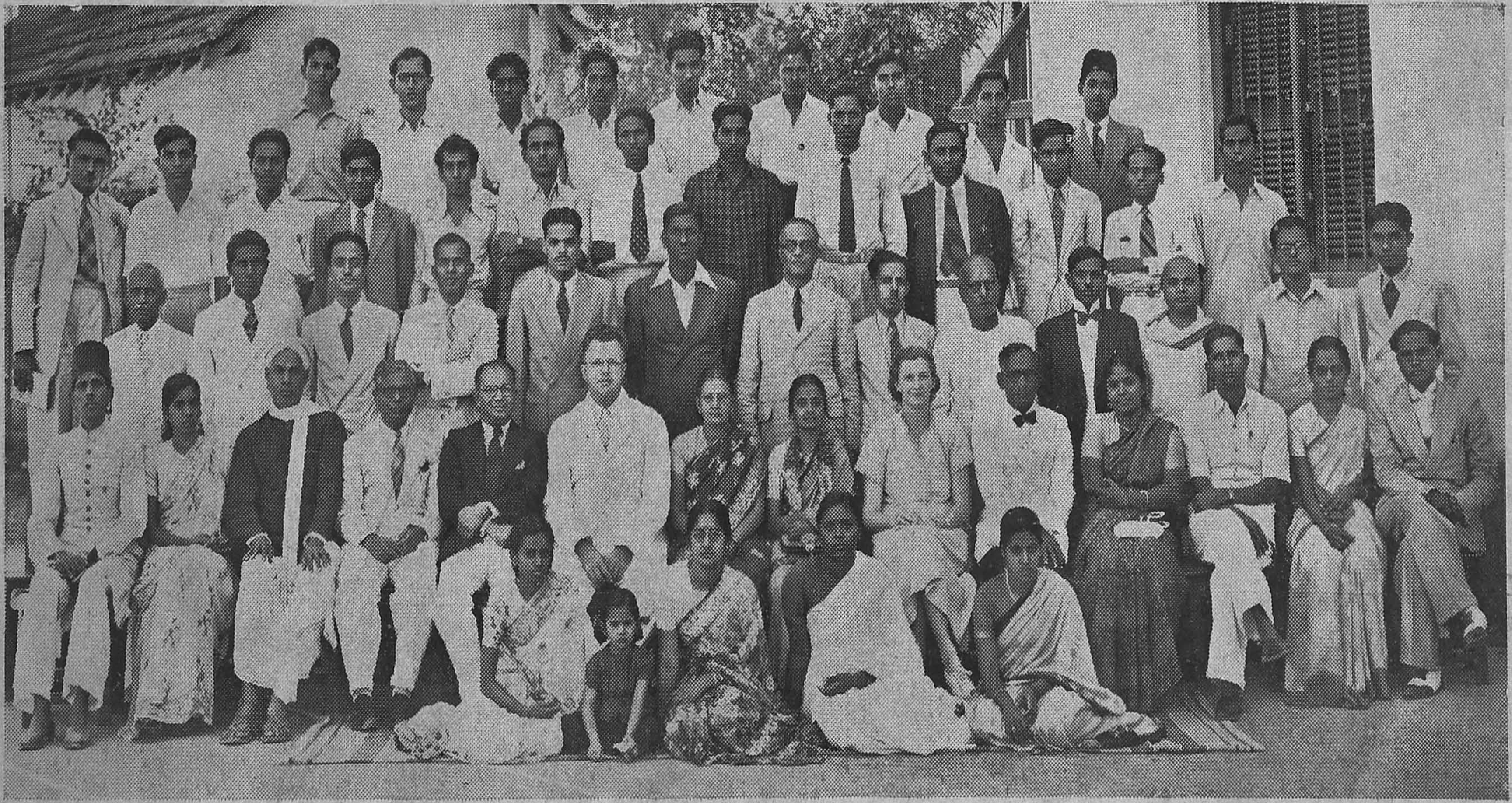
Mrs. AHALYA SANTHANAM

Friends,

I was surprised to receive the invitation from your college to participate in to-day's function. I consented to be in your midst because, I will be meeting here to-day many students who will later become the backbone of the public life in Tamil Nad. Another reason why I accepted to be here today was to tell you what sort of work we are doing in Madras and what we expect of you to do here.

Your work must be primarily in College and you must be as studious as you can. Being youngmen and girls, going through the College Curriculum, you will be able to assess real values later in life, only if you now have a back-ground of study and thought.

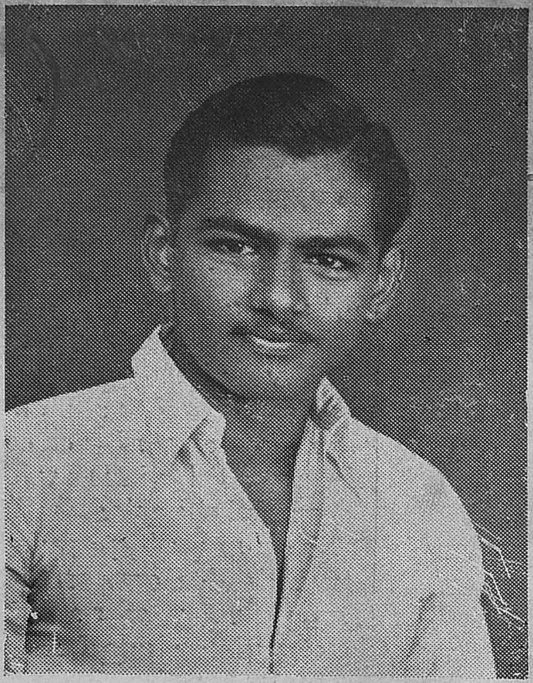
First, I must tell you that the days for making elegant speeches in English are gone. The art of making public speeches by itself cannot carry us far. So your Debating Societies and College Unions can have but a limited function. With the advent of our independence, we have a lot of things to do and a lot of things to get done by the public. We cannot merely make speeches and sit quiet. We have to put our Independence on solid foundations and for this purpose we have to make the Nation strong and self-reliant. Take any department of our life and you will see how weak we are in every one of them. Take,



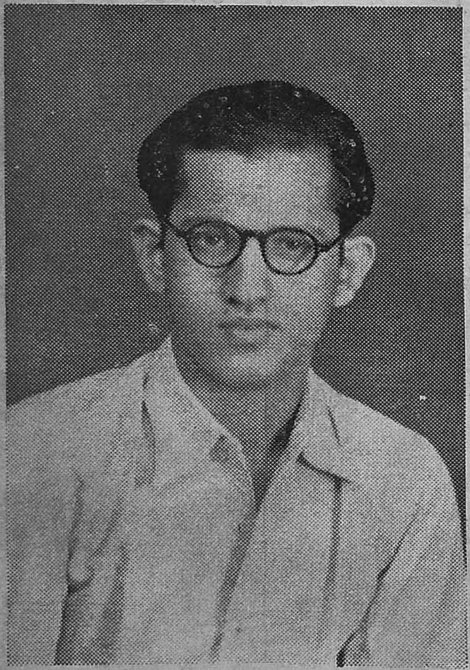
The Staff and the Secretaries of the various Associations of the College, with Mrs. Ahalya Santhanam, the President of the College Day.

CONNEMARA PUBL
1955

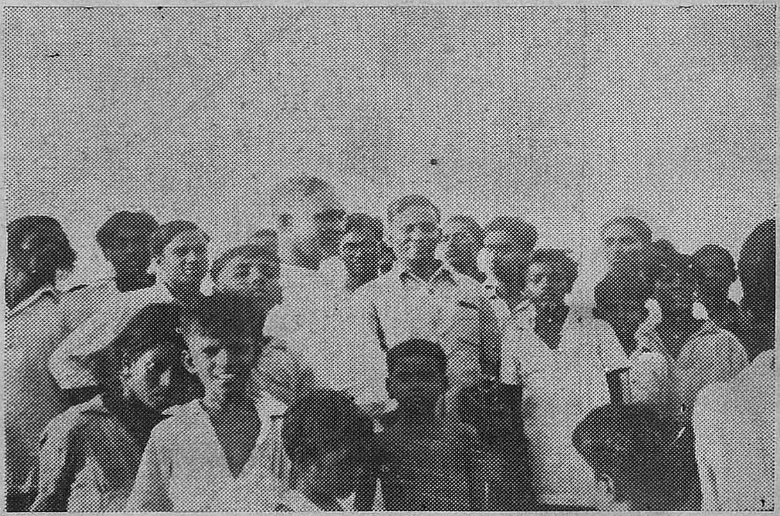
JANE SAROJINI,
Van Zanta Prize Winner.



KANTHARAJ SAVARIRAYAN,
Winner of the Prize for All Round Proficiency,
(Van Zanta Winner.)



MD. HUSSAIN,
General Secretary—rendered valuable service to the College.



Rev. Sathya Joseph's visit to our social work centre, 30-6-1951

N. M. S. Delegates with Rev. Ponnurangam visit Voorhees College, S. C. M. Social and religious work centre.

for example, the social conditions of our life. Do they come anywhere near acceptable standards of any modern country? I confess that we are still in our primitive times and still we are as ancient as the hills themselves. It is our duty to step up our standards of living and social behaviour. This cannot be done by a few. Every one must put his shoulder to the wheel and who can have stronger shoulders than you, young people, and if you have the mind and willingness to do, you will cause a silent revolution in our society.

So what do I expect of you? Most of you must be coming from villages and nearby places. Your atmosphere is rural and I am anxious that you must beautify that atmosphere. Our villages must be made fit places to live in and if anyone should migrate to the town, he must be made to feel sorry that he left his home and came to a worse place. After all why should he leave his village? Has he not enough work to do in the village? I say that there is enough work for everyone in the village and the educated have more things to do in the village than elsewhere. What about the work of rural sanitation? What about marketing village products and also rural credit? All this work requires the best talents of educated men. If you apply yourself to these problems in a missionary spirit, just taking the bare necessities that you want for a contended life, you will be achieving an ideal and you would have contributed the maximum towards social regeneration.

Let us look at the other side of the picture. Immediately after you take your degrees you seek employment either in some office in the Government or in some commercial houses. How many of the youngmen can these departments absorb and what sort of standard of living can be safeguarded to you? Only a few of you can become officers and the rest must get into subordinate positions. These jobs require you to live in towns. By living in towns and unhealthy quarters, the health of the young is sapped and the picture is not rosy.

Therefore, turn your thoughts to more constructive work so that we can produce more and increase our national wealth. While industrialiaotion is welcome. the rural economy of the agricultural population has to be improved and it is your duty to apply yourself towards this end. I wish to refer to the unique work that is being done by the Mysore University students about which you would have read in the papers. The boys divide themselves into batches under the leadership of a teacher or a lecturer and select a village. During holidays, they camp at the village. There, they build roads, construct gutters, teach the villagers how to make their living more healthy and more beautiful. This work could be carried on, in many villages by several batches of students. It will not cost you much because every village is hospitable and if your work is good and the villagers realise that what you do is for their benefit, you will be welcomed and treated with royal hospitality. I wish your College will devote its time to this aspect and start this work. As I said before, our salvation does not lie merely in learning to make fine speeches in debating societies. Our Colleges must give a rural bias to education and you must set the ball rolling. We who are engaged in social work

in a City like Madras are finding our work an uphill task. We find that the work we do is just an extension of the work that should be done in the villages and a work which you have falied and neglected to do. We are actively engaged in slum improvement work in Madras and who are the slum dwellers? They are the villagers who have left their homes in search of employment and have come to the City seeking a living and I say they have come to the City for the worse. Their employment is uncertain or only periodical. They gather a few cast away things and construct little huts in open space. Some of them merely live on pavements. They foul the surrounding area and we find it difficult to control them as they have no stake anywhere. Either we build tenements and house them or try to take the civic amenities, like tap water, latrine etc. to the slum itself. We open night schools and teach them to read and write. We celebrate festival days in their midst, so that they will know the meaning of our national celebrations, but all this work is only a palliative. We have got to tackle this problem at the source itself. Why are they leaving their villages? Could not their conditions of living be made better in the villages, where they have their kith and kin? Therefore, this task is rightly yours and you must apply yourself to this task. You must also tell them that they cannot find an easy living in the cities and that by migrating, perhaps, they are losing their moral stature.

My appeal to you is therefore, rebuild our society on proper lines and for this purpose we have got to improve the human material. I expect every one of you will try to do his level best to improve the living conditions of his neighbour.

I thank you for giving me an opportunity to meet you all.

# TRANSCIENCE

The clock just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, rivalry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me; where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems husked with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch dog. All the hustle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities as great as this have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded! And with short sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality? Posterity can hardly trace the situtation of some; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transcience of every sublunary possession.

"Here", he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds. There their sedate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile. Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction."

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded? And those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, no atempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These

are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: the world has disclaimed them: society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures: the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? Or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

S. SAMPATH,

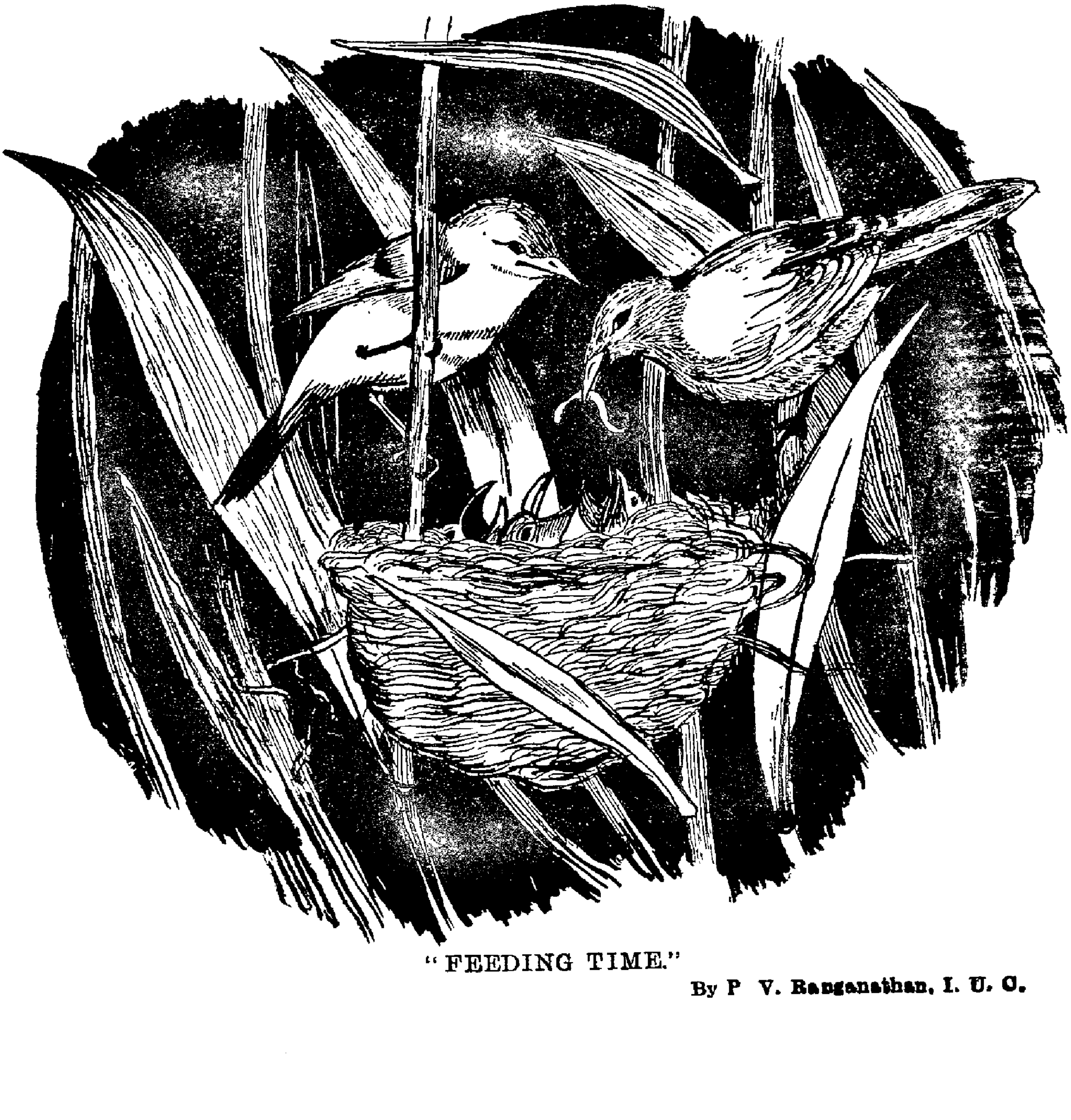
II U. C.

## ONE NIGHT

(BY. N. R. SAVITHRI, II U. C.)

The college bell had not yet struck. Mukti stood before the desk in which she kept her books and papers, gathering together the books and other things she would need during the college hours. Many of the boarders were engaged likewise. Suddenly every body stopped. Mukti looked up surprised at this sudden silence and found Miss Shanthi reach the desk where Mukti stood and said. " Mukti, please come here for a few minutes. Mukti followed her to the common room. Miss Shanthi drew out a letter saying, "some Sivasankara Sarma has called for you. Do you know who he is ? " Mukti recalled to mind another scene like this when Jothi had called for her.

"I have a great uncle of that name," She said in answer to Miss Shanthi.



"FEEDING TIME."

By P V. Ranganathan, I. U. C.

Miss Shanthi looked gravely at Mukti and said, " He says your grandmother is very ill, she wants to see you. In that case you had better start now. But consider first whether you will go at all," said Miss Shanthi.

" Your studies would suffer very much. Ever since you went home last time you have ceased to care much about them. "

" But I must go as she is ill," said Mukti.

" But I don't know the gentleman," said Miss Shanthi.

" I wonder whether your father will make me responsible for anything, if I let you go with them."

" What do you think ? "

Mukti felt inclined to laugh, though she was feeling far from being merry.

" I don't think he would object," she said.

" The gentleman is really my great uncle."

" Very well ", said Miss Shanthi.

" He is in the visitor's room."

Go and arrange everything with him. She walked off as quickly as she had come. Mukti put back the books in the desk and started to meet the great uncle whom she hardly knew.

Upon entering, she found a stout old man sitting on a chair and a young man dressed neatly, standing by his side. He was a relative of Sivasankara Sharma.

Mukti bowed to him. Upon entering, Sivasankara Sharma said, "Get ready, my carriage is waiting."

Mukti did not like the pompous old man. She felt a bit nervous to go with them. She hurried to pack.

Every one knew by this time that she was going away. Three girls came to help her to pack.

Seeing that her friends were putting in a lot of clothing, she asked, " why are you packing so many things ?',

" It is better to have too many than too few," replied the friends.

Mukti started on her journey and sat in a woman's compartment, and the old man and his friends in the compartment next to hers. This turmoil had served Mukti to lessen her gloom a bit, but her disgust had increased. One of her fellow travellers had been eying with a good deal of interest all this hour.

She leaned forward and asked, " Where are you going, my child?"

" Damn going to the village, " Mukti replied.

" Oh ! does your husband live there ? Is that your husband?"

" No, I am not married", said Mukti in a rough voice.

A wave of surprise ran through the whole compartment. Mukti had not expected this as she had always travelled first class with her father.

Her head leaned forward again and asked, " How old are you." ?

Mukti had lost her temper completely by that time. " Eighty, " she answered and turned her back most impolitely.

It was nearly evening when they reached the village. It was a small station. They got down, engaged a jutka and reached home.

She saw that a crowd had collected to meet her. The yard was full of women, old, young and middle aged.

Two or three hurricane lanterns tried their best to light up the darkness.

An old lady pushed forward and welcomed her.

"Come, my dear, come", she said.

Mukti regarded her one of their great aunts. The lady led herto a room. She saw her grand mamma on her bed.

Mukti sat down on her bed.

"How are you grandmamma? " she asked.

"I am a bit better now," I was very very sick, and so brother got frightened."

"Get well, soon," said Mukti.

"I have got to be back to Bombay pretty quick."

Mukti after a while laid her down on a separate bed. A slight noise made her look up.

She found a small girl.

Mukti asked her, "what is your name" ? The girl rushed out of the room. Mukti got up and went to grandmamma and asked,

"Are all your people dumb ?"

She answered, "certainly not."

"Then do they take me for a lion or a tiger?"

" I shall return to town tomorrow, for you don't appear to be very ill now."

Suddenly some one called grandma. Next moment Dev appeared before the door. Mukti ran out of the room crying, "Here's a surprise for you. You don't expect to see me here, do you ?"

She felt really glad at finding Devu, for she was sick of the people. She indulged in talking with him. The woman of the household had gathered and objected Mukti. She did not care for their words but went back to her room and passed the whole day reading. But she could understand that some big preparations were going on outside. Broken sentences of the old master reached her ears from time to time as she was thinking deeply about the matter. Suddenly a slight noise disturbed her, and she woke up from her bed. She found herself in her old room with her friends. She then understood that it was her dream.

She heard the college bell.

So she hurried to the college, collecting the books.

## THE FIRST DAY IN A HOSTEL

I was a new addition to the hostel, to be more accurate I should say, to any hostel, for this was the first time I ever got into a hostel, as a permanent resident, of course. My shifting into the hostel had been prolonged since my relations were in the town itself but finally when I got into the hostel premises, carrying a trunk and a bed, it was about 7-30 A.M. It was a bright morning with the summer sun, showering all his yellow light on the world. The brilliant sun......I am not sure... .. might have predicted the sunny days I was about to spend in the hostel or the hot sun might have symbolised the sultry life in the small rooms, over-crowded and ill-ventilated, but full of its usual residents, the tiny little mosquitoes.

The moment I put down my baggages in my room, I heard a bell going loudly. I immediately recollected having read in some fictions that when men of high rank visited a place, people rang bells as an expression of their joy. It is also true that I could not believe whether it was for me but my dreams were immediately shattered when my friends broke out the news. The bell was not for me but for calling the students for breakfast......you must remember it was 7-30 A. M. My friends...... most of them knew me intimately during last year in the college...... greeted me with full heart.

I was immediately led into the dining hall which was...in my opinion, then noisier than any ordinary market-place. Many students had begun the fight with the "Uppuma" and all greeted me, some with "good mornings" some with Tamil greetings and others with broad smiles......they could not utter words, for their mouths were full. I escaped from the ironical jokes of the mates only because I was an old friend of theirs and if I had been a stranger altogether, I don't know how I would have been mocked at. Oh! I have forgotten one thing to say...... I then complained that the hall was noisy; but now you must come and see. My voice is that which is often heard above the noise of all others.

It was a working day for the college and hence I could not enjoy or suffer, I do not know which word is proper......the forenoon hours with my chums. The dinner was served at one O'clock without any notable incident, except that the rice that was served was just bad .....with a bad smell, a strange purple colour and full of small pebbles. But the evening session had wonders in store for me. I went to the college as usual but just to find out that we were free from two to four. Two hours!......Quite well enjoyed......My old friends, I mean my street-mates, wanted to visit my new premises and now I greeted

them into my room as a host would. A pleasant chat we had till half past three when my old friends left me for their homes.

The coming of the night was somewhat terrifying......although I knew there was no need. It was because this was the first night I had to spend out of my house, away from my family. But the hands of the clock moved as usual and the grey dusk turned to black night. There vas a general meeting of the hostelers that night which lasted until ten O'clock.

When I lay upon my bed, sleep refused to aid me with her sweet embrace and I lay awake brooding over many things.........my family members, friends, old and new, the new hostel, progress to be shown in studies and such things. The chiming of the table clock was quite audible against the dismal silence and the mosquitoes with their sharp stings kept me awake, often wondering how I could escape from malaria.

I was disturbed by all sorts of thoughts when suddenly I felt myself carried away by some invisible devil. Finally, I was placed before my father who was astonished to see me so suddenly and unexpectedly before him. I found my mother sorrow-laden, thinking over the separation of her son (myself,) because she had never left me alone. I felt moved at heart, but I gathered my spirits and cheered them saying I was all right in my new nest. But suddenly I heard voices of my college friends......what is this wonder? Is it the eighth wonder of the world? My friends who were at Vellore reaching my home about some two hundred miles away! I could not understand what this could be .....Oh what are these? I saw before me not my father and mother but my table and chairs in the dim light of the rosy morn. So I had been dreaming all the time. you witty readers may call it home sickness and I have no arguments to confront you with. I have nothing to do but simply to turn my face aside with a shy smile on it. Adieu my dear perusers!

By R. Govindarajan,
Senior Intermediate.

# FROM THE SCHOOL TO THE COLLEGE

P. DEVARAJ, I U. C.

For a boy, fresh from the High Schools, the experiences at college are indeed interesting and worth recording.

I was a student of the Voorhees High School and was in the sixth form during 1950-51. I have been a student of the same school from 1st Form and when I reached sixth form, the thought that I would soon leave the school and join the college made me work hard and I easily passed the school-final examination. Then I was building castles about my future career and life at College.

I got an application form from Voorhees college and after I received the S. S L C. book I had the form filled up and gave the same to my Headmaster for favour of sending the same to the Principal with his recommendation. This is an advantage for the students of the Voorhees High School as preference is given for Voorhees students and the recommendation of the Headmaster adds still more weight. On the 28th June I received a card of admission and I felt I had a feather added on to my cap and I did not like to lose time and immediately paid the fees and I was asked to interview the Principal the next day along with my father.

The next day I went alone, tor my father could not come with me and he told me that he would see the Principal himself. I was set with fear and actually trembling, for to us boys from the School the word Principal was a terror and we were imagining he will be like this and like that. I waited outside along with the other boys and parents who had come on similar errands. There were some parents who had come with their sons and daughters for seeking admission and for whom admissions were not given. Some boys were weeping, for their names were not found in the list of admissions. The college appeared a very busy place and the peon at the gate was regulating the interviewers with the Principal. I waited for my turn and when I went in shivering, the Principal saw me up and down and asked, "For whom have you come?" I could not answer his question at once and I stammered "I.........I.........I.........came for myself!" "For yourself!", said the Principal, "Who is your father?" Trembling, I replied "Mr........" "Oh, wait a minute" said he and, taking out a file from his drawer, took out a form and showed it to me and asked, "See if it is your father's signature?" "Yes Sir," I replied. He said, "Your father was here this morning" and smiling, asked me to come to the college on 2nd July. By this time a part of the fear had gone and, thanking the Principal, I came out and felt as if I was a big man.

Those outside, asked me what happened inside and I narrated the whole thing. I became a college boy and I really felt proud. That the Principal was a kind and jolly person made me still more glad and I tried to shake off my imaginary fears.

By 9-30 A.M., on 2nd July 1951, I went to the college and saw a number of my friends Immediately the bell rang. We all assembled in the College Hall. I had my seat in the sixth row along with my friends The Principal and the Lecturers all came and with them the girl students who were dressed in their best with all colours displayed For most of us to study with girl students was a new experience and it also thrilled most of us. The Principal introduced the lecturers to us. Some lecturers gave us good advice and told us how we should conduct ourselves. Then we were all sent home and asked to come the next day.

Next day we were divided into two sections and I was put in the 'A' Section of Group II. We went to the Natural Science class. All along in our High School all our lessons, except English, were taught to us in Tamil and in the college we were a bit confused when our lecturer talked only in English and not in Tamil. In the Natural Science Class the names used by the Lecturer were funny and peculiar such as *curcuma longa, entalobium saman* and so on and so forth. I was wondering how such long names could be remembered but afterwards I found it very easy for me to follow. The practical classes were a novel experience to us. In the Natural Science practical class, we were given a plant and asked to draw a sketch of it in the record note book. It was a novel experience for us to draw sketches from reality. Somehow I attempted and when I showed the sketch to thelecturer he looked at it and said, "If the Chief Examiner sees this he will certainly swoon on the spot" and I felt very small especially when I saw the girl students laugh heartily. But I slowly improved and I can fairly draw the sketches well.

The next class was the Physics class. I was not good at Mathematics and when I joined the group I thought I had given a send off to that dreaded art but I found Physics required a good deal of mathematical knowledge. So I had to persevere and attempt the problems and get myself acquaintedwith the Tables and formulae and manage this subject. We are lucky, for our Physics lecturer, knowing full well our capacity in Mathematics, drills us to work problems and his clear teaching enables us to understand the subject. But as we are new in answering examinations in English, we became nervous and even known questions were not answered correctly. Probably this nervousness would vanish after one or two terms.

The next was the Chemistry class. First I found Chemistry very dull and uninteresting but in course of time it became the most interesting class.

The English classes were quite interesting. Thanks to the excellent teaching of the lecturers who are taking much pains to shake us off from the High School atmosphere.

The Tamil classes are most enjoyed by us and there is absolutely no trouble.

There is a sudden change from the High School to the College. In the High School the boys were put in strict fear by the teachers and the Headmaster but in the College the Principal and the lecturers are very cordial and magnanimous and this makes the students to behave well, to study well and have good character and manners. Let us keep the prestige of the Institution and the members of the Staff.

## HOME—THE FIRST TRAINING GROUND

" Charity begins at home ", so the saying goes. With slight modification we can safely say, "Education begins at home". Every child keenly observes the movements and actions of its parents and tries to copy them. Its mind can be compared to a sensitive celluloid on which any impression can be made, but once an impression is formed, it is difficult to erase it. The ideas which the child forms in its innocent mind and the habits it cultivates in its childhood form the basic part of its character. It is therefore truly said that child is the father of man. It is parental duty to set a good example of their character before their children. If they are courteous, loving, gentle, noble and charitable, the child will also adopt those good qualities. On the other hand, the children of bad-tempered, haughty and miserly parents exhibit the same undesirable qualities.

Most of the great men come to prominence under the guidance of their loving mothers. For examble, the beloved leader and reformer, Sir Syed Ahmed Khan strained every nerve to wake up the nation from its deep slumber and sacrificed his whole life for the reform of the nation. It was because of the training he was given by his mother. Her training exalted him to the highest pinnacle of glory. Once it so happened that Sir Syed used some harsh words to his old servants and his good mother made him apologise to the old man for the mistake committed by him.

Often the parents blame the teachers and lecturers if their sons and daughters do not behave properly. In my opinion they are to blame for the bad conduct of their children, for the students stay longer at home than at schools and colleges. Lecturers and teachers try their

best to teach them and mend their character. But it is the sincere duty of their parents to give them a good and appreciable training and education in their childhood.

Let the parents therefore train and educate their children with great care and help them to develop their character properly in the good habits and qualities, and let not the students forget that the real purpose of education is the cultivation of good conduct and character must be their supreme aim for, if character is lost, everything is lost.

Z. ABDUL WAHAB,
II U. C.

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## THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY MAN

BY. D. RAMATHILAKAM, I. U. C.

When I was studying B.A. class I happened to get acquainted with three new friends. Frequently I had to sit beside them in the class. We always sat on the last bench in the class. They were noted for their peculiar qualities.

Dev, has extra-odinary interest in poltics, is a cheerful, enthusistic and public-spirtited young man. He had done some social work in many villages. It was hoped that he would become one of the leaders of our country in future. My second friend Anand, as a science student, made always researches in order to gain international reputation. Krishnan liked to become a philosopher in his life and so he had been in the class in a philosophic mood and never listened to the professors' lectures. I was disturbed much by them for there was a keen fight among them in discussing the present political, social, economic, health and spiritual condition of our country and they became rivals. Each attacked his rival with strong criticisam and stressed that his opinions were right and very important. Their debate was just like the explosion of the atom bomb.

Dev would say, "first we must reform our country". Anand, "our country will progress only by introducing scientific methods in every sphere. Science brings immense happiness to human beings as also weapons of destruction."

Krishnan, "friends don't make quarrels. The development of science or economics is not essential to the progress of our country. Our people must learn how to love their fellow beings. They have great faith in religion. They do not like revolution".

We four passed the B.A. exam. After we got our Degrees we got separated. I forgot to say, we passed only two years ago. Soon I got a job in the High Court in Madras. During the first year I did not meet my friends due to the pressure of my work. I made up my mind to see my friends during Christmas holidays. I never interfered in their debates or discussions. Yet I was an intimate friend of the three. First I went to Dev's home. He stood at the gate. Seeing me, he cried out in great joy—"Hullo Ram, how do you do? What is the matter? Are you married? He embarked on such innumerable questions. "Dev, why don't you participate in the general election? You are a great politician and also a social worker. I am certian you will succeed getting into the House of the People, Delhi. I feel very sorry, for you have missed this opportunity". Dev, "why am I an M. L. A. or M. U. P.? Do I fight with the rival party or answer suitable questions to the members? Instead of that I have to fight with my wife everyday and answer her questions. I don't know how to protest against her authority in this house".

I was greatly stupefied by his reply. Then I left that place and proceeded to Anand's. He invited me cordially and asked me, "why have you not informed me about your arrival"?

"I had this decision only last night. What about your researches? How far have you been successful?"

"What research? All the enthusiasm and spirit kindled in me to win international reputation in scientific researches is gone with my college life. Now I grieve very much for my six months' child. I am always worried about its illness ever since it was born in the world. It is very weak. I do not know why the children in our country are lean and unhealthy". After I expressed my sympathy for his sufferings, I started to Krishnan's house.

He seemed paler and thinner than before.

"Had you fallen ill Krishnan? What is your opinion about the Philosophic Conference which was recently held at Delhi, inagurated by Maulana Abul Azad?"

"Ram, now I dot not know how to carry on my family, having no job. Friend, you will be greatly surprised to hear that we are suffering from poverty. We are almost dying without food for two or three days in a week. I am suffering in economic life.

My heart was deeply moved on hearing his wretched condition and I was overwhelmed by pity. I promised him to send him money, montbly, from my income till he got a job. Then I left for Madras. On the way back to Madras I recollected the life of my friends. Poor fellows that they are! They dreamt before they got into real life that they would surely become politicians or Nobel prize winners or philosophers in future. Now their life is ruined. They suffer from unemployment. My life now is safe. I learnt a great truth from their life, that the life of an ordinary man is better than the politician or philosopher or such other great men. They are calm outwardly but inwardly they have excitement in their lives.

## PEACE.

Peace, Peace, everywhere
To free the poor from the war.
Put an end to the aggressor
To make this world calm for ever.

Beings had come to this world to live
But some one is chasing them to leave.
The rich are responsible for the war
The poor are suffering far more.

If the two oceans are together mixt
Only this world would'nt amiss
For which we have to preach lessons.
If not, save them by our presents.

Come, peace, come, go war,
To find a place for you deep in the bay.
Live there ever, leave us for ever.
Come, peace, come, shine as the pole star.

S. BAKTHAVATSALAM, II U. C.

## OUR ALMA MATER.

There stands the gay and lofty building
With its huge and tall towers piercing;
Many a one that came of much thirst,
Had it quenched and taught at first.

Thou hast sent forth many eminent men,
Who to you a good fame have won;
A good reputation they bestow on you
With good veneration and love to you.

They esteem much of their time with thee,
And confer proper respect upon thee;
The spirit that abides in all of them
Is that the red bricks were once theirs.

Thou hast taught us all we needed,
Thou gavest us all that we lacked;
The time we had with thee was merry,
Tea, the time we spent was so happy.

Farewell, to thee, my dear Alma Mater,
Farewell, to thine forthcoming poster,
Farewell, to my beloved lecturers,
Farewell, to my fellow students.

BY K. A. SUDHAKAR, II U. C.

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## SHOOTING STAR.

On the wings of the winds
I heard a lament,
"Alas ! weep for our lost friend
Who to earth has lent
His old brilliance."

"T'was a noble soul
Who with us shone
To light the heavens
And, at the death of moon,
Sparkled in radiance."

Till anon one night,
His summons came,
And the glory we had seen
Burnt out its virgin flame
In silver cascades,

Down, down the depths,
Of ages yet untold,
His former beauty seemed
Now a thing of old,
Devoid of magnificence.

Yet 'tis to die many deaths
To see a beloved friend ;
Fall of a sudden to earth
And flashingly rend
From us his cadence.

Alas ! Mortals ye know not
His birth-place or his grave ;
Know him only as a stone
And like us, will not crave
His welcome renaissance.

LALITHA ASIRVATHAM,
CLASS I.

# THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

(BY THE REV. JOHN SATHYANATHAN, M.A.)

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."

Looking upon the world to-day, we see it shaken by a restless tumult and by a fury of contending forces. The world has passed through similar experiences for nearly six thousand years. Human projects have repeatedly failed; human hopes have only developed phantoms; human promises have failed to make good. The political world is seething and tossing like the sea in a storm. Instead of the coming of a calm, the eye observes gathering thickened clouds which presage more terrible tempests. A thousand panaceas for a troubled war-torn world have been suggested and applied in the past but none has proved a balm of healing for a world, sore and distressed. The world is in confusion and conflicting political idealogies clash on every hand. Communal strife embittered by religious zeal is upsetting the peaceful relationships of millions. Even the International Organisations, which are supposed to be the custodians of peace and security, are being tried and weighed on balances.

What the world needs above everything else is knowledge of, and whole-hearted allegiance to an authoritative book to guide and direct our life. The lawyer and judge need recognised law books for their guidance, physicians and surgeons need books on medicine and surgery to guide them. No one doubts that our world to-day needs an authority and a sure guide to right thinking and conduct. Man is not left to drift on a sea of doubt and uncertainity. God has given him a chart and a compass for life, i.e., **"The Bible"**.

This book for two millenniums has been the most important and most loved of all books. It has survived the extinct of the ancient world and the Roman Empire. The Bible is one of the greatest facts in the history of the world. While it is an oriental book in origin and background, its teachings carry a profound appeal to, and wield a very strong influence over every race on the globe It influences every type of mind, high or low, rich or poor, Jew or gentile. This wonderful Volume is in reality a library, filled with all subjects, history, genealogy, ethnology, law, ethics, prophecy, poetry, eloquence, medicine, sanitary science, political economy and perfect rules for the conduct of personal and social life. The Bible is all about one Being. He is first mentioned in Genesis 1 : 1, and last in the last verse of Revelation. There are broadly two divisions known as old and New Testaments. There are thirty nine books in the Old Testament and twentyseven in the New. In all the Bible contains sixtysix books. These were written by at least

forty different authors in three different languages, covering a period of sixteen hundred years. Although they belong to many different generations, yet these writers of such diverse temperaments, writing on such widely different subjects in various countries and in different languages, did not conflict. In all they wrote, there is the most amazing harmony. Such a thing is unparalleled in literature and is in itself conclusive proof of a superhuman origin.

There is no contradiction between the writings of the Old and the New Testaments. The Old Testament does not teach one thing and the new another. Some of the prophecies in the old find their fulfilment in the New. The Old expresses a longing; the New a realization. The New is the consummation of the Old. The Bible stands as a unit; and it gives the complete story of man's origin and destiny. To take away any part of it is to mar that complete record.

John Ruskin said, "All that I have thought of art, everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, was simply due to the fact, that when I was a child my mother daily read with me from the Bible and daily made me learn a portion of it by heart."

(Sir Walter Scott) "There is but one Book," said the dying Sir walter Scott, when his son-in-law asked, which book he wished to hear read. There is but one Book of which any of the foregoing could be said, and this book is most frequently called by a name that meant originally "The Book—The Bible."

(Franklin D. Roosevelt) In connection with the distribution of a million pocket size Testaments to the United States Army in 1942, President F. D. Roosevelt said, "Throughout the centuries men of many faiths and diverse origins have found in the Sacred Book words of wisdom, counsel and inspiration." Concerning the efficacy of this book he declared, "It is a foundation of strength, and now as always, an aid in attaining the highest aspiration of the human soul."

Royal edicts and legislative decrees have attempted its annihilation. Voltaire and Ingersoll have plotted its destruction; nations and Empires have waged war upon it but "the word of God liveth and abideth for ever."

The Bible incomparably the most widely circulated of books, at once provokes and baffles study. Even the non-believer in its authority rightly feels that it is unintelligent to remain in almost total ignorance of the most famous and ancient of books. No barrier of language now exists. It is printed in more than 1068 languages and dialects and distributed to more than 150 crores of the world's population. In 1945 more than 33,000,000 copies of the Old and New Testaments were sold throughout the world. No other religious book has such a record.

The Bible brings you good news, that, no matter what condition you are in, regardless of what situation you face, despite the circumstances which surround you, there is a promise in God's Book to fit your case, and bring you the just help you need. No matter whether a person is a saint or a sinner, God's promises cover every possible need. If individuals and nations listen to the word of God, then there is every possibility of allowing God to rule the world. It is the only hope of the world to secure peace and prosperity eternally.

## SCIENCE SAVES WASTE

U. JANE SAROJINI II. U. C.

The by-products become more essential than the primary substances. These are very useful in the manufacture of articles from raw materials. The waste things are not only chemical but also of heat, light or other forms of energy.

Waste is expensive in two ways. The abolition of waste gains time and money. But nothing is 'wasted' ever. The wastes of towns and factories remain in the river beds until they are taken in by the earth and sea. They again get back into fish or other sea products. In some cases they become manure for land. Everything is taken into the reservoirs of earth, air and sea.

The phrase, 'Ashes to ashes' is scientifically true. If the scientists made no work in preventing waste, there would be the same amount of each of the elements in the world. The sea will take a million years to change the town refuse into a form of a material, useful for the land. During this period many chemical actions would occur. But Science tries to 'Short-circuit' these processes. Men can perform quickly instead of waiting for Nature to do her work.

That the abolition of waste saves time is clear in the case of bones. Bones contain phosphorus and other elements essential to plant growth. The bone which is buried under the soil decays and is broken down by fermentation process to a form in which it can be assimilated by plants. The process takes a long time to be completed. But in a short time the chemist takes bones collected in thousands of tons and then by steaming or grinding reduces them to a flour which forms a valuable fertilizer, ready for immediate use.

Industrialists utilize every possible waste to gain money. Take the case of walnut shells. We throw them into fire after taking the nuts But the waste shells are taken to industries in tons. The manufacturer grinds the husk to a fine powder and sells it for use in making linoleums, roofing paper, and mechanics' abrasive soap.

During the first and second world war men made great strides in the collection and utilization of so-called 'rubbish', 12,000,000 tons a year is thrown into the dust bins of Britain.

In the factory the utilization of the rubbish is vastly hastened. The rubbish sprayed with various chemicals is placed in sealed chambers. Oxygen is introduced into the chambers to accelerate the work of bacteria in breaking down the material into a form which will be acceptable to the plants.

The small pieces of slate, which are thrown away after being trimmed from roofing slates, are now ground down to a powder. This powder will pass through a mesh of about 32,000 holes to a square inch, and this is used as a filler.

There is one factory which makes concrete posts using old sardine tins to strengthen the concrete. Tin cans of all kinds are now produced in enormous quantities. Each has a minute portion of about 3/1,000 ths of a pound to each tin. But this means that about 330 tins contain a pound of tin, and the recovery of tin from the million odd cans made every year in Britain is worthwhile, if they can be easily collected. The demand for steel makes it well worth while to recover the steel in tin cans, although the works that specialize in the recovery of scrap-iron and steel usually work with large units of raw material. A considerable proportion of iron and steel made into various articles every year is 'second hand.'

The scrapping industry in the united states deals with 250,000 motor cars and 25,000 goods trucks every year. Ford has laid down a special plant for scrapping cars, using the same mass-production methods as in the manufacture of cars. Everything is stripped from the car and used.

A very striking example of unscientific waste is to be found in motor cars. The explosion of gases in the cylinders generates a certain amount of heat. To get rid of this heat we must have special cooling apparatus, a radiator and we waste still more heat by sending it through the exhaust valve. Engineers would prefer to utilize this heat. A perfect method of turning this heat into a mechanical energy has not yet been found. It would be possible to use it for making steam for an auxiliary engine, but this would not be convenient. Nothing is thrown away to-day that could not be utilized in some way.

Some cars utilize the heat of engine for quite another purpose, that of warming the car itself. Air is warmed by the engine and gently blown into the interior of the car, the heat which formerly went out of the exhaust thus being put to work. This process is common in industry. A manufacturer who finds that he has waste heat will try to utilize it.

In car manufacturing heat from various furnaces, previously lost, is now made to warm the air for the rooms in which the cars are dried after painting. In Diesel plants the exhaust can be put to good service by heating for radiators.

During the world war II we learned to save waste paper. Although the difficulty of extracting printer's ink limits the re-use of newsprint, it can be turned into paper bags, wrappings and card board. The demands for wood pulp are becoming greater. Apart from saving money, the salvage of waste paper may become a necessity. A single day's issue of newspaper may consume acres of forest which took twenty years to grow.

There are a few examples of the salvage of waste. For generations French wine maker threw away grape-pips. Then it was found that a valuable lubricating oil could be extracted from the pips. Sawdust, for centuries, the waste of wood mills, is now a very valuable raw material of industry from which hundreds of things can be made. Chemically treated it can produce alcohol, sugar and many other products.

There is also waste by over-production, duplication of effort, and wrong distribution. Scientists seek to reduce all these kinds of waste.

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## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

**A comma that saved human life:**—Maria Fedorewna caught sight of the following note appended to the bottom of a death warrant. It was in the handwriting of her husband, Alexander III. It read as follows:—"Pardon impossible, to be sent Siberia". Maria transposed the comma so that it read "Pardon, impossible to be sent Siberia", whereupon the convict was released a free man.

**Armless girl as typist:**—A girl born without hands has been engaged by the Dundee corporation as a shorthand typist. She is Miss Nan Lawrie, a dark-haired girl of 18. She has a certificate for writing shorthand at 100 words a minute, holding the pencil between her wrists and she types with the stumps of her wrists at 55 words a minute.

**Bad cooking:**—Bad cooking on the part of the wife used to be one reason for divorce in Abyssinia.

**Broken dolls:**—In Japan broken dolls are not thrown away but are buried in the school play ground every June with a Buddhist Service.

**Camel cannot swim:**—The camel is the only animal which cannot swim. The moment it loses its footing in a stream it turns on its side and exerts no efforts to save itself from drowing.

**Clever:—** In a U. S. town after thieves had rifled his wares Benson, a merchant put up a sign on his window, "Even thieves know good jewellery".

**Credit to all of** 80:—A dealer in antiques, Ridge Town Ontario, displays prominently in his window a sign reading, "Credit will be given only to persons over 80 years of age and accompanied by parents".

**Curious monument:**—A monument in France which marks the east resting place of an Army mule:—"In memory of Maggie who in her time kicked 2 colonels, 4 Majors, 10 captains, 24 lieutenants, 42 sergeants, 432 others and I Mills Bomb".

**Custom of shaving:**—It had been the custom of Romans to shave off their beard at the age of 21 and present it as an offering to their Gods.

**Death from strange causes:—**

1. Chartles VIII of France conducting his queen into a tennis court struck his head against a door and died immediately.

2. Fabius, the Roman Dictator, was choked by a single goat hair in the milk which he was drinking.

3. Gallus, the proctor, died while kissing the hand of his wife.

4. The running of a pig under his horse caused the death of Louis VI.

5. *Z*ewis, the famous Greek painter, died of laughter at the sight of a hag which he had just drawn.

**Divorce for not Joking:**—In Brooklyn, N. Y. Stanley Koprowski asked for a divorce because his wife insisted on telling him jokes in bed.

**Fined himself:**—In Madison, the circuit Judge, Robert Cowie arrived for work an hour late, he held himself in contempt of court and paid a fine of five dollars.

**Fruit Salad Tree:**—A farmer in Ohio owns a tree from which he can gather 78 varieties of fruits. He planted it as a seeding and went on grafting to see how many different kinds of fruit it could bear. It has yielded 70 kinds of apples, 5 kinds of pears and 3 kinds of crab apples.

**Gold discoverer:**— James W. Marshall, the man who discovered gold in California died apauper !

**Horoscopes for dogs:**—A Newyork astrologer has a new money-making idea-horoscopes for dogs! He invties dog owners to send the date of their pets' birth and a dollar each. Then he supplies a horoscope that helps them to know their dog better.

**Largest speech:**—Dr. Otto Lechter made the largest speech on record, having delivered it before the Anstrian Parliament in 1897. He spoke for twelve hours without a break.

2. Mr. Gladstone once delivered a speech at Birmingham in which the first sentence contained 176 words.

**Long Nose:**—Thomas Wedders, Yorkshire, England, earned his twing displaying his monstrous 7½ inch nose.

**Longest Kiss:**—A man and a girl in New York made a kiss last 182 minutes in a kissing contest.

**Moustache will:**—Mr. Fleming, an upholsterer of Philico, in whose will he left 10 pounds each to those who did not wear moustacnes, while those who wore them got only 5 pounds.

**Not there:**—The tower of London is not in London. It stands in Steprey.

**Novel with No 'E':**—In America there is a novel of 50,000 words in which the letter 'E' does not find a place at all. The author, Earnest Vincent Wright, made sure of this by typing the manuscript with the letter 'E' of his machine surely tied down with a string.

**Only two baths:**—Queen Isabella of Spain who has gon down in history as the beautiful woman, who pawned her jewels to send Columbus on his sea journey, took two baths in her entire life and was proud of it.

**Penguin proposes:**—Like man, the man penguin gives his sweetheart a stone when proposing. If she accepts it, they become mates.

**Plate over the door:**—In Egypt, a plate over the door signifies that there is a marriagable daughter in the house.

**Record words on a post card:**—A native of Perpingham in France, has a worl'd record in writing 5,100 words on a picture post card.

**Sending a kiss:**—In Cameron, Lawrence, Clark a young student went to the editor of the local paper with a problem. He 'loved his teacher most of anything' and would like to send her a kiss if be only could think how. The editor managed it. On the front page of his

paper he printed an affidavit (written statement) of Lawrence's kiss for Miss Anna Marie.

**Strange divorce cases:—**

1. William Wilson divorced his wife for she took his false teeth and held them for ransom.

2. In Paris a woman sued her husband for divorce because she had six childern.

**Survivied:—**In Chicago, John Morley survived a stabbing attack, for his heart was on the right side.

**The country without coinage:—**Albania has no currency of its own and uses the coins of neighbouring countries.

(Selected from various sources)

P. S. VENKATACHARI,

II. U. C.

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## SOUTH AND NORTH

U. JANE SAROJINI II. U. C.

Our College is situated in the heart of Vellore. To the south of it is the Christian Medical college and to the North is the Christian Medical Hospital. The staff and members of these institutions take interest in the Christian activities and hold meetings off and on to discuss several matters. On the evening of 16th July '51 was fixed one such meeting at 5 P.M. to which my friend and myself were invited. The meeting was to be at the Y. W. C. A. Canteen.

On 16—7—51, after the first period was over in our College we returned to our waiting room. On the way our S. C. M. Leader met us and told that my friend and myself should attend the meeting at 5-P.M. that day. We said, " Yes Sir. " We did not know whether we should proceed straight from the college or otherwise. To make this clear we desired to see the leader in the college after the last period was over but in vain. We searched for him but did not find him.

So we left the college, went home, had a change of dress and hastened to take a bus to the Medical college, with the idea that the meeting was to be at that place. After a few minutes we got into the bus. On the way my friend noted a Medical college bus in the opposite direction and accosted me, "Look here, we are going to a wrong place whereas the

Medical college students who are the members of the S. C. M. are going to the Hospital in the Northern direction." I coolly replied that the invitees being a very few S. C. M. Office bearers that bus-load of students were not going to the meeting. Then we proceeded to the South (Medical College). Our bus conductor issued two tickets for the Medical College. Again on the way we met another Medical College bus loaded with Medical students. Suddenly a fear came into our mind and our minds began to ossilate like pendulums.

On reaching the College, we were not only disappointed but also astonished to find the place very silent, except for a solitary gardener working in a corner. It being our first visit to that place we had to seek his help to find our way through. In his rustice mood he said, "I do not know anything about the meeting." We forced him to take us to the hostel. We were led to a lady whom we asked to lead us to the place where the meeting was going on. She made us to wait in the students' Common Room and brought another student who said that the meeting was to be at the Y. W. C. A. Canteen in the Hospital. It was then 6 P.M. Having come so far to the South, we had to turn back and go to the North. Only now we realised our fault in not ascertaining the definite place of the meeting. Our hearts began to beat fast and the palpitations were even audible to us for fear of being taken to task by the leader for absenting from the meeting. We doubled to take a bus to the Hospital in the northern direction. At that time a Medical Student came to us and said "There is no use in going back to the Hospital, for the meeting will be over at about 6-30 P.M." But we did not agree to stay in the college even for a single minute. Then we waited to see two buses pass us by fully loaded and got into the third bus. It was then past 6-40 P.M.

When we had come half way it began to rain and I told my friend that it will be a wild goose chase to attempt to go to the Hospital as the meeting would have terminated by then, and suggested, " We should see the leader and get ourselves excused after explaining to him our miserable position." So we got down from the bus and walked in the rain to find out his house. We did not know his residence and so we went to another friend's house and asked her to help us. She said that the leader was living in a big house, and a board was hanging in front of the house. The name of the house was "Dwarak." So we searched for "Dwarak." When we reached the place, unfortunately it was locked. We did not know what to do afterwards. But we went into the next house and asked him where he was living. They answered that he vacated the house just a day before that day. After knowing the street of his new house we again started to find his house.

While we were roaming about in that street a little boy resembling the leader's son was standing in front of his house. We went near him and called him, " Prem ! " But he ran inside his house and did not come out. After a few minutes a man came out and we were in great fear for it was not the leader's house. Then the man directed his house to us.

We reached his house at about 7-40 P.M. Then we found his wife alone doing her household work. She told us that he had not returned from the meeting. Here I request you to imagine how we would be feeling when we heard the ringing of a cycle bell, each moment expecting our leader returning from the meeting. At last we sighted him and the palpitation of our heart grew faster till he laughed at us when we shortly narrated to him our story. Then we returned home, though very late with ease and good cheer.

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## THE ANNUAL REPORT
READ BY
## THE PRINCIPAL ON THE COLLEGE DAY

**Distinguished Visitors, Ladies & Gentlemen,**

Just a year ago we celebrated the Golden Jubilee. Mrs. Hensman presided over the function and Sir A. L. Mudaliar delivered the Jubilee Address. Another year of grace was granted to us and we thank God for His guidance and help and pray that His guiding hand will be with us in the years to come.

**Strength :** The total number of students this year is 475 as against 485 last year. The number of applications this year was as large as in the previous years. There is a great attraction for Groups 1 & 2. Hoping to become doctors and engineers, most of the students are drawn towards these two groups only. The parents forget that by choosing Gr. III their sons could become politicians, ambassadors and diplomats. More often than not, their choice is ill-guided and as a result, more failures occur in Gr. II.

**Changes in the Staff :** Mr. V. S. Muthiah, who was on the staff of the college as Lecturer in English since 1942, joined the Madras Varsity Library as Asst. Librarian. We take this opportunity to place on record our appreciation of his long and devoted service. We wish him well. In the Eng. Dept., Mr. Howie and Mrs. Cornelius were appointed as tutors; in the Physics Dept. Messrs Padmanaba Rao, Sunder Singh and Miss N. Jeyalakshmi were appointed as Demonstrators; in the Natural Science Dept., Mr. Allen was appointed as Lecturer and Mr. Ramamurthy as demonstrator, but he left us at the fag end of the year to accept an appointment in the Government College, Palghat.

**Associations & Visitors :** The Various College Societies have been particularly active this year. Oratorical contests were held in all the languages. Several men of learning and distinction addressed the Various Associations of the College in the course of the year. We thank Dr. Nathaniel and Dr. Ramachandran, M.P. for their inspiring

speeches on the Independence Day and the Republic Day, respectively. We are very much indebted to Miss Brito, Supdt. of Govt. Girls' High School, Vellore. Mr. S. T. Cornelius, the Principal of Teachers' Trg. School, Mr. Parthasarathy, Editor of 'The Vellore Gazette, Mr. Pundi Rangaswami Iyengar, Mr. N. K. Vijayaraghavan, and Miss Deveerd for their services.

**Social service :** Under the auspices of the S.C.M. our Social Service League has been doing very good work at Kasba—among the scavengers and sweepers. Our students are doing their best under the inspiring leadership of Mr. M. J. Sudarsanam, who spares no pains, and devotes many a precious hour to attend to even minor details. Rice and milk were supplied to them free. We do hope that more students will take up this humanitarian work.

**Christmas :** The Students and the Staff under the direction of Mr. B.G. Swamidoss enacted a nativity play during Christmas. The music which harmonised with the play was directed by Mr. W. J. Howie. When the play was over the College authorities were showered with congratulations by practically everyone present on the occasion. We are much obliged to Dr. Wierenga for his excellent Christmas message delivered at the Carol Service which was attended in large numbers.

**Sports :** Neither talent, enthusiasm, nor steady training was lacking this year on the sports field. The Physical Director, Mr. W. Jeevaraj has to be congratulated on adding plumes to his helmet. The credit of sending trained students to compete in Inter Varsity Sports and Olympics goes to him. One Senior student, C. Sankaran, has distinguished himself in both. We heartily congratulate him on his brilliant performance in sports.

**Results :** Our results in the Varsity Exams compare favourably with that of any other college of this University. Of the 194 students sent up for the Varsity Exam. last year 57 were placed in the First class and 60 in the Second class, thus making a total of 117 which works at 61% nearly. Some students of even the History Group got distinction, which is a remarkable achievement indeed. These results show clearly that the college maintains usual standard of efficiency, thanks to the devoted service of the staff. We are, however, more concerned with the training for leadership. To us the personality of the student is the most important thing. We believe in a statement of R.W. Moore, Headmaster of Harrow, "True living is caught, not taught; it is the catching fire from another personality, and how unlucky are those who have never met such a personality"? It is the catching fire from the personality of the teacher that is the essence of education. Our country needs today, above all, discipline and character.

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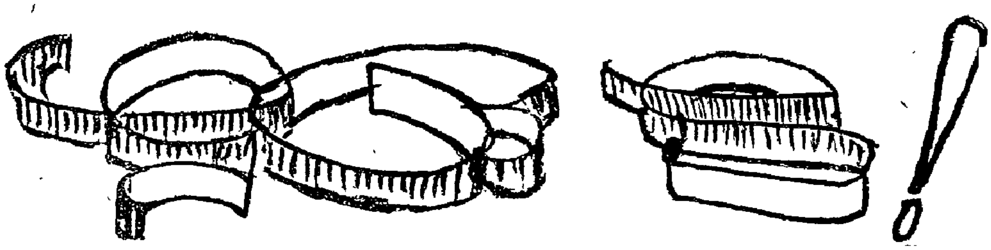

## G. B. S.
## BY
## B. G. S.

*(An appendix to the above sketch.)*

The following sonnet of Colin Harry on Shaw epitomises that great G. B. S's personality in a few lines :—

Breaker of laws, yet reverent of law ;
*Inhuman*, yet with broad humanity ;
Mad in a world of muddled sanity ;
Aloof and laughing stands George Bernard Shaw.
Now with ironic probe he pricks the raw.
Beneath the broken skin of vanity ;
Now whips to life a dull profanity
To praise a beauty that it never saw.

The mocked is now the mocker, the despised
Curves now his lips in infinite disclaim,
And Yet, as if some memory compels
Old thoughts from the subconscious, undisguised
The eyes betray the passion and the pain
Of Jesus come again in cap and bells.

This was written some thirty years ago. But later on his attitude has crystallised in the following epitaph :—

"Concerning the dead
Nothing ill should be said
So of Shaw let us say :—
"To an age in decay
He was prophet and priest,
Providing the yeast
For the dough of our doubt;
So puffing it out
It appeared to make bread
And we seemed to be fed.
His dream was that we
Could be equal and free
By dictator's degree."

G. B. S. as a man, as a playwright and as a reformer has thrilled the world by his "Amazing vitality, limitless curiosity, untiring industry, and unfailing gaiety, his wit, sanity, good-humour and uncommon sense, his irrepressible frivolity and fundamental sincerity, his kindliness, genial toleration, lack of envy and malic, maddering self-assurance, and freedom from the foibles of average humanity : Such a combination of qualities in one personality is unique in history and will assureadly remain so."

Space does not permit us to write all that we wish to about that great soul of the century and one of the greatest men of all times. But such a sweet life cannot but be perpetuated in some form or other. His frank statements about himself and pungent criticism on men and events with a sardonic grin about everything he said reminds us of another intellectual giant of an earlier Age, Dr. Johnson. Shaw was out and out a great prophet of the Modern Age.

*(From 30 years with G. B. S. B. Blanche Patch.)*

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## STAFF RETREAT

**(Rev. John Sathyanathan, M.A.**

*Lecturer in History)*

It was with much delight that the members of the staff of Voorhees College left the college on 25th August 1951 at 2. p.m. for a beautiful spot which is specially chosen for retreats and revival meetings. No doubt this place is congenial for meditation and personal devotions. On arrival we were given a warm welcome by the Principal and the staff of the Agricultural Farm. The members of the staff were then guided to the rooms assigned to them.

To appreciate the picturesque scenes one has to climb to the highest point of the hill that is in the Farm. This place reminds one, of the garden of Eden without the 'Forbidden Tree.' All around the place we found beautiful gardens with fruits and flowers and colourful birds to decorate them. The whole set-up is so natural that one is moved to sing praise to the creator like the Psalmist. We the descendants of Adam and Eve freely wandered about admiring the marvellous work that is being carried on in that part of the country. The special feature of the place is the perennial spring which supplies them water to carry on their irrigational projects. This place speaks of the missionary enterprise which transformed the barren rocky land into a lovely spot. This is a good illustration of a good Chirstian life. As Jesus Christ was able to convert water into wine, so also the servants of the Master, through His inspiration were able to give life and colour to this place.

The Rev. E. O. Shaw of Conjeevaram led us in devotions that evening. The church which has a rural set-up with natural surroundings was just the place that was required for such meetings. Rev. Shaw with his mature experience in India as a missionary was able to impress

both the Christian and Non Christian members with his message, using apt illustrations. His talk centred on the 'Riches of Christ.' as envisaged by St. Paul in his Epistles. He made reference to the authoritative preaching of Jesus christ where he said— 'I am the way,' the Truth and the Life." The greatest gift that Jesus gave, out of his riches to mankind, is his life on the cross. There is no love greater than this and no sacrifice to surpass this. The writer of the hymn " "When I survey the wondrous cross......demands my soul, my life, my all" is right in concluding his hymn by the great demand that the cross makes on the believer. This hymn is pregnant with meaning to the believer who has tested the new way of life.

The next day the Rev. Shaw referred to the role of the University teachers. He then touched upon the present anomalies in the educational system and pointed out the changes that are taking place according to the whims and fancies of political parties. What are we educating people for? We find corruption and bribery rampant everywhere. Is it not true that even the educated people are involved in these vicious corrupt practices. Who are the black marketeers? Are they all illiterates? Then what is the purpose of education? Is it to raise the standard of living or to award degrees or to enable the students to assimilate facts and figures in a particular sphere of learning. All these may have a part but the noble aim of education is to train the people for leadership. Is it not a challenge to the Christian institutions? They should play a worthy part in the building up of nation. It is regretable that in some countries the Universities are being used by the governments to train the youth in their party politics and use them as fodder for the machine-guns.

The Universities must be free to chalk out their own programme with the help of the leading educationists, to train the youth so that they may be an asset to the state.

The members of the staff enjoyed their stay at the Farm for a couple of days. We are very thankful to Dr & Mr. J. J. De Valois and the members of the staff of the Agricultural Institute for their kind service rendered to us in a Christian spirit.

## The Report of the Student Christian Movement for the year 1951-1952

### By Mr. M. James Sudarsanam, M.A., S.C.M. Leader.

Christian institutions in India at present, cannot but necessarily be deemed to exist more for the training and moulding of the life and character of Christian young men and women in order that they may be adequately equipped to serve the Church and the cause of the kingdom of God through Jesus Christ. Moreover, it is increasingly necessary and fundamentally important to-day that our young people must be kept together, so that they are not lost in the modern world of pseudo-civilization, parasitical culture and godless "isms".

Therefore, it is incumbent, morally, on those who run the Christian institutions to see that all Christian Students are knit together, kept together, taught together, trained together and shepherded together in their spiritual needs, moral obligations and social behaviour, after the pattern of our Lord Saviour Jesus Christ who said, "*I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.*"

The Student Christian Movement is an organisation which has for its aims and purposes all that we have stated above and more. The Voorhees College Student Christian Movement has, during the year under review, tried to fulfil the task of enkindling in their hearts love for Christ and His Church in India.

The Voorhees College S.C.M. Office-bearers were elected on the 13th, July 1951. Under the guidance of Mr. B. G. Swamidoss.

On 22nd, July 1951. Dr. M. Asirvatham of the Christian Medical College spoke on the merits and demerits of the S.C.M. Organisation. There was a lively discussion afterwards, and Mr. C.J. Jacob, formerly, Chemistry lecturer in Voorhees College, pointed out that if S.C.M. is run well. there need hardly be any defects in it. Mr. C.S. Paul, the General Secretary of the S.C.M. of India, Pakistan and Ceylon spoke on the five point programme of the S.C.M. His Visit was delightfully encouraging to all.

On 16th, September 1952, Dr. James Robinson, the New York Pastor, accompanied by Mr. C.S. Paul, spent that afternoon with us. The Pastor gave us an inspiring message and spent a pleasant social hour with us.

The S.C.M. work camp was conducted by the Madras Rural Service squad at the Christian Medical College, Navajeevanilayam, a model asylum for lepers. The S.C.M. workers

built a beautiful chapel for them, working from the 20th, September to 1st of October. During most of the days of the work camp, our boys and girls went in batches of fifteen and twenty and did good work along with others from the Christian Medical College, *Madras Christian* College, American Mission College, Madura, and so on.

Rev. H. K. Moulton, Principal, U.M. Theological College spoke to the S.C.M. members at 4 p.m. on 25/11/52. He exhorted Christian Young men and Women to join Ministry and serve Christ. On 27/1/52. Mr W. J. Howie gave a fine message to the S.C.M. members.

About 35 members from our S.C.M attended the Annual S.C.M. camp of the Madras—Vellore area held at Chingleput, from 16th to 19th August 1951. The Echo meeting of the same was held on 1/9/51.

This year, the Social work of Voorhees S.C.M. at the sweepers' colony was carried on very well. We visited them on Saturdays and Sundays. Our boys and girls volunteered in large numbers to come and wash their babies, give them some medical help and instruct them about good things of life. Seven bags of gift rice from America was regularly distributed to them. It is pleasing to write this year also the Voorhees College S.C M. Sunday School won the I Prize among all the Junior Sunday Schools at the Vellore Sunday School Rally.

Sabbath services during the evenings were conducted by our Telugu-knowing grown up boys and girls for the Christian members at the sweepers' colony.

Christmas sports was held on 1/12/1951.

On the 15th December 1951, we had the Christmas Cheer programme for the Sweepers at Voorhees College, at 6 p.m. The Principal, Mr. S Jesuratnam presided, and the Director of the Christian Medical College, Dr. Hilda Lazarus gave a stirring message in Telugu to all the people Mrs. C.R. Wierenga distributed the prizes and presents, and the articles from the CARE Parcels. A noteworthy feature of this year's Christmas Cheer was that more than 500 of the sweepers' colony, men, women and children were given a good dinner. Food and other items were satisfactorily served by the members. Some of us were only too glad to sit and enjoy their company at the Dinner fellowship.

*Office bearers* :—President—Mr. John Deenadayalan. Vice-President—Miss Evangelin. R. Secretary—Mr. Kantharaj, S. Joint Secretary—Miss Jane Sarojini. Treasurer—Mr. Jared Paul. Social Work Secretary—Mr. B. John. Mr. Chellaih Reuben and Miss Jane Sarojinr took up the work of the Vellore S.C.M. Union of Christian Medical College, *Voorhees, and* B. Sci Nursing School. The Joint conference of the Vellore S.C.M. Union was held on 3/2/52. The main leader was Mr. C.S. Paul. Sixty members from our Union attended the conference.

The S.C M. members feel very grateful to the Principal, Mr. S. Jesuratnam for the encouragement, help, advice and the seasonal admonition he gave to all the members this year We would be failing in our duty, if we do not make a mention of the following ladies and gentlemen who sympathetically and willingly helped us. Mrs. Jesuratnam, Dr. and Mrs. J.H. Piet, Dr. and Mrs. J.S. Carman of the Christian Medical College, Messrs. S.D. Collison, B.G. Swamidoss, Sundersingh. Jeevaraj Washington, W.J. Howie, Rev. John Sathyanathan and Miss M.P. John.

The following important people visited our social and religious work at Kasba among the sweepers.

31/6/51. The Rev. Joseph Sathya, Missionary from the Church of S. India to the Papuan Islands.

22/7/51. The Right Rev. *Michael Hollis, The Bishop in Madras*, accompanied by Dr. C. R. Wierenga.

11/8/51. Mr. C.S. Paul, the General Secretary of the S.C.M. India, Pakistan and Ceylon.

23/9/51. The National Missionary Society Delegates—accompanied by the Rev. S. Ponnurangam, the local Pastor.

## Annual Report of the English Association 1951–1952.

*President* :—Mr S. Jesuratnam, B.A., B.Sc. Principal.
*Vice-Presidents* :—1. Mr. B.G. Swamidoss, M.A., L.T.
2. Mr. M. J. Sudarsanam, M.A.
3. Mrs. N. Cornelius, B.A., M.Ed.
4. Mr. W. J. Howie, B.A.
*Secretaries* :—(1) R. Govindarajan
(2) R. Ramanathan & Gunaseeli Isaac—Senior Inter.
(3) Kothandaraman
(4) Swaminathan, K.A. & Lalitha Assirvatham—Junior Inter.

The activities of our literary associations were set on motion on the 18th of July, by the inaugural address of Mr Ananthanarayanan, M.A. I.C.S. on "The Ideals of a University."

We had the privilege of hearing Miss. Helen R. Sexton Asst. Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, Madras, on the 20th of August. She spoke about 'The opportunities for Studies in America'. She obliged us by answering our questions and also lent us two films about America.

A debate was held among the students on the 29th of August, 1951, the proposition being 'War is necessary for the Progress of Mankind'. About fifteen students took part and enlivened the debate.

The next lecture was delivered in the Cobb Memorial Hall by Mr. Rohit Mehta, Gen. Secretary, All India Theosophical Society on the 31st of August. In his talk entitled, 'A challenge to youth' he spoke about the evils that faced the youth of our country and the solutions for them.

Miss Carmen of the Phillipines was our guest on the 4th of September and gave us an account of life in the Phillipines. It was interesting to note her promise to take the garland—presented by us—to her home in the Philippines.

Mr. MacLeod spoke to us on the 20th of October about the importance of having an aim in life, integrity of character, and power to live.

In connection with the U.N.O. celebrations, Mr. Sudarsanam and Rev. John Sathyanathan of our staff, spoke to us about the birth, activities and achievements of the U.N O. We conducted competitions in oration and essay-writing among students and selected prize-winners

On the Republic Day celebrations, competitions in elocution and essay-writing were conducted. Dr. Ramachandar, M.U.T., hoisted the National Flag and Mr. C. Yogasundaram M.A., L.T., Lecturer in Tamil, spoke. Two meetings for sharp practice were conducted in the course of the year and many students spoke on various interesting topics with a few minutes' preparation. —R. GOVINDARAJAN.

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## —: The Annual Report of the History Association :—

The activities of the History Association began with the election of Z. Abdul Wahab of the Senior class as the Secretary and M. O. Baratharaman of the Junior class as the Assistant Secretary.

At the inaugural meeting, the president, Mr. James Sudrasanam, M.A., said that historians sometimes were responsible for world tragedy but often represented truth to the world. The speaker Rev. John Sathyanathan M.A., expressed that Science and History are interdependent and appealed to the students to study it scientifically.

The next meeting was a lively debate on "Persian Oil crisis can be solved only through negotiation". The mover and his supporters pointed out that friendly negotiation could solve the problem and the Persians had every right to nationalise the oil.

The opposers said that Britain had the right to interfere in the oil dispute because she occupied the oil factories for a long time and paid huge sums for the oil. Mr. B. G. Swamidoss, the president, said that this dispute would affect the whole world and that some sort of negotiation was necessary.

The next important meeting was held in the Cobb Hall under the presidentship of Mr. James Sudrasanam, M.A. and Mr. Sathyapal Dong, the vice-president of the world Federation of Democratic youth, addressed the public and the students. He said that the students of the world must conclude a Pact of Peace to prevent fear and use of atomic-energy and pointed out that they alone could establish peace in the world and he hoped that they would make Asia better in her economic and political conditions. Mr. Sudarsanam, in his concluding speech remarked that without spirituality peace cannot be preserved in the world.

The last meeting was also a lively debate on "**Britain must Quit Egypt to establish Peace.**"

The mover and his supporters pointed out that according to Britain's promise of withdrawl, the English troops must quit Egypt, if not, it not only menaces Egypt but also endangers thousands of British lives. Britain wanted Egypt as a major war base against Russia.

The opposer and his supporters pointed out that Britain must stay in Egypt for the defence of the Middle East, if not, there was danger of Russia occupying Egypt and Egypt was not so powerful to defend herself from foreign attack.

BY L. ABDUL WAHAB, *Secretary*

# Report of Physical Education.

Much prominence is given to games and Athletics in the life of our College and everything possible is being done to create and improve fair play and sportive spirit amongst the students. Leadership qualities found in most of our students are given the right kind of turn in the games field and the students are allowed to choose their own games and organize matches for themselves.

Our College classes have four days per week of supervised play, two for the seniors and two for the Juniors. During these classes our students play Football, Tennis, Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton, Tenicoit, Playground ball, Netball, and Throwball Owing to lack of proper grounds, regular Hockey and Cricket could not be provided daily but practice matches are arranged with local teams of the Police Training College, Medical College, Armed Reserve, Central Jail etc. Our girls also played matches with Medical College and Government Girl's School.

We entered for almost all the events of the Inter Collegiate Tournaments and sports conducted by the University. In spite of ours being only a second grade College we did creditably in all the Tournaments and sports and were able to get a reputation in the sports field not only throughout the Presidency but also throughout India. One of our students, **C. Sankaran** of the senior class snatched off the Inter Collegiate championship in sports for the second time in succession, winning first places in High Jump, Long Jump, Hop-step and Jump and 100 meters dash. V. K. Natarajan of the Junior class won the second place in 110 meters hurdles. Our College Relay team exhibited excellent team work in winning the covetable 4×100 meters Relay prize in the Inter Collegiate sports of the Coimbatore Division.

In the Inter Divisional sports meet our Athlete **C. Sankaran** was able to win first places in High Jump and Long Jump and second place in Hop-step and Jump. We sent our champion Athlete to represent the Madras University in the Inter University sports meet held at Banglore this year where he again won laurels by winning first places in Long Jump and High Jump and creating a new Inter-varsity record of 22 ft. ½ inch in Long Jump. Our Athlete was solely responsible for winning points for our University. With these encouragements we sent him to compete in the state Olympics where he again won first places. In the XV All India Olympics he was able to win second place in Long Jump and Third place in High Jump, clearing a height of 6 ft. ½ inch.

Besides these outside competitions we conduct Inter class and Intra mural tournaments in all the games. Most of the students took part in the Inter class sports conducted on a very elaborate scale this year.

J. WASHINGTON JEEVARAJ,
*Physical Director.*

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# PRIZE WINNERS IN SPORTS AND GAMES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Seniors Sports Championship ... | C. Sankaran. |
| Juniors Sports Championship ... | Frederick Christodoss. |
| Girls—Sports Championship ... | Evangeline. |
| All Round Championship in Games and Sports .. | D. Jeyaraman. |
| Special Championship for performance in Inter-Collegiate, Inter-University and in both STATE AND ALL INDIA OLYMPICS ... | C. SANKARAN. |

# INTRA MURAL GAMES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Tennis Singles | Winner ... | S. Kantharaj. |
| | Runner Up | D. Jeyaraman. |
| Tennis Doubles | Winners ... | D. Jeyaraman and Rajasekara Reddy. |
| | Runners Up ... | S. Kantharaj and S. Chandran. |
| Badminton Doubles | Winners ... | S. Kantharaj and P. Ganapathy |
| | Runners Up ... | P. Sounder Rajan and A. Subramanian. |
| Tenicoit Singles | Winner ... | V. Kuppuswamy. |
| | Runner Up ... | G. Narayanan, |

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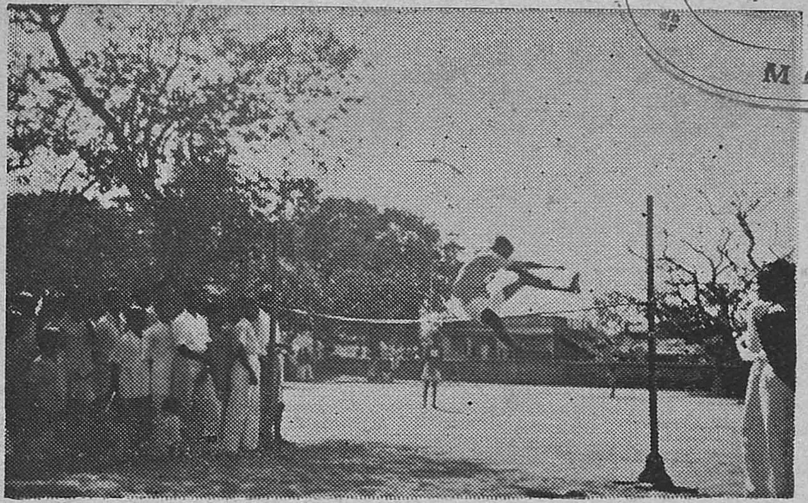
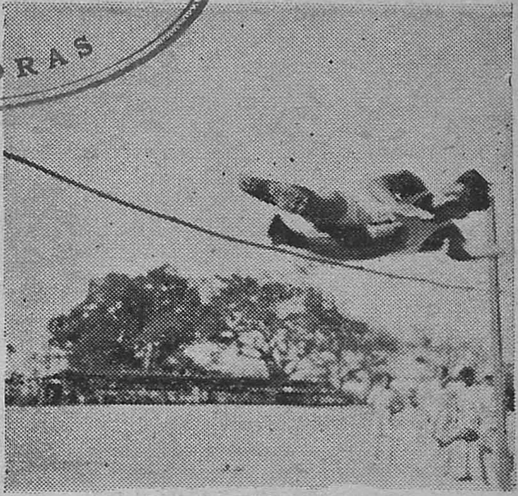
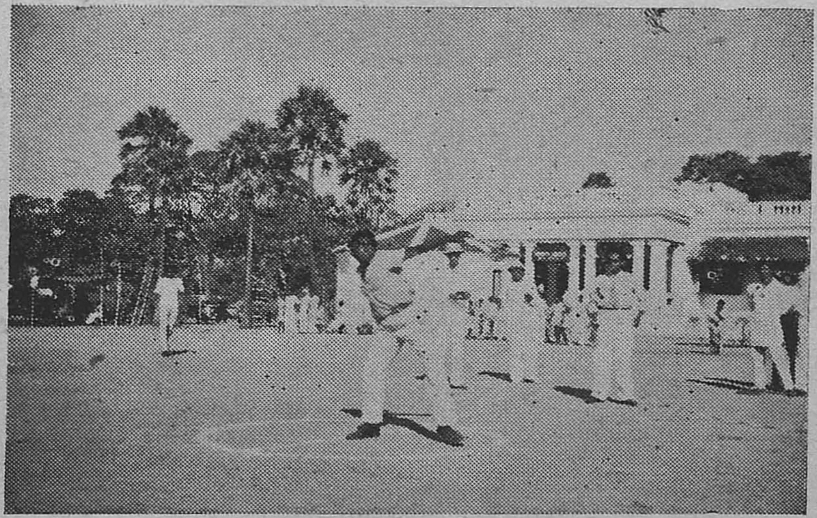


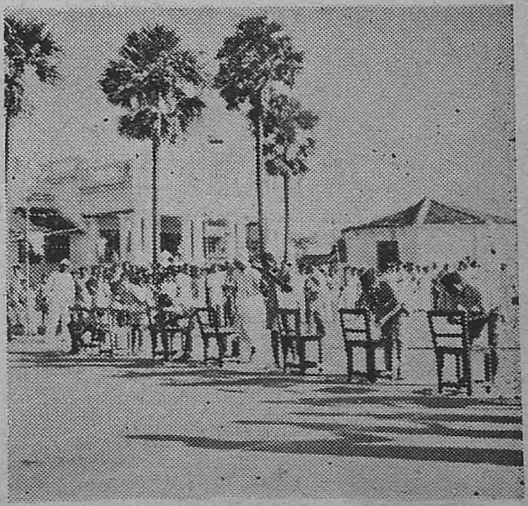


High Jump—record.
By C. Sankaran.



Shotput

By Selvaraj.



Eating race for Peons.

# INTER CLASS TOURNAMENTS WINNERS.

## FOOT BALL.

1. D. Jayaraman.
2. D. Sampathkumar.
3. John Deenadayalan.
4. Winfred Balraj.
5. Krishnamoorthy, A. S.
6. Moorthy, A. N.
7. Gajendravelu.
8. Ganesasundaram, W. B.
9. Bakthavatchalam.
10. Selvaraj.
11. Abdul Hameed.
12. Natarajachandran.

## HOCKEY.

1. John Deenadayalan.
2. D. Jeyaraman.
3. D. Sampathkumar.
4. Ganesasundaram.
5. Rajasekara Reddy.
6. Selvaraj, M. S.
7. Gajendravelu.
8. Kantharaj, S.
9. Moorthy, A. N.
10. Winfred Balraj.
11. Thirugnanasambandam.

## CRICKET.

1. D. Jeyaraman.
2. Rajasekara Reddy.
3. D. Sampathkumar.
4. Padmanaban.
5. Ramamoorthy, V. E.
6. Shanmugam, D.
7. Chellappa.
8. Krishnamoorthy.
9. Ramamoorthy.
10. Govindaraj.
11. Natarajan.

## PLAY GROUND BALL.

1. Gajendravelu.
2. Sampathkumar, D.
3. Shanmugam, D.
4. John Deenadayalan.
5. C. Sankaran.
6. Ramamoorthy, V. E.
7. Ganapathy, P. M.
8. Jayaraman D.
9. Abdul Hameed.
10. Ganesasundaram, W. B.
11. Satchidanandamoorthy.

## VOLLEY BALL—Seniors.

1. Arumugam.
2. John Deenadayalan.
3. D. Jayaraman.
4. Kasthuri.
5. Rajendra Prasad.
6. Selvaraj M.
7. Chandra Sekaran.

## BADMINTON—Juniors.

1. A. Subramanian.
2. Jeevarathnam.
3. Sivaprakasam.
4. Manikantan.
5. Moses Paramanandam.
6. Sridharan.

## BASKET BALL—Seniors.

1. Abdul Hameed.
2. D. Sampathkumar.
3. S. Kantharaj.
4. M. P. Dandapani.
5. Govindarajulu.
6. C. Sankaran.
7. Selvarajan, S.
8. A. S. Krishnamoorthy.
9. Satchidanandamoorthy.

# JUNIORS :

## Throw-Ball Team.

1. K Vimala (Captain)
2. Mercy Ebenezar
3. Lalitha Asirvatham
4. Mary Barnabas
5. Leena Williams
6. Irene Savithri
7. Sakunthala, C
8. Leela, S.
9. V A Vimala
10. Sundari B.
11. Joan Barnabas
12. P. Chandra

## Net Ball Team.

1. P. Chandra, (Captain)
2. Lalitha Asirvatham
3. C. Sakunthala
4. Ramathilakam, D.
5. K. Vimala
6. Joan Barnabas
7. Mercy Ebenezar

## Tenicoit Seniors

1. Evangeline
2. Jane Sarojini

## Badminton Team.

1. Lalitha Asirvatham (Captain)
2. S. Leela
3. P. S. Bala
4. Joan Barnabas
5. Elizabeth Jacob

## Seniors

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1100 meters dash | ... | 1. V. K. Natarajan | 2. Ganesasundaram |
| 1200 meters ,, | ... | 1. C. Sankaran | 2. Uthiranathan |
| 400 ,, ,, | ... | 1. V. Jeyaraman | 2 Ganesasundaram |
| 1500 meters Race | ... | 1. V. Jeyaraman | 2 Harikrishnan |
| Hop-Step & Jump | ... | 1. C. Sankaran | 2 V. K. Natarajan |
| Polevault | ... | 1. S.E.A Samuel | 2. V.T. Ramachandran |
| High Jump | ... | 1. C. Sankaran | 2. Uthiranathan |
| Long Jump | ... | 1. C Sankaran | 2. V. K. Natarajan |
| Shot put | ... | 1. Raghunatha Reddy | 2. M. S Selvaraj |
| Javeline Throw | ... | 1. D. Jeyaraman | 2. Raghunatha Reddy |
| Discus Throw | ... | 1. Raghunatha Reddy | 2. M. S. Selvaraj |
| Cycle Throw-Fast | ... | 1. Ramachandran, V. T. | 2 Samuel S.E.A. |
| Cycle Race Slow | ... | 1. Uthiranathan | 2. Prushothaman |

## Juniors

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 100 meters dash | ... | 1. T. R. Mani | 2. Frederick Christodoss |
| 200 meters dash | ... | 1. Frederick Christodoss | 2. T. R Mani |
| 400 meters dash | ... | 1. L. Dorai Rajan | 2 V P. Ganapathy |
| Long Jump | ... | 1. Frederick Christodoss | 2. Narayanan R |
| High Jump | ... | 1. T. R. Mani | 2. V. P. Ganapathy |
| Shot put | ... | 1. Frederick Christodoss | 2. L. Dorairajan |
| Javeline Throw | ... | 1. P. V. Subramanian | 2. Frederick Christodoss |

## Girls.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 100 meters dash | ... | 1. Evangeline | 2. Lalitha Asirvatham |
| Long Jump | ... | 1. Evangeline | 2 Lalitha Asirvatham. |
| High Jump | ... | 1. Evangeline | 2. Mercy Ebenezar |
| Shooting the Basket | ... | 1. Jane Sarojini | 2. P. Chandra |
| Balancing Race | ... | 1. Elizabeth Jacob | 2 Mercy Ebenezar |
| Throwing a ball | ... | 1. Shanthakumari | 2. P. Chandra |
| Skipping Race | ... | 1. Evangeline | 2. Sakunthala |
| Obstacle Race | ... | 1. Mercy Ebenezar | 2 P. Chandra |
| Musical chair | ... | 1. Irene Devanesan | 2. P. Chandra |

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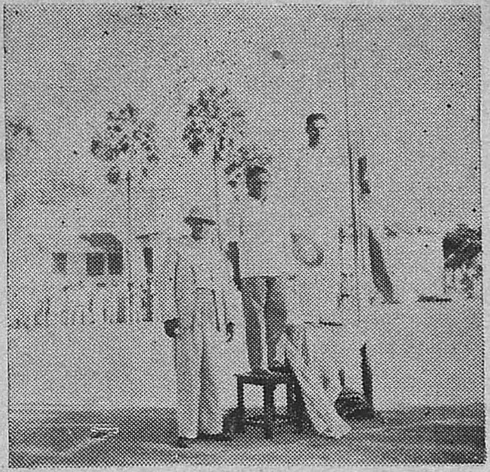
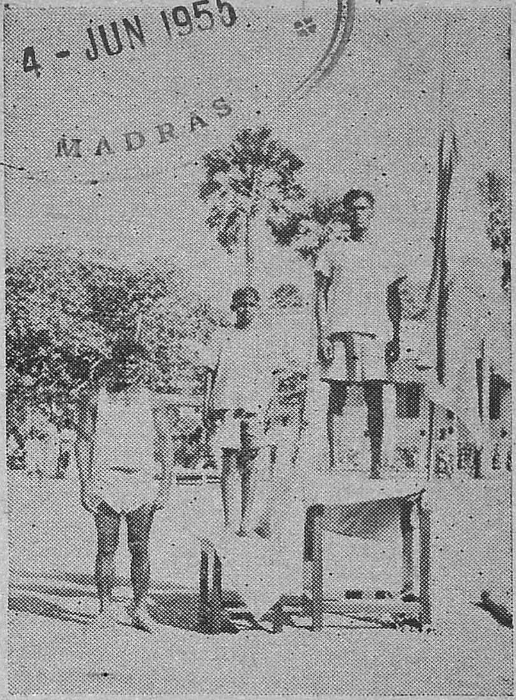


'Staff Event'



'Servants Event'

'Women Students' Race'

'Visitors' Event'

## Old Boys.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 200 meters | ... | 1. Mr. A. D. Natarajan | 2. Mr. Sunder Singh |
| Slow cycle | ... | 1. Mr. Parasuram | 2. Mr. Rahmathulla |

## Staff.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Place Kick | ... | 1. Mr. Verghese | 2. Mr. Sudarsanam |

## Women staff & wives of staff.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Musical chair | ... | 1. Miss. Jeyalakshmi | 2. Miss. John, M. P. |

## Visitors.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Musical chair | ... | 1. Mrs. Kanakam (Govt. Girls' School). | 2. Mr. Sugavanam (Collector of North Arcot). |

## Peons

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 100 meters | ... | 1. Munuswamy (Physics) | 2. Mahoob Doulaha |
| Sack Race | ... | 1. Munuswamy (Athletics) | 2. Manickam (Athletics) |
| Eating Race | ... | 1. Munuswamy (Athletics) | 2. Gideon (Gardener) |

## Fancy Dress.

1. Beggar with amputated legs.—Arumugam (Senior)
2. Beggar woman.—Margaret (Junior)

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# VOORHEES COLLEGE, VELLORE 1951—1952.

## VAN ZANTA PRIZE WINNERS.

1. S. KANTHARAJ.
2. JANE SAROJINI.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Group Prizes for proficiency in Studies I Group | ... | 1. Ragothama Rao, T. N.<br>2. Bhuvaneswari, T. M. |
| II Group | ... | 1. Rajendra Prasad.<br>2. Irene Devenasan. |
| III Group | ... | 1. Md. Tajuddin.<br>2 Gunaseeli Isaac. |
| Appreciation of Service ... | ... | Md. Hussain (General Secretary.)<br>R. Govindarajan. |

## For Distinguished Record in Inter University Sports and Olympic Events.

C. SANKARAN.

## STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT PRIZES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Evangeline, R. R. | ... | ... | For meritorious S. C. M. Service. |
| 2. Chelliah Reuben | ... | ... | " " " " |
| 3. Vydehi, K. | ... | ... | For Regular Social Service at Kasba. |

## U. N. O. DAY CELEBRATION.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| English Essay Competition | ... | 1. Gunaseeli Isaac | ... | I |
| | | 2. Dandapani | ... | II |
| English Oratorial Contest | ... | 1. Krishnamoorthy | ... | I |
| | | 2. Bharatharaman & Kantharaj | ... | II |

## REPUBLIC DAY.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| English Essay Competition | ... | 1. S. Kantharaj | ... | I |
| | | 2. D. Alexander | ... | II |
| Elocution Contest ... | ... | 1. S. Kantharaj | ... | I |
| | | 2. Jeyaraman, H. | ... | II |
| SPECIAL PRIZE ... | ... | P. Chandra By Mr. Parthasarathy. | | |
| | | L. Asirvatham By Mr. B. G. Swamidoss. | | |

## U. N. O. DAY CELEBRATION.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tamil Oratorial Contest | ... | 1. T. Paranthaman | ... | I |
| | | 2. V. Nithyanandan | ... | II |
| Tamil Essay Competition | ... | 1. S. Kantharaj | ... | I |
| | | 2. K. Minakshi & R. Govindarajan | ... | II |

## REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATION.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tamil Oratorial Contest | ... | 1. T. Paranthaman | ... | I |
| | | 2. V. Nithyanandam & J. Prasannamadhavan | ... | II |
| Tamil Essay Writing Competition | ... | 1. A. Arumugam | ... | I |
| | | 2. R. Govindarajan & S. Kantharaj | ... | II |
| Special Prize for Efficiency in Tamil | ... | 1. T. Paranthaman | ... | I |
| | | 2. C. Doraiswami | ... | II |

## U. N. O. DAY CELEBRATION.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Telugu Oratorial Contest | ... | 1. K. Rami Reddy | ... | Jr. | ... | I |
| | | 2. Rama Naidu | ... | Jr. | ... | II |
| Telugu Essay Competition | ... | 1. Ranganathan | ... | Jr. | ... | I |
| | | 2. K. Rami Reddy | ... | Jr. | ... | II |

## REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATION.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Telugu Oratorial Contest | ... | 1. K. Rami Reddy | ... | Jr. | ... | I |
| | | 2. M. Rama Naidu | ... | Jr. | ... | II |
| Telugu Essay Contest | ... | 1. B. John | ... | Sr. | ... | I |
| | ... | 2. K. Chelliah | ... | Sr. | ... | II |

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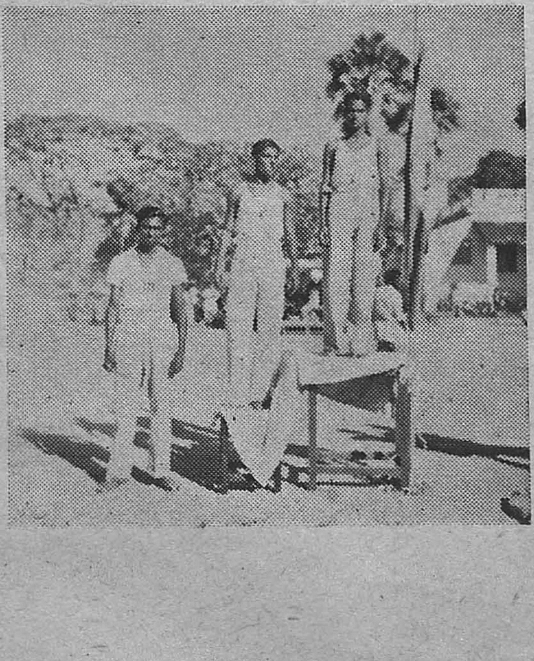
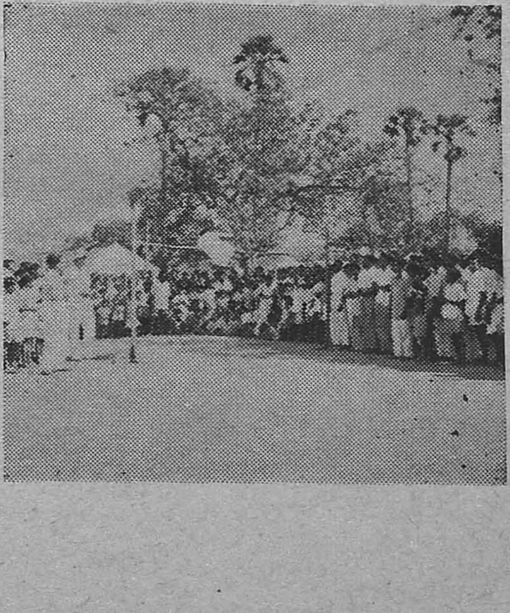
HAVE ENOUGH SOAP?

Photo by Mr. C Z. Verghese, B.Sc.





# கவிஞன் பாரதி

இரா. கோவிந்தராசன்

பாரதி தமிழ்நாட்டின் தனிப் பெருங் கவிஞன். வெறுங் கவிஞனல்லன்; புரட்சிக் கவிஞன்! அன்னிய ஆட்சியில் அடிமைப் பட்டுக் கிடந்த நாளில் நாட்டின் விடுதலைக் கனவுகண்ட பெருங் கவிஞன். அடிமை வாழ்விலே விலங்குகளாக வாழ்ந்த உள்ளங்களிலே, பிற நாட்டினர் ஆட்சியிலே பேதைகளாக வாழ்ந்த உள்ளங்களிலே, உரிமை உணர்ச்சியை வளர்த்த உத்தமக் கவிஞன் அவன்.

இன்று நாடெங்கும் அவன் பாடல்களைக் கேட்கலாம். இளஞ்சிறுவர் முதல் கலைஞர் வரை, ஆண்களும் பெண்களும் உணர்ந்து பாடக் கேட்கலாம். இக்காலம் சுதந்திர காலம். இந்தியா சுதந்திர நாடு. நாம் உரிமை பெற்ற மக்கள். ஆனால் பாரதியின் பாடல்கள் வெளிவந்த காலம் நாம் அடிமைகளாய் இருந்த காலம். இன்று தேசபக்தன் என்று கிளம்பினால் பூமாலைகளும் வரவேற்புகளும் கிடைக்கும். ஆனால் அன்று போலீசாரின் தடியடியும், அரசாங்கச் சிறைச்சாலை விருந்தும்தான் கிடைத்தன. இந்தக் கடினமான நாளில்தான் பாரதி தேசத்திற்கு உழைத்தான். தான் வறுமையால் வாடியும் நாட்டிற்குத் தன் உடல் பொருள் ஆவியால் தன்னையே தியாகம் செய்தான்.

பாரதி தேசியக் கவிஞன் மட்டுமல்லன். அவன் தேசப் பாடல்கள் மட்டும் பாடியிருந்தால் ஆண்டுக்கு ஒருமுறை சுதந்திர தினத்தில்தான் நாம் அவனை எண்ணுவோம். ஆனால் அவன் ஒரு தமிழ்க் கவிஞன். 'புரியாத மொழியில் பேசுதலும் எழுதுதலும் புலவர் பெருமை' என்று மக்கள் எண்ணிய அந்த நாளில் அவன் இனிய தமிழில் எளிய நடையில் தமிழ்க் கவிதைகள் புனைந்தான். அவன் அனல் கக்கும் ஆவேசப்பாக்கள் மட்டும் பாடவில்லை. அமைதி நிறைந்த இயற்கைப் பாட்டுக்களும் பாடினான். உரிமைப் போரைப் பாட்டிலே ஏற்றிய அதே நேரத்தில் உள்ளம் நிறைந்த காதல் பாட்டுக்களும் பாடினான். செந்தமிழின் புகழ்பாடி உலகெலாம் பரவ வைத்தான்.

பாரதியினது பாடல்களில் புரட்சிக் கனல் வீசும். புதுமை மணங் கமழும். அவற்றுடன் எளிமையும் இனிமையும் இருக்கும். வறுமையிலே வாடிய போதும் இன்பங் கொழிக்கும் காதற் பாட்டுக்கள் பாடினான். ஏறு போன்ற நடையில் அவன் பாடினான். எளிய நடையிலும் அவனால் பாட முடிந்தது. அவன் ஒரு புதுமைக் கவிஞன். தமிழ் நாடு தவஞ் செய்து பெற்ற தனிப்புகழ்க் கவிஞன்!

பாரதியின் பாடல்கள் தமிழ்நாட்டின் பெருமைக்கு ஓர் எடுத்துக் காட்டு. தமிழின் எளிமைக்கும் தமிழின் உயர்வுக்கும் ஓர் உதாரணம். தமிழனின் பெருஞ் செல்வக் குவியல் பாரதியின் பாடல்கள்!



i

"ஆடுவோமே பள்ளுப் பாடுவோமே—ஆனந்த சுதந்திரம்
அடைந்து விட்டோமென்று"

இது அவனது பெருங் கனவு. அடிமையாய் வாழ்ந்த நாளிலே உரிமை வாழ்வைப் பற்றி அவன் கண்ட கனவு. இன்று நாம் கொண்டாடும் விழாவைப் பற்றி அன்று அவன் கண்ட கனவு.

இதோ கேளுங்கள் அடிமையாய் வாழ்ந்த அவனது அழுகுரலை.

"என்று தணியுமிந்தச் சுதந்திர தாகம்
என்று தணியுமெங்கள் அடிமையில் மோகம்"

ஒருவன் உண்ண உணவின்றி வாடுகையில் மற்றவன் உண்டு கொழுக்கும் கொடுமையைப் பார்த்தான். அப்பசியின் கொடுமையை அவனும் உணர்ந்தான். கோபத்தால் சீறினன்,

"தனியொருவனுக் குணவில்லை யெனில்
ஜகத்தினை அழித்திடுவோம்" என்று.

விதி என்றும் வினை என்னும் வீண் கதை பேசித் திரிவது அவனுக்கு சிறிதும் பிடிக்காது.

"துன்பமே இயற்கை யெனும் சொல்லையே ஒழித்திடுவோம்
இன்பமே நாடி நிற்போம்."—

எல்லாம் விதிப்பயன் என்று கூறிச் சோம்பித்திரியும் மக்களுக்கு அவன் கூறும் அறிவுரை. அவன் காட்டும் தூண்டுகோல்.

இயற்கையில் மிகுதியும் ஈடுபட்டவன் அவன். மாலை நேரத்தில் தோட்டங்களில் சென்று மணிக்கணக்காக உட்கார்ந்து விடுவான், இயற்கையின் எழிலில் ஆழ்ந்து விடுவான். அந்நிலையில் தான் அவன் பாடினன்.

காக்கை குருவி எங்கள் சாதி—நீள்
கடலும் அலையும் எங்கள் கூட்டம், என்று.

உயிரற்ற கடலும் மலையும் கூட அவன் உயிர்த் தோழர்கள்.

"வெற்றி யெட்டுத் திக்கு மெட்டக் கொட்டு முரசே!
வேத மென்றும் வாழ்க வென்று கொட்டு முரசே!"

இது அவனது முரசுப்பாட்டு. வெற்றி கொண்ட நாளை அவன் காண்கிறன். நனவில் அல்ல. கனவில் தான். சொற்களைக் கூறுகையிலேயே முரசின் ஒலி கேட்கிறதே! சொல் நயமும் பொருள்நயமும் ஒருங்கு திகழ்கின்றனவே.

பாரதி உண்மைக் கவிஞன். 'உணர்ச்சிகளோடு ஒன்றிப் போனவன் உண்மைக் கவிஞன்' என்று ஓர் அறிஞர் கூறினார். அவ்வுண்மைக்கு பாரதி ஓர் எடுத்துக்காட்டு. கடற்கரையிலோ தோட்டத்திலோ சென்று அமர்ந்து விட்டால் அவன் அப்படியே ஆழ்ந்து விடுவான். அவன் உலகக் கவிஞன். தமிழ் நாடு உலகத்திற்கு அளித்த மாபெருங் கவிஞன். அவனது குயிற்பாட்டும், பாஞ்சாலி சபதமும் ஒப்புயர்வற்ற காவியங்கள். ஆனால் தமிழ் நாட்டில் பிறந்த காரணத்தால், அடிமை நாட்டில் பிறந்த காரணத்தால், அவன் உணவுக்கும் வழியின்றி வறுமையால் வாடி உயிர் துறந்தான். இன்று அவனுக்கு விழாக் கொண்டாடும் தமிழ் நாடு, அன்று அவனை ஒதுக்கிப்புறக்கணித்தது. ஆனால் இப்போதாவது தங்கள் கவிஞனை உணரும் அறிவு தமிழ் நாட்டுக்கு வந்ததே! அது வரையில் மகிழ்ச்சி.

வாழிய செந்தமிழ்! வாழ்க நற்றமிழர் !!

(பாரதி விழாப் போட்டியில் பரிசு பெற்ற கட்டுரை)

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# பொங்கற் புதுநாள்

பி. வே. சண்முகம்

கடல்சூ ழுலகிற் கனமிகப் பெற்ற
கம்பன் வள்ளுவ னிளங்கோ மூவர்
கண்டெனு வினிக்கும் கவின்மறை முதலாத்
தெள்ளிதி னருளிய தீந்தமிழ் நாட்டிடை
நற்குணம் பலவும் பொற்புடன் விளங்கப்
பல்கலை பயிலும் பண்புகொள் நண்ப!
பொங்கற் புதுநாட் போந்தது புகழோடு
தையும் பிறந்தது வையமும் சிறந்தது
உழவினு ருழுதொழில் முதற்பல செயற்கும்
வானம் வழங்கும் வானவர் கோனும்
இந்திரன் தன்னை இனிதாய்ப் போற்றி
மங்கை நல்லார் மகிழ்வுட னிருந்து
கன்னலும் கதலியும் களிப்புடன் நாட்டிப்
பல்வகைக் கிழங்கும் பாங்குள காய்களும்
புத்தமு தூறும் புதுப்பாற் சோறும்
புதியநற் பானையிற் புதிதாய்ச் சமைத்துக்
கதிரவன் போற்றிக் கைகுவித் தேற்றிய
பாற்கடற் பள்ளிகொள் பண்ணவற் பரவி
ஆனிரை காளை அனைத்தையும் ஏத்திக்
களிப்புடன் யாவரும் கலந்தினி தூண்டு

கற்றோர் உற்றோர் கனிவுடன் வழங்கும்
வாழ்த்தினைப் பெற்று வாழ்முறை வாழ்ந்து
பெற்றோர்ப் பெரியோர்ப் பிரியமாய்ப் பேணி
நாட்டிற் குறுபணி நலமுட னிபற்றப்
பல்வகை நலனும் பாங்குட னளிக்கும்
எல்லாம் வல்ல இறைவனை
ஏத்தி ஏத்தித் தொழுவோம் யாமே.

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# நம் நாட்டு உழவனின் நிலை

தே. இராம திலகம்

"உழுதுண்டு வாழ்வாரே வாழ்வர்; மற்றெல்லாம்
தொழுதுண்டு பின்செல் பவர்"

என்ற பொன்மொழி நம் தெய்வத் தமிழ் நூலான திருக்குறளில் கூறப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. உழவர்கள்தாம் ஒரு நாட்டின் முதுகெலும்பாவர். உழவர்கள் உயர் நிலை எய்தினால்தான் ஒரு நாடு உயர்வடைய முடியும்.

நம் நாட்டு உழவனின் தற்கால நிலையைச் சிறிது எண்ணிப்பார்ப்போமாகில் நமக்கு வருத்தம்தான் உண்டாகிறது. உண்ண உணவின்றி, உடுக்க உடையின்றி, தங்கத் தகுந்த இடமின்றித் தவிக்கின்றனர் உழவர்கள். குழி விழுந்த கண்கள், வதங்கி வாடும் வயிறு, மெலிந்த உடல் இவையே உழவனின் இன்றைய இரங்கத் தக்க காட்சி. அரசாங்கம், உழவர்நிலை சீர்மை பெறுவதற்காகத் தோன்றியுள்ள விவசாய இலாகா மூலமாகப் பழுது படாத விதைகள், புதிய இயந்திரங்கள், பூச்சியை அழிக்கும் மருந்து, எரு இவற்றைத் தருகின்றது. இவ்வுதவியால் உழவர்கள் சிறிது பயனடைகின்றனர்.

நம் நாட்டில் விவசாயத்துறையில் இன்றியமையாத அடிப்படையான மாறுதல் ஏற்படவில்லை. மேலும் மழையும் நான்கு ஐந்து ஆண்டுகளாகப் பெய்யாததால் பல நிலங்கள் கட்டாந்தரையாய் உள்ளன. அமெரிக்கர் அல்லது ரஷ்யர்களாய் இருந்தால் மாதம் மும்மாரி பெய்தாலும் பெய்யாவிட்டாலும் தம்நாட்டின் விவசாயத் துறையில் எவ்வளவோ சீர்திருத்தங்கள் செய்து மற்ற நாடுகளுக்கு உணவளிக்கும் நாடாகச் செய்து விடுவர். அமெரிக்க நாட்டினை நோக்குவோம். அங்கு ஒரு ஏகராவில் பயிராகும் விளைபொருள்களில் பத்தில் ஒரு பங்கு கூட நம் நாட்டில் ஒரு ஏகராவில் பயிராவதில்லை. அமெரிக்காவில் அரசாங்கம் நிலத்தைப் பகிர்ந்து இருக்கும் முறையைப் பார்க்கலாம்.

ஒரு குடியானவன் 500 அல்லது 600 ஏகரா நிலத்திற்கு உரிமை உடையவனாய் உள்ளான். இயந்திரங்களே விதை விதைத்தல், அறுவடை செய்தல்

போன்ற காரியங்களைச் செய்கின்றன. ஐரோப்பிய நாடுகள் எல்லாவற்றிலும் இயந்திரங்களைத்தான் உபயோகிக்கின்றனர். மற்றொரு முக்கியமான படிப்பினை யாதெனில் அமெரிக்க விவசாயிகள் நம் நாட்டினரைப்போல் படிக்காதவர்கள் அல்லர். விஞ்ஞானத்தின் பயனை நன்கு அறிந்தவர்கள். விஞ்ஞான அறிவு உடையவர்களாதலால் விஞ்ஞான முறைகளைப் பயிர்த்தொழிலில் கடைப்பிடித்து உலகம் வியக்குமாறு விளைபொருட்களை விளைவிக்கின்றனர். இன்று அமெரிக்கா உலகத்தின் தானியக்களஞ்சியமாய் இருப்பதற்கு அதுவே காரணமாகும். கலிபோர்னியா, சிகாகோ போன்ற ஒவ்வொரு ராஜ்யபிரிவிலும் ஒரு விவசாயக் கல்லூரி உள்ளது. இக்கல்லூரி உழவர்களுக்கு வேண்டிய எத்தனைய உதவியையும் செய்யும் உயிர் நண்பனாய் உள்ளது. கல்லூரி ஆண்டிற் கொருமுறை விவசாய மாநாடு ஒன்றை நடத்துகின்றது. அவ்வமயம் லக்ஷக்கணக்கான உழவர்கள் அதில் கலந்து கொள்கின்றனர். விவசாயத் துறையின் முன்னேற்றத்தைப்பற்றி விவசாய நிபுணர்கள் ஆற்றும் சொற்பொழிவுகளைக் கேட்கும் அரியவாய்ப்பினைப் பெறுகின்றனர். கிராமச் சிறுவர், சிறுமிகளும் விஞ்ஞானத்தின் உதவிகொண்டு எவ்விதம் விளை பொருட்களைப் பெருக்குவது என்ற ஆராய்ச்சிப் போட்டிகளில் கலந்துகொண்டு பரிசு பெறுகின்றனர்.

ரஷ்யநாட்டில் நிலத்தைப் பகிர்ந்து கொடுக்கும் முறை போற்றத்தக்கது. அங்கு நிலச்சொந்தக்காரனாக யாரும் இல்லை. அரசாங்கத்திற்குத்தான் எல்லா நிலமும் உரியதாகும். ஒரு குடியானவனுக்கு ஐந்து ஏகரா அல்லது ஆறு ஏகரா நிலத்தை அரசாங்கம் கொடுக்கிறது. அத்துடன் அவனுக்கு வேண்டிய எல்லா இன்றியமையாத உதவியையும் செய்து ஒத்துழைக்கிறது. நெற்றி வியர்வை நிலத்தில் விழ, காலையிலிருந்து மாலைவரை கதிரவனின் கடும்வெய்யிலில் உழைக்கும் பாட்டாளி மக்களுக்குத்தான் அங்கு முதன்மையான இடம் கொடுக்கப்படுகிறது. ஏன், நம் அண்மை நாடான சீனாவை நோக்குவோம். அங்கு ஒவ்வொரு வருடத்திலும் ஏராளமான உணவுப்பொருட்கள் உற்பத்தியாகின்றன. சயாம், ஜப்பான், முதலிய கிழக்கு ஆசிய நாடுகளும் விவசாயத்துறையில் முன்னணியில் நிற்கின்றன.

நம் அரசாங்கம் வெளிநாடுகளுக்கு உணவிற்காகச் செலவழிக்கும் கோடிக் கணக்கான பணத்தை அணைகட்டுதல், கால்வாய் வெட்டுதல், புதிய இயந்திரக் கருவிகளை அயல்நாட்டிலிருந்து தருவித்தல், கல்வி அறிவில்லாத நம் குடியானவர்களுக்கு விஞ்ஞான அறிவைப் புகட்டுவதற்காக நாட்டில் அதிகமான விவசாயக் கல்லூரிகளை ஏற்படுத்துதல் போன்ற உற்பத்தி திட்டங்களில் செலவழித்தால் குடியானவனின் சீர்குலைந்தநிலை சிறப்பு அடைவதுடன் நாட்டில் பட்டினி, பஞ்சம், முதலியவை பறந்து செல்லும். ஒரு நாட்டின் அரசியல், குடியரசு, பொதுவுடைமை, முடியரசு ஆகியவற்றில் எதுவாக இருந்தாலும் அது அந்நாட்டின் தொழிலாளிகளுக்கும் மக்களுக்கும் வயிறார உணவளித்தால்தான் நிலை பெற்றிருக்கும். இல்லையேல் புரட்சி, கலகம் முதலிய கொடுமைகள் தான் நடக்கும். பஞ்சம், பட்டினிப்பேய் தலைவிரித்து ஆடும் நாட்டில் அமைதியைக் காண்பது அரிது. பசியுடையவனிடத்தில் கடவுளைப்பற்றியோ, அமைதியைப் பற்றியோ பிரசாரம் செய்வதில் பயனில்லை.

நம் தமிழ் நாட்டின் மூதாதையான ஔவையார்

வரப்புயர நீர் உயரும்
நீர் உயர நெல் உயரும்
நெல் உயர குடி உயரும்
குடி உயர கோன் உயரும்

என்று கூறியுள்ளார். இச் சிறு செய்யுளில் எவ்வளவு பெரிய உண்மை அடங்கியுள்ளது.

நாட்டின் விவசாயம் முன்னேற்றத்தையடைவதற்குரிய வழிகளை வகுக்காமல் 'வனமகோற்சவம்,' உற்பத்தியைப் பெருக்குங்கள்' என்று பிரசாரம் செய்வதில் பயனில்லை. அண்மையில் டெல்லி அரசாங்கம் நாட்டின் உற்பத்தி திட்டத்தைப் பெருக்கும் அறிக்கையில் (Planning Commission) விவசாயத்திற்கு முக்கிய இடம் அளித்திருப்பது யாவரும் போற்றத் தகுந்த காரியமாகும். அதைச் செயலில் மிகவும் விரைவில் கொண்டுவர இந்திய நாட்டின் இணையற்ற தலைவரான பண்டித நேரு அமெரிக்காவினிடம் கடன் பெறுவதற்கு ஒப்பந்தத்தில் கை எழுத்துப் போடும் படங்களையும், செய்தியையும் செய்தித்தாள்களில் பார்க்கிறோம்.

இவ்விதம் நம் நாடு மேல்நாடுகளிலிருந்து பலமுறைகளை அறிந்து அவற்றையே நம் நாட்டிலும் கடைப்பிடித்தால் நாம் உண்ண உணவின்றி வருந்த வேண்டியதில்லை. குடியானவர்களின் நிலை உயரும். உணவிற்காக அன்னிய நாட்டையே என்றும் கை ஏந்தி நிற்க வேண்டியதில்லை. யாவற்றிற்கும் அரசியல் தான் காரணம்.

"வானோக்கி வாழும் உலகெல்லாம் மன்னவன்
கோனோக்கி வாழும் குடி"

(திருக்குறள்)

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# மனித மிருகம்

சே. பிரசன்ன மாதவன்

பசி எனக்கு வயிற்றெரிச்சலை அளித்துக் கொண்டு இருந்தது. எப்போது கல்லூரி விடுமோ என எதிர்பார்த்திருந்தேன். சிறிது நேரத்தில் மணியும் அடித்தது. எனக்கு மகிழ்ச்சி ஊற்றெடுத்தது. வீட்டிலே அன்று என் அம்மா செய்யப் போவதாகச் சொல்லியிருந்த சமையலை நான் மறுபடியும் நினைக்கவாரம்பிக்கவே உமிழ்நீர் சுரந்தது. நான் வேகமாக நடக்க ஆரம்பித்தேன். வீட்டையடைந்ததும் புத்தகங்களை வீசி மேசைமீது எறிந்து விட்டுச் சமையலறையிலே நுழைந்தேன். பசியால் கத்திக் கொண்டிருக்கும் சிங்கத்திற்குச் சில கறித்

துண்டுகளைக் கூண்டினுள் போட்ட உடனே அது எப்படி முழுசு முழுசாக விழுங்குமோ, அதைப்போல பார்த்ததை விழுங்க ஆரம்பித்தேன். அதிகப் பசியாக விருந்ததால் என்னால் அதை ரசித்து உண்ணமுடியவில்லை. என் அம்மா பின்னால் வந்து "ஆக்கப்பொறுத்தவன் ஆறப் பொறுக்க வேண்டாமா?" என்று என்னைக் கேட்டாள். நான் "ஜீவாதாரப் பிரச்சினைக்குக்கூட நேரம் இருக்குதா அம்மா?" என்று பதில் கூறி மணையில் உட்கார்ந்தேன். பசி இப்போது குறைந்ததால் உணவை ரசித்துச் சாப்பிட ஆரம்பித்தேன்.

திடீரென்று என் எதிர் வீட்டுச் சிறுமி ஓடிவந்து என்னைப் பார்த்து "அண்ணே! அண்ணே! வந்து பாரேன் தெருவிலே. ஒரு வேடிக்கையண்ணே!" என்று என்னை அழைத்தாள். நான் "எம்மா சிவகுமாரி! ஏதாவது யானை கீனை வருதாம்மா?" என்று கேட்டேன். நான் மிருகத்தைத்தானே வியந்து பார்ப்பார்கள் என்ற எண்ணத்தோடு அவளிடம் அப்படிச்சொன்னேன். ஆனால் அதற்கு அவள் "இல்லை அண்ணே! யானையும் இல்லே. கீனையும் இல்லே. ஒரு மனுஷன்ணே!" என்று கூறினாள். எனக்கு ஆச்சரியமாக இருந்தது. தன்னைப் போன்ற மனிதனைப்போய் யாராவது வியந்து பார்ப்பார்களா என்ற ஆச்சரியத் தோடு நானும் சிறுமியோடு சென்றேன்.

ஆம் 'மனிதனுக்கும் அவனுக்கும் சிறிதே வித்தியாசம் இருக்கிறது, என உள்ளம் கூறிற்று. அவன் தலையை மட்டும் பார்க்கும் போது நமக்கும் அவனுக் கும் வித்தியாசம் இருக்கமுடியாது என்று எல்லோரும் சொல்லும்படி இருந்தது. மூன்றேகால் அடிதான் அவன் உயரம். கை கால்களெல்லாம் மெலிந்து புழுப் போன்று இருந்தான். அதைத்தான் எல்லோரும் கண்காட்சி சாலையில் மிருகங்க ளைப் பார்ப்பது போலப் பார்த்துக் கொண்டிருந்தார்கள். பக்கத்திலே இருந்த எதிர் வீட்டுச் சிறுமி "பாரண்ணே! தமாஷா இல்லை" என்று கூறிச் சிரித்தாள். நான் அவள் சிறுமிதானே, அப்படித்தான் சொல்லுவாள் என்று கூறிக்கொண்டேன். ஆனால் வயதில் பெரியவர்கள்கூட அவனைக் கண் காட்சி மிருகங்களைப் பார்ப்பது போலப் பார்த்துக்கொண்டிருந்தது எனக்கு வருத்தத்தை அளித்தது.

பிறகு வேடிக்கை பார்த்தவர்களில் சிலர் அவன் தகாடப்பாவில், கண்காட்சி சாலை மிருகங்களுக்கு வேடிக்கைபார்ப்பவர்கள் உணவுப் பண்டங்களைப் போடுவது போல் பணத்தைப் போடுவதைக் கண்டேன். மனிதன் சிறிது நிலை தாழ்ந்தால் அவன் மிருகமாக ஆக்கப் படுவதை நினைத்து இரக்கப்பட்டேன். அவன் ஈனக் குரலில் "அம்மா! இந்தக் காட்சியைப் பார்த்து இரங்கம்மா!" என்று கதறினான். அவனுக்குத் தன்னை மனிதன் என்று கூறக்கூட முடியவில்லை. பணம் இருந்தா லாவது சில பேர்கள் அவனை மனிதன் என்று கூறுவார்கள்.

பிறகு அவன் நடந்து சென்றான். "அவன் நடப்பது புழு ஊர்வதுபோல இல்லைண்ணே!" என்றாள் சிறுமி. உழைக்க வலுவிருந்தும் உழைக்காது பணக்கார இனம் ஏமாற்றி வாழ்கிறது. பணமும் சேர்க்கிறது. ஆனால் இவனோ உண்மை யிலேயே உழைக்க முடியாததால் பிறரிடம் இரந்து வாழ்கிறான் என்று என் மனம் கூறிற்று "பாவம்" என்று சில பெரியவர்கள் தங்களை இளகிய நெஞ்சர்கள் என நினைத்துக் கூறிக் கொண்டு வீட்டின் உள்ளே போய்விட்டார்கள்.

"அண்ணே! இவன் பாவமில்லே? இதுமாதிரி பொறக்கக் காரணம் என்னண்ணே! நீதான் பன்னிரண்டாவது படிக்கிறயே? சொல்லேன்." என்று கேள்வி கேட்டுவிட்டுப் பதிலுக்கும் காத்திராது "அண்ணே! இதுமாதிரி பொறப்பதைத் தடுக்க முடியாதாண்ணே" என்று கேட்டாள். நான் "எனக்குத் தெரியாதம்மா! நான் படிப்பது எல்லாம் பணம் சேர்க்கத்தானே! இப்படிப்பட்ட பயனுள்ள ஆராய்ச்சிகளுக்கு இல்லையம்மா" என்று கூறினேன்.. அதற்கு ஐயையோ! மக்கு அண்ணே! என்னமோ பெரிய கிளாசு படிக்கிறேன்னு சொல்றே. இதுகூடத் தெரியலியே"! என்று என் அறியாமைக்குச் சிரித்தாள் அந்தச் சிங்காரச்சிறுமி சிவகுமாரி.

அப்போது வெளியே கூச்சல் கேட்டது. வேகமாக வந்துகொண்டிருந்த போலீஸ் லாரியில் மோதுண்டு அந்தக் குள்ளமனிதன் கீழே இரத்த ஒழுக்கோடு விழுந்து கிடந்தான். அந்தப் புழு, கண்காட்சி மிருகம், சிறுகச் சிறுகச் செத்துக்கொண்டிருந்தது.

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# அறிவுப் பணி

**ந. திவாகரன்**

'முயல்வோம்' என்றல்ல! 'முடிப்போம்' என்ற உறுதியான உளம் படைத்தோரின் உயரிய பணி! 'ஆமோதிப்பு' நிறைந்ததல்ல! கேள்விகள் மலிந்தது! அறிவுக்குப் பொருந்தியதை ஆராய்ந்து முடிவு கட்டுவது! 'ஏற்பார்களா' என்ற ஐயத்தோடு செய்வதல்ல! 'ஏற்றிடுவே' என்று திடமாக, தீர்க்கமாகத் தீர்ப்புக் கூறுவது! ஏளனக் கணைகளுக்கு செவி சாய்க்காது, எதிர்ப்புகளுக்கு அஞ்சாது, செய்ய வேண்டிய தொண்டு!

'எதிர் நீச்சல் அடித்தல்' போன்றதுதான். ஆயினும் இதைப் பலர் செய்துள்ளார்கள்! செய்கிறார்கள்!! செய்தாக வேண்டும்!!! இப்பணியில் வெற்றி பெற்றவர்களைவிட அழிந்தவர்களின் தொகைதான் அதிகம்.

'பாலைவனத்தைச்' 'சோலைவனமாக்கும்' இப்பணியிலே இறங்கி இடர்பட்டு இம்சைகளுக்காளாகி இறந்துபட்ட பலரின் வாழ்க்கையைப் பற்றியோ அல்லது அவர்களின் கொள்கைகளைப் பற்றியோ ஒருவரும் அறிய முடியாதவாறு இருட்டடைப்பு செய்யப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. இந்த இருட்டடைப்புக்குத் தப்பிய சிலரின் வாழ்க்கை வரலாறுகள், வியப்பை மட்டுமல்ல, வேதனையும் தருகின்றன.

ஆக்கவேலை ஆபத்து நிறைந்தது என்றாலும் அப்பணியிலீடுபட்டவர்கள் ஆயாசமின்றி, அலுப்போ, சலிப்போ கொஞ்சமும் கொள்ளாது கொண்ட கொள்கைகளுக்காகப் போராடியுள்ளனர். இப்படிப் பலர் போராடியிராவிடில் கற்காலத்திலிருந்து தற்காலம் வரை உலகம் திருந்தியிருக்காது! மாக்கிளைகளில்

தான் மனிதன் வாழ்ந்திருக்கவேண்டி வந்திருக்குமே யொழிய மாளிகையிலே வாழும் இந்நிலை ஏற்பட்டிருக்காது !

கையை அசைத்துத் தன் உள்ள உணர்ச்சியை வெளிப்படுத்திய மனிதன் சப்தம் செய்தான். அவன் பயன் படுத்திய ஒலி ஒரு மொழியாக மாறி அந்த மொழி வளர்ந்து இன்று மொழிப்பற்று நம் உள்ளத்தைத் தொடக்கூடிய நிலையில் உள்ளது.

கல்லையும் கோலையும் நம்பிக்காலங் கழித்தவன் வில்லைக்கையிலேந்தினன்' வில் வாளாகியது. வாள் துப்பாக்கியாகி இன்று அணுக்குண்டாக மாறியிருக்கிறது. கிழங்கையும் கனியையும் தின்றவன் நெருப்பைக் கையாளக்கற்றுக்கொண்டு இன்று மின்சார சாதனம் உபயோகிக்கும் வரை வளர்ந்திருக்கிறான்.

இப்படி சகல துறைகளிலும் மனிதன் வளர்ந்து வளர்ச்சிக்கு ஏற்றவாறு வாழ்க்கையைத் திருத்திக் கொண்டு வளமாக வாழ்கிறான். எண்ணற்ற பலர் பல எதிர்ப்புகளுக்கிடையிலே போராடிக்கண்ட வெற்றி தான் இன்று மனித வர்க்கத்தின் நல் வாழ்வுக்கு உகந்த சாதனமாக உள்ளது. ஆகாய விமானத்திலிருந்து நீர் மூழ்கிக்கப்பல்வரை உள்ளவை மனிதன் புரிந்த போராட்டத்தின்சின்னங்களாகும். ஆனால் இத்தகைய சாதனங்களைக் கண்டுபிடித்து உதவியமைக்காக அவர்களுக்கு நம் நன்றியை என்றாவது தெரிவித்ததுண்டா? அதுதான் இல்லையென்றாலும் அவர்களின் வரலாற்றையாவது படித்ததுண்டா? படிக்காது போனாலும் அற்புதப் பொருட்களைக் கண்ட அந்த அறிஞர்களின் பெயர்களையாவது தெரிந்து கொண்டதுண்டா? இவர்களைப் பற்றியும் மக்களின் முன்னேற்றத்துக்காக உழைத்த உத்தமர்களைப்பற்றியும் நாம் தெரிந்து கொண்டதுண்டா? இல்லை. ஆனால் அதற்கு மாறாக நஞ்சு ஊட்டி நமனுலகு அனுப்பினர் ஒரு கிழவரை ! சிலுவையில் அறைந்தனர் ஓர் உத்தமரை! கல்லாலடித்தனர் ஒரு கர்ம வீரனை ! அடித்து விரட்டினர் ஓர் ஆராய்ச்சியாளனை ! இப்படிப் பலர் கொடுமைப்படுத்தப்பட்டனர் ! கொல்லப்பட்டனர் ! இவைகளைத் தெரிந்தும் பலர் 'அறிவுப்பணி' புரிய முன் வருகிறார்கள்,

கடலில் மூழ்குவது ஆபத்து நிறைந்ததுதான். இருந்தாலும் அப்படி மூழ்கி 'முத்து' எடுத்துக்கொண்டு தான் இருக்கிறார்கள். எடுப்பவர்கள் அதனை மாலையாக அணிந்து மகிழ்ந்தது கிடையாது. ஆயினும் பலர் மூழ்குகின்றனர். இதேபோல் தான் ஆயிரமாயிரம் அடிகளுக்கு அடியில் போய் தங்கத்தை வெட்டியெடுக்கின்றான். அவனுக்கு அந்தத் தங்கம் பிறர் உடலில் அழகிய ஆபரணங்களாகத் துலங்கப் போகிறதென்று நன்றாகத் தெரியும். ஆயினும் அவன் வேலையை விடவில்லை.

இதேபோல் தான் பல இன்னல்களுக்கிடையில் அறிவுப்பணி புரிய பலர் முன் வருகிறார்கள், அப்பணியால் பிறர்தான் பயன் பெறுவார்கள் என்று தெரிந்தும்! அத்தகைய பணி புரிவோரை வாழ்த்த நாமாவது முன் வருவோம்! வாழ்த்துவோம்!

# மேகம்

ப. சந்திரா

1. வானில் மேகம் முழங்குது
வளைய வளைய மின்னுது
கானுங் கடலுங் கவியுது
காற்றில் மெல்லப் பரவுது
2. முட்டி மலையைத் தள்ளுது
முழுதும் விழுங்கக் கவ்வுது
சொட்டுச் சொட்டாய்த் துளிக்குது
சூழு முலகை வளையுது
3. வானில் வில்லை வளைக்குது
வர்ணம் பலவும் தீட்டுது
வானைக்கடலாய் மாற்றுது
மண்ணும் விண்ணும் அளக்குது.
4. தன்னை மறந்தே பொழியுது
தாவி யெங்கும் குதிக்குது
என்ன சொல்லிக் குதிக்குதென
எடுத்துச் சொல்ல முடியுமே
5. ஓடிக் களைத்த நதிகளே,
உறக்கப் பாயைச் சுற்றுங்கள்
ஆடி ஓடிச் செல்லுங்கள்
அகம் மகிழ்ந்தே என்குது
6. உலகைக் காக்கும் உழவரே,
உங்கள் ஏரைப் பூட்டுங்கள்
சால விதையைத் தூவுங்கள்
சடுதி யாக என்குது
7. உங்கள் குடையின் நிழலின் கீழ்
உலக மக்கள் வாழ்வரே
பொங்கும் உங்கள் வாழ்வுபோல்
புவியில் உண்டோ என்குது
8. பொங்கல் எங்கும் படையுங்கள்
பொருந்தக் கூடி உண்ணுங்கள்
உங்கள் தமிழைப் போற்றியே
உளம் மகிழ்க என்குது.

# ஆடை

ரா. சேஷாத்திரி

மனிதனுடைய இன்றியமையாத் தேவைகள் மூன்றாகும். அவை ஊண் உடை, உறைவிடம் என்பன. உணவின்றி உயிர் வாழ்தல் இயலுமோ? எவ்வாறு உணவானது ஒருவன் உயிர் வாழ்வதற்கு இன்றியமையாததோ அவ்வாறே உடையும் மனிதனுக்கு இன்றியமையாதது. "ஆடையில்லாதவன் அரை மனிதன் என்பது எல்லோரும் அறிந்ததே. நாகரிகமற்று வாழ்ந்து வந்த பழங்கால மக்களும் ஆடையின் அவசியத்தை நன்குணர்ந்து அவைகளை உடுத்தி வந்தனர். அவர்கள் விலங்குகளை வேட்டையாடி, அவைகளின் தோலைத்தங்கள் ஆடையாகச் செய்து கொண்டனர்.

ஆனால் தற்காலத்தில் ஆடையானது நாகரிகத்திற்கு அறிகுறியாக விளங்குகின்றது. ஆடை அணிந்திருக்கும் மனிதனைக் காட்டிலும், அவன் உடுத்திருக்கும் ஆடையே மதிப்பைப் பெரிதும் பெறுகின்றது. தன் ஆடையினால் அவன் பலருடைய நன் மதிப்பைப் பெறுகின்றான்.

ஆடையானது அழகிற்காக ஏற்பட்டதன்று. ஆடம்பரத்திற்காகவும் ஏற்பட்டதன்று. ஆனால், இஃது இன்றியமையாத் தேவையால் ஏற்பட்டதேயாகும். இது மனிதனுக்கு மாத்திரமல்லாமல் பிற பொருள்களுக்கும் தேவைப் படுகின்றது.

உதாரணமாக அல்லி மலரையும், அல்லி வண்டையும் எடுத்துக்கொள்வோம். அல்லிமலரானது வெள்ளை வெளேரென்றிருக்கும் ஒருவிதமலர். இது நீர்வளம் மிக்க சோலைகளில் காணப்படும். இதில் வாழும் வண்டிற்கு அல்லி வண்டு என்பது பெயர். இது காரணத்தால் வந்த பெயர் போலும். இந்த வண்டானது மற்ற வண்டைப் போலிராது. இஃது ஆடை அணிந்துள்ளது. பகுத்தறிவுடைய மனிதனைப் போல அல்லிவண்டானது ஆடை அணிந்துள்ளது என்பது வியப்பான தன்றோ? இந்த வண்டானது ஆடை அணிந்ததினால் தன்னை வெயில், குளிர் முதலியவைகளினின்றும் காப்பாற்றிக் கொள்கிறது. மேலும் இது தன் செயலினால் விரோதிகளிடமிருந்து தப்புகின்றது.

கடலிலே வாழும் ஒருவித நண்டானது உடை உடுக்கின்றது. இந் நண்டுக்கு சந்நியாசி நண்டு என்பது பெயர். இதனுடைய விசித்திரத் தன்மை வியக்கத் தக்கது. இதன் வயிற்றுப் புறம் மிகவும் மிருதுவாக உள்ளது. ஆனால் இதனுடைய கைகளோ கெட்டியாக இருக்கும். மேலும் இதனுடைய கைகளில் ஒன்று சிறியது. மற்றொன்று பெரியது. கடலிலே அலைந்து கொண்டிருக்கும் நத்தைக் கூடுகளைத் தேடிச்செல்லும் இந்த நண்டு. அவைகளில் தனக்குப் பொருத்தமானதைத் தேடி அதனுள் புகுந்து கொள்ளும். இவ்வாறு இந்த நண்டானது தன்னைக் காப்பாற்றிக் கொள்கின்றது.

மேற் கூறிய ஒரு சில பிராணிகளைத் தவிர மற்றவைகள் உடை உடுக்கின்றதில்லை. ஆடையின் அவசியத்தை நன்குணர்ந்த ஒரு சில விலங்குகளே ஆடை உடுக்கின்றன. மீனை எடுத்துக்கொள்வோம். மீனானது நீரில் வாழ்கின்றது. இதன் உடலானது செதிள்களாலானது. இது நீரில் வசிப்பதால் இதற்கு ஆடை அவசியமில்லை. இது குளிராலும், உஷ்ணத்தாலும் பாதிக்கப் படுவதில்லை. காரணம் என்னெனில் நிலத்தைப் போல நீரானது எளிதில் உஷ்ணத்தையோ குளிரையோ கிரகிக்கின்றதில்லை. ஆகையால் மீனானது உஷ்ணத்தாலும், குளிராலும் ஒரு சிறிதும் பாதிக்கப்படுவதில்லை. மீனைப்போல பாம்பும் ஆடை அணிவதில்லை.

ஆனால் பகுத்தறிவுடைய மனிதனோ சிறுவயது முதல் இறக்கும் வரை உடை உடுக்கின்றான். மிருகங்களைப் போன்று அவனுக்கு மயிர் செறிந்த உடல் இல்லை. குளிராலும், உஷ்ணத்தாலும் அவன் பெரிதும் பாதிக்கப்படுகின்றான். நாகரிகமற்று மிருகங்களைப் போன்று வாழ்ந்து வந்த பழங்கால மக்களும் ஆடை அணிந்திருந்தார்கள். குளிர் பிரதேசங்களில் வசிக்கும் மனிதர்கள் தங்களைக் குளிரினின்றும் காப்பாற்றிக் கொள்ள ஆடை அணிகின்றார்கள் அவர்கள் காட்டு விலங்குகளை வேட்டையாடி அவைகளின் தோலை உடையாக அணிகின்றார்கள். ஆனால் குளிர் குறைந்த பிரதேசங்களில் வாழும் மக்களுக்கு அவை தகுந்ததல்ல. ஆகையினால் அவர்கள் மெல்லிய ஆடையைக் கண்டுபிடிக்கவேண்டிய அவசியம் ஏற்பட்டது. அவர்கள் மரப்பட்டைகளையும், மர இலைகளையும் ஆடையாக அணிந்தார்கள்.

நாகரிகம் வளர வளர, மனிதர்கள் ஆடுகளின் ரோமத்தைச் சேகரித்து கம்பளிகள் நெய்யக் கற்றுக் கொண்டனர். இவ்வாறு காலப்போக்கில் பட்டும், கம்பளியும், பருத்தியும் சணலும் அவர்களுடைய ஆடைகளாயின.

காட்டில் வாழ்கின்ற ஒரு வகை அணிலின் மயிரைக் கொண்டும் மனிதர்கள் ஆடை நெய்தனர். இது மெல்லியதாகவும், மிக நேர்த்தியாகவும், இருந்ததால் செல்வர்கள் இதைப் போற்றி உடுத்தினர். நாகரிகமுற்றிருந்த நம் பண்டைத் தமிழ் மக்கள் மிக மெல்லிய ஆடைகள் நெய்தனர். பாலாவியைப் போன்று மிக மெல்லிய ஆடைகள் நெய்தனர்.

தற்காலத்தில் ஆடைகள் ஏராளமாகத் தயாரிக்கப்படுகின்றன. மெல்லிய ஆடைகள், எளிய முறையில் தயாரிக்கப்படுகின்றன. ஆடையின் இன்றியமையாத் தேவையை அறியாதவர்களும் உண்டோ?

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# கனவு பலிக்குமா?

அ. நடராசன்

"சார்! எழுந்திருங்க"

"சார்! கதவைப் பூட்டப் போறேனுங்க"

"என்னங்க உளறினிங்க. எங்கேயாவது போய் பயந்துட்டிங்களா?"

"இல்லே மணி என்ன இருக்கும்?"

"என்ன ஆறரை இருக்கும்"

வெட்கத்துடன் பூங்காவைக் கடந்து வந்தேன். படிக்கச் சென்ற நான் தூங்கிவிட்டேன். அவசர அவசரமாகக் கல்லூரி உணவு விடுதியை நோக்கிச் சென்றேன். தெரு விளக்குகள் பிரகாசமாக எரிந்துகொண்டிருந்தன. அவை என்னைப்பார்த்து "ஏ தூங்கு மூஞ்சியே" என்று சொல்லிவிட்டுச் சிரிப்பன போலிருந்தன. நானும் வெற்றி வீரனைப் போல் என் புத்தகங்களை எடுத்துக் கொண்டு, நேராக நிமிர்ந்து நடந்து சென்றேன்.

எனது பரீட்சைக்குச் சில தினங்களே இருந்தன. இரண்டு வருடப் படிப்பின் பயனை அறிவிக்கும் பரீட்சைதான். கடந்த இரண்டு வருடங்களைக் கண்டபடி கழித்து விட்டுப் பரீட்சை சமயத்தில் விழுந்து விழுந்து படிக்கும் பிரகிருதிகள் பலர் இருக்கின்றனர். ஏன்? நானும் அந்தக் கோஷ்டியைச் சேர்ந்தவன் தான். பலர் பல திட்டங்களை வகுத்துக்கொண்டு அவற்றினை நிறைவேற்றுவதில் கண்ணும் கருத்துமாயிருந்தனர். நான் ஒரு திட்டமும் வகுக்கவில்லை. ஆனால் தினந்தோறும் மாலை நேரத்தில் சுமார் ஐந்துமணிக்குப் பூங்காவிற்குச் சென்று படிக்கவேண்டும் என்று எண்ணிக் கொண்டு அதன்படி நடக்க ஆரம்பித்தேன்.

அன்றும் ஐந்து மணிக்குத்தான் சென்றேன். சென்ற சிறிது நேரத்திற் கெல்லாம் இரசாயன நூலை எடுத்துப் படித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தேன். ஏதோ சில பாடங்களைப் படித்ததாக ஞாபகம். அதன்பிறகு நான் எங்கே? எனது இரசாயனப் புத்தகம் எங்கே? எனக்கே தெரியாது. ஆனால் நித்திரையுலகில் சஞ்சரித்தேன் என்பது திண்ணம். அதுவும் அந்தப் பூங்காவின் காவலாளி என்னைத் தட்டியதிலிருந்து உணர்ந்தேன்.

பூங்காவின் நாலாப்புறங்களிலும் பசுமையான மரங்கள் வானத்தைத் தொடப் போட்டியிடத் துணிந்து ஓங்கி வளர்ந்திருந்தன. எங்கும் பச்சைப் படாம் விரித்தது போன்று புல்முளைத்திருந்தது. மல்லிகையின் மணம் எங்கும் பரவியிருந்தது. பல செடிகளில் பல அரும்புகள் தங்கள் இதழ்களை விரித்து மலரலாமா என்று சிந்தித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தன; அவ்வப்பொழுது காற்று மல்லிகை மணத்தைக் கவர்ந்து எல்லோர் மேலும் மோதிக் கொண்டு சென்றது. காற்றினது உணர்ச்சி நாம் ஆகாயத்தில் மிதந்து செல்கிறோமா என்றும்

ஐயுறும்படியிருந்தது. யாராயிருந்தாலும் அங்கு நித்திரையில் ஆழாமல் இருக்க முடியாது என்பது என் அபிப்பிராயம்.

தூக்கத்திலுமா பரீட்சையின் தொந்தரவு ஏற்படவேண்டும்? ராமேஸ்வரம் சென்றும் சனீஸ்வரபகவான் விடவில்லை என்னும் பழமொழியை இவண் கூருமலிருக்க முடியாது. நான் ஒரு கனவுகண்டேன். பரீட்சை ஆரம்பமாக இன்னும் இரண்டே தினங்களிருக்கின்றன. நான் காலத்தை வீணே கழித்துவிட்டு படிக்கவில்லையே என்ற வருத்தத்துடன் உட்கார்ந்தேன். யாரோ ஒரு வயதான மனிதர் வந்தார். அவரை நான் முன்னால் அறியேன். அவர் எனக்கு அறிமுகமாகாதவர். நானும் அவர் யாரோ என்று சும்மாவிருந்துவிட்டேன். என்ன ஆச்சரியம்! அவர் என்னருகில்வந்து அமர்ந்தார்.

“தம்பி! ஏன் சும்மா உட்கார்ந்திருக்கிறாய்? உடம்பு ஏதேனும் அசௌகரியமா?”

‘‘ஒன்றுமில்லை. எல்லாம் இந்தப் பரீட்சையின் கோளாறுதான்’

“தம்பி! பயப்படாதே. நான்தான் உங்களுக்கெல்லாம் பரீட்சைக் கேள்விகள் கொடுப்பவன்”

“நீ......ங்......க......ளா?”

“ஆம். நானேதான். நான் சொல்லுகிற வினாக்களை மட்டும் படித்துக் கொள். ஆனால் இதை எவரிடமும் சொல்லாதே”

‘ இல்லை’’

“சரி: நான் சொல்வதை எழுதிக்கொள்”

“சொல்லுங்கள், எழுதிக் கொள்கிறேன்”

இதற்குப் பிறகுதான் அந்தக் காவலாளி என்னை எழுப்பினான். நானும் எழுந்து செல்லலானேன். என் பேதை மனம், “முட்டாள்! ஏன் இப்பொழுது எழுப்பினான்? சிறிது நேரம் கழித்து எழுப்பக் கூடாதா? அப்படி எழுப்பியிருந்தால் அவர் சொல்லப் போகும் வினாக்களையாவது தெரிந்துகொண்டிருக்கலாமே” என்று அடித்துக் கொண்டது.

நானும் உணவு விடுதியை அடைந்தேன். என் தோழர்கள் என்னை வரவேற்றனர்.

“என்ன மிஸ்டர், ஏதோ பெரிய காரியத்தையே சாதித்து விட்டு வருபவர் போலத் தோன்றுகிறீரே? உண்மையா?”.

நான் பதிலொன்றும் கூருமல் என் அறைக்குச் சென்று விட்டேன்.

நான் பூங்காவில் படிப்பதற்காகச் சென்று தூங்கிவிட்டு வந்தேன் என்பது அவர்களுக்கு எப்படித் தெரியும்?

# தாய்மை

E. H. சரோஜினி

பெண்மையின் குறிக்கோள் தாய்மை. ஒரு பெண்ணிற்கு அது கிட்டா விடில் அவள் வாழ்வே இருண்டு விடுகின்றது. அத்தகைய துர்ப்பாக்கியவதிகளில் காமுவும் ஒருத்தி. காமுவின் பல நாள் ஏக்கத்தைப் போக்கத்தோன்றிய அவள் குழந்தை, பிறந்த நான்காம் நாளே இறந்து விட்டது. வீட்டினர் அனைவரும் மிக வருந்தினர். இந்நிகழ்ச்சி காமுவை ஒரு நடைப்பிணமாக மாற்றிவிட்டது.

சோர்ந்த முகத்துடன் முற்றத்தில் வந்து அமர்ந்தாள் காமாட்சி. அவள் கண்கள் ஏதோ கிட்டாத அரிய பொருளைத்தேடி அலைவனபோல் வட்டமிட்டன. அவள் கண்களில் விவரிக்க இயலாத சோகம் படர்ந்து நின்றது.

வாசலில் ஏற்பட்ட காலடி ஓசையும் பேச்சுக்குரலும் அவள் கவனத்தைக் கவர்ந்தன.

"என்ன அத்தை, இன்னுமா காமுவுக்கு உடம்பு சரியாகவில்லை? இன்றும் தண்ணீர் எடுக்க நீங்களே கிளம்பி விட்டீர்கள் போலிருக்கிறதே! தள்ளாத வயதில், பாவம், உங்களுக்கு எவ்வளவு தொல்லை!" இது பக்கத்து வீட்டுச் சீதாவின் குரல்.

"ஊம்....என் தலையெழுத்து. அதிசயமாகப் பிறந்த பிள்ளையும் தங்க வில்லை. அதைச் சாக்கிட்டு ஏதோ பறிகொடுத்து விட்டவள்போல் உட்கார்ந்து கொள்கிறாள். வேலையும் செய்வதில்லை. கர்மம்! எதற்கும் பிராப்தம் வேண்டாமா?"—இது காமுவின் மாமியின் பதில்.

இந்தப் பேச்சு காமுவின் காதில் விஷம்போல் விழுந்தது. இத்தகைய நிந்தனைக்கு ஆளாவதற்குத் தான் செய்த குற்றம் இன்னதென அவளுக்கு விளங்க வில்லை, மற்றவர்கள், முக்கியமாகத் தன்னைப் போன்ற பெண்கள், இவ்வாறு தன்னைக்குறை கூறும் காரணத்தை அவள் அறிந்துகொள்ள முடியவில்லை. தன் குழந்தையை மட்டும் இன்று அவள் பெற்றிருந்தால்........?

பலப்-பல எண்ணி ஏக்கங்கொண்டிருந்த காமுவின் எண்ணச் சங்கிலி அறுபட்டது, 'கொக், கொக்' கென்று கூவிக்கொண்டு முற்றத்தில் நுழைந்த கோழியாலும் அதன் குஞ்சுகளாலும்.

கோழி சுற்றிச் சுற்றித் தவியாய்த் தவித்துத் தன் குஞ்சுகளுக்காக இரை தேடியது. அது தன் குஞ்சுகளை அருகாமையிலேயே வைத்துக்கொண்டு அலையும் காட்சியைச் சலிக்காமல் பார்த்தாள் காமு. கோழியும் குஞ்சுகளும் தோட்டத் திற்குச் சென்றன. தன்னையு மறியாமல் காமு அவைகளைப் பின் தொடர்ந்தாள். கோழி தன் குஞ்சுகளுடன் ஒரு குப்பைக் குவியலை அடைந்தது. ஒரே ஒரு குஞ்சுமட்டும் பின் தங்கிவிட்டுக் 'கீச், கீச்' சென்று கத்தியது. கோழி மற்றக்

குஞ்சுகளுடன் திரும்பி அதனிடம் வந்து அவையும் அழைத்துக்கொண்டு முன்னே சென்றது. அந்தக் கோழி தன் குஞ்சுகளிடம் காட்டிய அன்பை நினைத்தபோது காமுவின் இதழ்களில் ஒரு மெல்லிய புன்னகை நெளிந்தோடி மறைந்தது.

கோழி மிகப் பாடுபட்டுப் பெரிய பூச்சி ஒன்றைப் பிடித்தது. குஞ்சுகள் அனைத்தும் ஒன்றின்மேலொன்றாக மோதிக்கொண்டு தாய்க்கோழியை நெருங்கின. கோழி தன் அலகிலிருந்த இரையைக் கீழே போட்டு விட்டுச் சற்று அப்பால் சென்று தன் குஞ்சுகள் அதனை உண்பதைப் பார்த்துக்கொண்டு நின்றது. பாடு பட்டுத் தேடிய உணவைத் தான் உண்ணாமல் தன் குஞ்சுகள் உண்பதைக் கண்டு மகிழும் தாய்க்கோழியின் தாய்மை உணர்ச்சியைக் காமு ஒரு கணம் எண்ணிப் பார்த்தாள். அவள் கண்களில் இலேசாக நீர் துளித்தது.

காமு தன் குழந்தையின் வளர்ப்பு, கல்வி முதலியவற்றைப் பற்றிக்கட்டிய மனக் கோட்டைகள் எல்லாம் பகற்கனவாக மாறிவிட்டன. குழந்தையின் மழலைச் சொல்லைக் கேட்டு மகிழ அவள் எத்தனையோ நாட்கள் எண்ணினாள். குழந்தையைப் பல விதமாக உடுத்திப்பார்த்து மகிழவேண்டுமென விரும்பினாள். அவள் எண்ணமெல்லாம் கைகூடாமற் போய்விட்டன. அந்தக் கோழிக்குக் கிடைத்த பாக்கியம் கூட அவளுக்குக் கிடைக்கவில்லை. கோழியின் பேற்றையும் தன் இழப்பையும் அவள் எண்ணியபோது ஏதோ பெரும்பாரம் தன் நெஞ்சை அழுத்துவது போலுணர்ந்தாள்.

கோழியும் குஞ்சுகளும் இரைதேடித் தோட்டத்தைச் சுற்றிச் சுற்றி அலைந்தன. மேலே பருந்து ஒன்று வட்டமிட்டுக்கொண்டிருந்ததை அவை காணவில்லை. ஒரு கிரீச்சுக் குரல் திடீரெனக் கேட்டது. பருந்து சரேலென்று பார்ப்புகள் மீது பாய்ந்தது. கோழி தன் சிறகுகளைச் சிலிர்த்துக்கொண்டு மிக வும் கோபத்துடன் அதைத் தாக்கவே அது கோழியின் தலையில் கொத்திவிட்டுப் பறந்தோடியது. 'ஐயோ' என்று வாய்விட்டு அலறிவிட்டாள் காமு. கோழியின் துன்பத்தை நினைத்தா, குஞ்சுகளின் ஆபத்தை நினைத்தா, அல்லது தன் குழந்தையை விதி பறித்துச் சென்ற கொடுமையைப்போல் குஞ்சுகளைத் தூக்கிச் செல்ல முயன்ற பருந்தின் கொடூரத்தன்மை குறித்தா, அவள் அலறியது?

கோழி தன் குஞ்சுகளைக் காப்பாற்றிய திருப்தியுடன் நின்றது. பருந்து தன்னைக் கொத்தியதைக் குறித்து அது சற்றேனும் கவலைப்பட்டதாகத் தோன்ற வில்லை. பருந்தின் படையெடுப்பால் பயமுற்ற பார்ப்புகள் தாயைச் சுற்றிக் கொண்டன. கோழி தரையில் அமர்ந்து தன் சிறகுகளுக்குக் கீழ் அவைகளுக்கு அடைக்கலம் கொடுத்தது. அந்த அணைப்பில் அவை சுகமாகப் பதுங்கிக் கிடந் தன. இரண்டொரு குஞ்சுகள் தங்கள் சின்னஞ் சிறு தலைகளைச் சிறகுகளுக்கு வெளியே நீட்டிக் கொண்டிருந்தன. அந்த நிலையில் தாய்க்கோழி உற்ற இன்பத்தை நினைந்து காமுவின் உள்ளம் தவித்தது.

காமாட்சி நீண்ட பெருமூச்சு விட்டாள். அப்போது பக்கத்து வீட்டில் 'ஐயோ அம்மா, அடிக்காதே அம்மா' என்ற அழுகுரல் அவள் காதில் விழுந்தது. அவள் மனம் உருகியது. தொடர்ந்து, "அம்மாவாம் அம்மா; அம்மா என்று என்னைக் கூப்பிடாதேன்னு எத்தனை தடவை சொல்லியிருக்கிறேன். தறுதலை; நீ

பிறந்ததும்தான் அம்மாவை உருட்டி விட்டாயே. சனியன், என்ற இந்த ஒலி கேட்டது. இது குழந்தை மணியின் மாற்றாந்தாய் சீதாவின் குரல். இதைக் கூறி முடிக்கும் முன் மணியை நான்கு முறை அடித்து முடித்தாள் அந்தப் புண்ணியவதி. மணியும் விம்மி விம்மி அழுது ஒய்ந்தான். சிறிது நேரம் வரை அமைதி நிலவியது. ஓடிப்போய் மணியை அணைத்துக்கொண்டு அவனைத் தேற்ற வேண்டுமெனக் காமுவின் உள்ளம் துடித்தது.

மறுபடியும் முற்றத்தில் வந்து அமர்ந்தாள் காமு. பூப்போன்ற மிருதுவான கரங்கள் அவள் கண்களை மூடின. மெதுவாக அந்தக் கைகளை நீக்கிப் பிடித்துக்கொண்டு திரும்பினாள். மணி அவள் முதுகின் மீது சாய்ந்தவாறு நின்று அவளைப் பார்த்துச் சிரித்தான். அவன் கண்கள் அழுதழுது சிவந்திருந்தன.

காமு அவனை மடிமீதிருத்தி அவன் தலையைத் தடவிக் கொடுத்தாள். அவள் கண்களிலிருந்து நீர் வழிந்தோடியது. 'ஏன் அத்தை அழறே? சித்தி என்னை அடிச்சாளுன்னு?" என்று தன் குழந்தை மனப்பான்மையோடு மணி கேட்டுக் கொண்டே அவள் கண்ணீரைத் துடைத்தான். அவள் புண்பட்ட உள்ளத்திற்கு அது மிகுந்த ஆறுதலை அளித்தது.

கள்ளங் கபடற்ற வெள்ளை உள்ளத்துடன் மணி மேலும் பேசினான். "ஏன் அத்தை, நான் அம்மான்னு கூப்பிட்டா சித்திக்குங் கோபம் வந்துடறது? அதுக்குத்தான் என்னை அடிச்சா. முருகனுக்கெல்லாம் அம்மா இருக்காளே, அவன் கிட்ட அவள் ரொம்ப ஆசையாயிருக்கிறா, எங்கம்மா செத்துப்போயிட்டாளாம்மே. அப்படீன்னா என்ன அத்தை? திரும்பி வரவே மாட்டாளா? அப்போ நான் யாரை அம்மான்னு கூப்பிடறது?"

மணியின் இந்தப் பேச்சு காமுவின் உள்ளத்தில் எத்தகைய உணர்ச்சியைக் கிளப்பியதோ? அவனை மார்புடன் அணைத்துக் கண்ணீர் உகுத்தபடி இருந்தாள்.

# சவக்குழி பேசினால்........!

**தா. பரந்தாமன்**

"மனிதனின் மனம் பக்குவப்படவில்லை. உலகின் பண்பு சீர்பெற்று விடவில்லை. இலை தழைகளைக்கொண்டு உடலை மறைத்து வாழ்ந்த காட்டுமிராண்டிக் காலத்திலிருந்து அழகுப்பட்டாடை அணிகிற காலத்திற்கு மனித நாகரிகம் வளர்ந்துவிட்டிருக்கலாம். ஆனால் மனித சமுதாயம் சீரிய முறையில் உயர்ந்து விடவில்லை. நல்ல கோட்பாடுகளை நாடெங்கும் பரப்பிய நல்லறிஞர்களை, மக்களின் மடமை ஒழிய வேண்டுமென்று பாடுபட்ட சீர்திருத்த வாதிகளையெல்

லாம் உயிருடன் நெருப்பிலிட்டுக் கொளுத்திக்களித்த காட்டுமிராண்டித்தனம் இந்த இருபதாம் நூற்றாண்டிலும் ஒழிந்துவிடவில்லை.

"என் நிழலிலே வாழுகின்ற தியாகி மாண்டு மறைந்து விட்டதற்காக நான் இப்போது மகிழ்வடைகிறேன். இந்த நாட்டு மக்கள் புரிகின்ற கொடுமைகளைத் தம் கண்களால் பார்க்கின்ற அமைப்பு அவருக்கு இல்லையே என்பதற்காகப் பெரிதும் மகிழ்வடைகிறேன். மதத்துறையிலே புதிய கொள்கையை நிலைநாட்டினார் என்பதற்காக இயேசு நாதரைச் சிலுவையில் அறைந்து ரத்தம் சிந்தச் செய்து வேடிக்கை பார்த்தது தானே இந்த உலகம்? "போப்பாண்டவர் கூறிய புரளி வார்த்தைகளைக் கேட்டு ஏமாறுதீர்கள்" என்று முழக்க மிட்டார் என்பதற்காக லூதரையும், ஜான்விக்ளிப்பையும் தீயிலிட்டுப் பொசுக்கியது தானே இந்த உலகம்? அறிவு, அன்பு, அழகு இவற்றைத் தவிர வேறு ஆண்டவன் யார் என்று கேட்ட காரணத்திற்காகச் சாக்ரடீஸை விஷம் கொடுத்துச் சாகடித்தது தானே இந்த உலகம்? பூமி 'உருண்டை' என்று சொன்ன கலிலியோவை, 'பூமி சூரியனைச் சுற்றுகிறது' என்று கூறிய காப்பர் நிக்கஸைப் பைத்தியக்காரர் என்று கூறியதும் இந்த உலகம் தானே?

"இப்படிப்பட்ட உலகிலே அவர் வாழ்ந்தார். எல்லா மதங்களிலும் உண்மை இருக்கிறது எனக் கூறி வாழ்ந்தார். இந்து சமயம் அழிக்க முடியாத அற்புத சமயம் என்று கூறி வாழ்ந்தார். கடவுள் பெயரால், மதத்தின் பெயரால், சாதி சமயத்தின் பெயரால், இந்திய நாட்டில் நடக்கின்ற அட்டூழியங்களைக் கண்டித்து வாழ்ந்தார். படிப்பறிவில்லாத எட்டுக்கோடி பாமரமக்களைத் தீண்டத் தகாதவர்கள் என்று ஒதுக்கி, அவர்களின் உழைப்பால் உண்டு கொழுத்திருக்கின்ற உலுத்தர்கள் ஒழிய வேண்டுமென்று முழக்கமிட்டார். புனித இந்துமதம், மாசு மறுவற்று, பிறப்பில் உயர்வு தாழ்வு என்னும் பேதமற்று விளங்கவேண்டுமென்பதற்காகப் பாடுபட்டார்.

"மற்ற நாடுகள் இயேசுவிற்கும், சாக்ரடீஸுக்கும் எப்படிப்பட்ட பரிசை அளித்தனவோ அதே பரிசைத்தான் இந்த நாடும் அப்படிப்பட்ட தியாகிக்கு அளித்திருக்கிறது. எந்தமதம் மக்களின் நலனுக்காக இருக்கிறது என்று நம்பினாரோ, எந்த மதத் தலைவர்கள் அஹிம்சா முறையில் ஒழுகவேண்டுமென்று கூறி வந்தாரோ அதே மதம் தான் அவரைச் சுட்டுக் கொன்றுவிட்டது. அவர் வேற்று மதத்தவரால் கொல்லப்பட்டிருந்தால் இத்தனை நேரம் எத்தனையோ ஆயிரம் தலைகள் உருண்டுவிட்டிருக்கும். ஆனால் அவர் நேசித்து வந்த இந்து மதமே அவரைச் சுட்டுக்கொன்றுவிட்டது. எதற்காக அவரைக்கொன்றீர்கள்?

"ஹரி ஜனங்களை நுழையவிடாத கோயிலைப் பாம்புகள் உறையும் புற்றுக்களாகக் கருதிப் புறக்கணியுங்கள். இந்துக் கோயில்களில் கடவுள் இல்லை என்று சொல்வது இதனால் தான்," என்று பெங்களூரிலே பேசினாரே அதற்காகச் சுட்டுக் கொன்றீர்களா?

"பிராம்மணர், க்ஷத்திரியர், வைசியர் ஆகிய மூன்று பிரிவினரும் சாதி இந்துக்களானால் அவர்கள் சிறுபான்மைக் கட்சியினராவார்கள். பிரிட்டிஷார் வெளியேறிய இந்தியாவில் சுதந்திரத்தை நிலை நாட்டியபின், இருந்த இடம் தெரி

யாமல் அவர்கள் அழிந்து போகவேண்டியது தான்” என்று நவகாளியில் முழக்கமிட்டாரே அதைக் கேட்டுப் பொறுக்கமுடியாமல் கொன்றுவிட்டீர்களா என்று கேட்கிறேன்.

“அல்லது சூத்திரர் என்னும் நான்காம் வருணத்தாரும் இந்துக்களல்லவா? அவர்களுக்குப் பூணூல் இல்லாதபோது மற்ற மூன்று வருணத்தாருக்கு மட்டிலும் பூணூல் எதற்காக என்று தைரியமாகக் கேட்டாரே அந்தக் காரணத்திற்காகவா?

“சமயத்தின் பெயரால் செய்யப்படுகின்ற கொடுமைகளை நான் ஏற்கமாட்டேன். பண்டைய நூல்கள் கடவுட்டன்மை உடையவைகளே. ஆனால் அறிவுக்குப் பொருந்தியவைகளாக இருக்கவேண்டும். இல்லையானால் நூல்களின் கடவுட்டன்மையை மறுப்பேன்.” இப்படி நெஞ்சில் உரத்தோடு இயம்பினாரே இந்தக் காரணத்திற்காகவா சுட்டுக்கொன்றுவிட்டீர்கள்?

“அவர் நல்ல கொள்கைகளுக்காகப் பாடுபட்டு அக்கொள்கைகளுக்காக மாண்டு மறைந்து போனார். போனபிறகு அவருக்கு மண்டபம் கட்டுகிற மகானுபாவர்களைப்பார்த்துக் கேட்கிறேன். உங்களில் எத்தனைபேர் தீண்டாமையை ஒழித்துக்கட்ட முயன்றிருக்கிறீர்கள் மனப்பூர்வமாக என்று. பிறப்பிலே உயர்வு தாழ்வு இல்லை என்று ஒப்புக்கொண்டு எத்தனை பேர் சரிசமத்துவமாக வாழ முடிவு கட்டி இருக்கிறீர்கள்? அடிமைப்பட்டுக்கிடந்த நாட்டு மக்களுக்கு விடுதலை வாங்கித்தந்த வீரனைச் சுட்டுக்கொன்ற பாவிகளைப் பார்த்துக்கேட்கிறேன். உங்கள் மதவெறி தானே இப்படிக்கொலை செய்யத் தூண்டியது என்று. மற்ற மதத்தினரோடு மோதிக்கொள்ளாதீர்கள் என்று கூறிப் பஞ்சாபிலும், நவகாளியிலும் நடந்தே பிரசாரம் செய்த தியாகியைச் சுட்டுக்கொன்ற பிறகு எதைச் சாதிக்க நினைத்தீர்கள்?

“உங்களை வாழவைத்த உத்தமனுக்கு வயோதிகப்பருவத்தில் வாழிடமளிக்க மறுத்துவிட்டீர்கள். அவர் புனித உடலை எரித்து, அந்த இடத்திலே சமாதியும் கட்டிவழிபாடும் செய்கிறீர்களே வெட்கமில்லாமல். யாருக்கு நீங்கள் வாழிடமளிக்க மறுத்தீர்களோ அந்தத் தியாகிக்கு நான் இடமளித்திருக்கிறேன். ஆம், அவர் இன்னும் உயிருடன் இருந்திருப்பாரானால் இன்று அவருடைய மக்கள் புரிகின்ற கொடுஞ்செயல்களைக் காணச்சகிக்காமல் தற்கொலைசெய்துகொண்டிருப்பார். அப்படி நடக்கக்கூடாது என்ற எண்ணத்தின் மீது தானே அவரை முன்னதாகக்கொன்று என் நிழலில் வாழ விட்டிருக்கிறீர்கள்?”

காந்தியாரை எரித்த இடத்திலே இருக்கின்ற சவக்குழி பேசுமானால் நிச்சயம் இப்படித் தான் நம்மைப் பார்த்துக்கேட்கும். ஏளனச் சிரிப்புடன் கேட்கும் இப்படி. அவரைக்கொன்றுவிட்ட குற்றத்திற்குப்பிராயச்சித்தம் செய்வதானால், எந்தமதவெறி அவரைக் கொல்லக்காரணமாக இருந்ததோ அந்த மதவெறியை ஒழித்துக்கட்டவேண்டும். அவருடைய நோக்கங்கள் நிறைவேற்றப்பட்டாக வேண்டும். தீண்டாமை ஒழிந்து மனிதன் மனிதனாக மதிக்கப்பட்டாக வேண்டும். இல்லாதவரையிலே சவக்குழிமட்டிலுமல்ல, காந்தியாரின் பிணம், நாம் கட்டிய ஸ்தூபிகள் இவை எல்லாம் நம் செயலைப்பற்றிக்கேட்டுக்கொண்டு

தானிருக்கும். உண்மையில் காந்தியாரைக் கொன்ற பாவத்திற்கு மன்னிப்பு வேண்டுமென்றால், ரத்தக்கறை தன் கரங்களை விட்டு நீங்க வேண்டுமென்றால், மத, சாதி, சமயபேத மற்றவனாக மாறி நாட்டிற்கு உழைப்பதாக உறுதிகொள்ள வேண்டும். இந்த உறுதி எவர் கொள்ளவில்லையோ அவர்களைப்பார்த்து சவக்குழி "கோட்சே கும்பல்களே" என்று நிச்சயம் அழைக்கும். எனவே சவக்குழி பேசும் முன்பு, படிந்துவிட்ட ரத்தக்கறையின் ஈரம் உலரும் முன்பு பிராயச்சித்தம் செய்து கொள்ளுங்கள். சவக்குழி கேட்பதன் முன் நீங்கள் உங்கள் உள்ளங்களைப்பார்த்துக்கேளுங்கள். நானும் அதையே கேட்கிறேன்.

# கோட்டை வெளியில்

**காந்தராஜ் சவரிராயன்**

அன்றொரு நாள். மாலை நேரம். ஏனோ என் மனம் தன் நிலையிலில்லை. என்றுமில்லா ஏக்கம் என்னை வாட்டியது. மனிதரையே வெறுத்த என் கண்கள் வெறும் வெளியை வெறித்துக்கொண்டிருந்தன. என் மனமோ எண்ணாத எண்ணமெல்லாம் எண்ணி இறுதியில் என்னிடமே திரும்பி வந்த வண்ணமிருந்தது. எனக்கும் என் உடலுக்கும் இடைப்பட்ட தொடர்பு நீங்கியது போல் தோன்றியது. என் உடலைக் குறிப்பின்றி என் கால்களின் போக்கிலேயே செல்லவிட்டேன். என் எண்ணங்களோ விவரிக்கவொண்ணு வேகத்தில் உலகை வலம் வந்து கொண்டிருந்தன. இவ் வேகத்தைக் கண்டு வீதியிற் சென்ற மோட்டாரும் பொறாமை கொண்டது போலும்! எங்கோ சென்று கொண்டிருந்த தன் சக்கரங்களை என் பக்கம் திருப்பிக் கிரீச்சிட்டு நின்றது. மோட்டார் ஓட்டி எனக்கு உயிர்ப் பிச்சையளிக்கும் பாவனையில் என்னை வெறித்து விட்டுத் தன் சினத்தையெல்லாம் தன் மோட்டாரின் மீது செலுத்தி உடனே புறப்பட்டான். மோட்டாரும் அவன் கூற வேண்டிய கடுஞ்சொற்களையெல்லாம் கதறிக்கொண்டு தனக்கே உரிய கம்பீரத்துடன் நகர்ந்தது.' நானும் இவ்வுலகுக்கு வந்தேன். கவனிப்பாரற்றுக்கிடந்த கோட்டைவெளி என் கருத்தைக் கவர்ந்தது. என் கால்கள் என்னையறியாமலே முன்னேறத் தொடங்கின. இயற்கையன்னையின் இன்ப அரவணைப்பிலிருந்த அவ்வெளி என் இதய தாகத்தைத்தணிக்கும் என்றெண்ணினேன். செயலற்றிருந்த என் உடல் பூமாதேவிக்குத் தன்னையர்ப்பணம் செய்தது.

என் சிந்தனை சுழன்றது. என்னைச் சுற்றிலும் இளஞ்சிறுவர்கள் விளையாடிக்கொண்டிருந்தனர். வெண்மதி போன்ற அவர்கள் முகம் வெளிறிய என் கண்கட்கு வேடிக்கையாகத்தானிருந்தது. இளமை வடு நீங்காத இளங்கன்றுகள்! பால் மணம் மாறுப் பச்சைக் குழந்தைகள்! உலகிலில்லாப் புது உவகையில் ஆழ்ந்திருந்தனர் அவர்கள்! இளமையின் எழில் அவர்கள் கண்களில் மிளிர்ந்தது. அவர்களது மொழிகள் மழலையினின்றும் உண்மையில் தான் மாறியனபோலும்! இளமையின் உரமேறிய அவர்கள் கால்கள் ஓயாது ஓடுவதில் என்ன இன்பத்தைக் கண்டனவோ? என்னையும் அறியாமல் என் மனம் எங்கெல்லாமோ சென்றது.

ஆம்! நானும் ஒரு காலத்தில் இவர்களைப்போல இன்பப்பொழுது போக்கியவன் தானே!

சிறுவர்களைச் சிறிதுநேரம் இமை கொட்டாது பார்த்தேன். இவர்களும் ஒரு நாள் என்னைப்போல் ஆக வேண்டியவர்கள் தானே? இயற்கையின் இன்னல்கள் 'விதி' என்ற பெயரில் அவர்களைப் பாதிக்கத்தானே போகின்றன? இன்று "இளங்கன்று பயமறியாது" என்று கூறியது எங்கள் பொருட்டுத்தான் என்று ஆறை கூவி ஆடும் இவர்களது இன்பமெல்லாம் இனிவரப்போகும் இன்னல்கட்கு இரையாக வேண்டுவதுதானே! இன்று காலம் இவர்கட்குக் கற்கண்டாகக் காட்சி யளிக்கின்றது. ஆனால் என்றோ ஒருநாள் அது இவர்கட்கும் காலனாகவல்லவா மாறப்போகின்றது? இவர்கள் விடும் பட்டமும் இதைப் பறையறிவிக்கின்றதே! உயர்ந்து வானிலே செல்லுகின்றது. ஆனால் ஒரே ஒரு கணம் தான். ஆ! தள்ளாடிச் சோர்கின்றதே! இது தானே வாழ்வும். இன்பத்தின் இடமாக இலங்கும் இவர்களது இன்றைய உலகம் ஒருநாள் இன்னலின் இடமாகவல்லவா மாறப்போகின்றது? இவர்களையழைத்து என் மனத்திலுள்ளதை யெல்லாம் கொட்டிவிடவேண்டும் என்று தோன்றுகிறது. ஆனால் நான் கூறினாலும் இவர்களுக்கு என்ன விளங்கும்? இவர்களது அறிவுக்கு அவை அப்பாற்பட்டவை! இளமை யென்ற பெயரால் இவர்களை யணைத்துள்ள இவர்களது அறியாமை இவர்கள் கண்கட்கும் உலகிற்குமிடையே ஒரு திரையையல்லவா புகுத்தியிருக்கின்றது?

எங்கோ சென்றிருந்த என் பார்வை எதையோ பார்த்து ஒரு கணம் நின்றது. மணமான இளங்காதலர்கள்! இயற்கையழகில் இன்பப்பொழுது போக்க வருகின்றனர் போலும்! அவர்கள் வாழ்வது காதல் உலகம்; அவர்கட்கு வாழ்க்கை இன்பமாக இலங்குகின்றது. தெவிட்டாத்தேனாகத் திகழ்கின்றது. தங்களிருவரைத் தவிர உலகிலேயே வேறொருவருமில்லை என்பது அவர்களது எண்ணம் அவளுக்கு அவன் மன்மதன்; அவனுக்கு அவள் அரம்பை, ஊர்வசி, திலோத்தமை...எல்லாமும்! மணமான புதிதல்லவா? புதிதாகவிருக்கும் வரையில் எப்பொருளும் புத்துயிர் கொண்டுதானே விளங்குகிறது? அவர்கள் சென்று விட்டனர். ஆனால் அவர்கள் குழைவுப்பார்வையையும் கொஞ்சல் மொழிகளையும் என்னிடமே விட்டு விட்டுச் சென்றனர். என்னதான் பேசுவார்களோ? அப்பேச்சில் தான் என்ன மகிழ்ச்சியைக் காண்பார்களோ? வள்ளுவர் என் கண் முன் தோன்றினார். 'உள்ளக்களித்தலும் காண மகிழ்தலும், கள்ளுக்கு இல், காமத்திற்கு உண்டு,' என்று கூறினார்.

காதலர்கள் என்னிடம் விட்டுச் சென்ற காட்சியை எண்ணியிருந்த என் எண்ணத்தை அவ்வழி வந்த இரு கல்லூரி மாணவர்கள் கவர்ந்தனர். இக்கல்லூரி மாணவர்கட்கு வாழ்க்கை எவ்விதம் காட்சியளித்ததோ? நான் அறியேன். ஆனால் என்னைப் பொறுத்த மட்டில் நான் கல்லூரி மாணவனாக விருந்தபோது வாழ்க்கை எனக்கு வற்றாத இன்பச் சுனையாகத்தான் விளங்கியது. ஆனால் அந்த ஒரே ஒரு நாள், ஏன், அந்த ஒரே ஒரு நிமிடம் என்று தான் கூறவேண்டும். என்னை என் வாழ்விற்குப் பலியாக்கிவிட்டது. நான் என் பாடங்களை ஒழுங்காகத் தான் கற்றிருந்தேன். என் எண்ணைக்கண்ட நண்பர்கள் "நல்ல எண் தான்" என்று கூறினார்கள்..... ஆம் 32125 ஒரு நல்ல எண், வேறு கூறவேண்டுவதில்லை.

நான் கண் காணுக் கற்பனை உலகில் காற்றாய்ப்பறந்து கொண்டிருந்தேன். தேறி விட்டால் பின்பு மேற்படிப்பு, பிறகு மணம், பிறகு இன்ப வாழ்க்கை, பிறகு...?

ஆஹா! என்ன கற்பனை? வாழ்க்கை வாழ்வதற்குத்தான், இன்பத்தை மட்டும் அனுபவிப்பதற்கல்ல என்பதை அன்று நான் மறந்திருந்தேன். தேர்வுகள் முடிந்தன. நான் முடிவுகள் வெளியாகும் நாளைப்பற்றிக் கவலை கொள்ளவில்லை. என் 32125 என்னைக்காப்பாற்றும் என்று பூரணமாக நம்பியிருந்தேன். ஆனால் அன்று........சனிக்கிழமை, தேர்வின் முடிவு வெளியாகும் நாளை ஆவலோடு எதிர் பார்த்திருந்த என் நண்பர்களோடு நானும் பத்திரிகையை அவசரமாகப் பிரித்தேன். கண்கள் என் எண்ணை ஆவலோடு தேடின. 32, 122, 32, 123,........ 32, 124.......ஆ......அடுத்தது 32, 126 அல்லவா? அப்படியாயின் என் எண்? அந்த 32125........என் வாழ்வின் ஒளி.......என்னைக் கைவிட்டு விட்டதா? என் கண்களை நம்ப முடியவில்லையே! 32124 இருக்கின்றது. 32126-ம் இருக்கின்றது. ஆனால் எனக்கு வேண்டியவை அவையல்லவே? 4-க்கும் 6-க்கும் இடையில் 5 இருக்கிறதென்பதை அச்சகத்திலுள்ளோர் மறந்து விட்டனரா? என் உயிரினும் மேலாக நேசித்த எண் அந்த 125......இறுதியில் என்னைக் கைவிடத்தானா என்னிடம் வந்தது? அது என் வாழ்வையல்லவா பலியாகக்கொண்டுவிட்டது? அப்படி யாயின் என் கற்பனைகள் வெறும் கனவு தானா? என் எண்ணக் கோட்டைகள் எரிந்து விழவேண்டியவை தானா? நான் அன்று கண்ட இன்ப வாழ்வு எட்டாக் கனியா? என் எதிர்கால வாழ்வு? ஆம், வெறும் பாலைவனம்தான் என்று எங்கிருந்தோ வந்த குரல் என் எண்ணங்கட்கோர் முற்றுப்புள்ளி வைத்தது. திடுக்கிட்டுத் திரும்பினேன். பரந்துநின்ற கோட்டைச்சுவர் தான் எதிரிலிருந்தது. நான் சரித்திரம் கற்பவனாக விருந்தால் அதனுள் சென்று பார்க்கத்தோன்றியிருக்கும். ஆனால் நான் கற்கும் கணிதம் அதன் சிற்பத்திற்குத்தான் என் கண்களை யழைத்தது. ஆ.......என்ன இது?......நான் காண்பது உண்மையா? ஆம், உண்மையாகத்தானிருக்கவேண்டும். என் கண்களுக்கு என்னை ஏமாற்றும் சக்தி இன்றுவரை இல்லை—கோட்டை யழுகின்றது. தேம்பித் தேம்பி யழுகின்றது, கண்கள் அனல் கக்க அங்கலாய்க்கிறது. என்ன துன்பமோ? என்ன நோயோ? என் நிலையைவிட இரங்கத்தக்கதாக வல்லவா இருக்கின்றது அதன் நிலை? ஆம், அது அழுவதற்குக் காரணமிருக்கிறது.

என்றோ ஒருநாள் அது முத்துவட மணிந்த மன்னர்களின் படைத்தளமாக விளங்கியது. என்றோ ஒருநாள் காவல் செய்யப்பட்ட கந்தர்வலோகக் கற்பகச் சோலையாகத் திகழ்ந்தது.! என்றோ ஒரு நாள் எண்ணற்ற வீரர்கள் நிறைந்த எழில் மாளிகையாக இலங்கியது. ஆம்! அதே கோட்டைதான் இது! இன்று இந்த இடு காடாக மாறிவிட்டது. எங்கோ ஒரு மூலையில் ஏகாங்கியாக ஏங்குகின்றது. அதன் மாண்பு எங்கே? மங்காது சுடர்விட்ட அதன் மகிமை எங்கே? அன்று அதன் மார்பிலிருந்த அந்த வீரக்கவசம் எங்கே? அன்று அதன் உடலிலே புன்னகை பூத்த அந்தப்புத்தொளி எங்கே? அன்று அதைக் காத்து நின்ற அந்த வீரர்கள் எங்கே? ஆ...! எல்லாம் காலத்துக்குப் பலியாகி விட்டன. எஞ்சி நிற்பது வெறுங்கற்சுவர்....இன்னுங் கூறப்போனால் ஏதோ சில அற்பக் கட்டிடங்கள்....! என்ன? இது கனவா? அன்றிருந்த அந்தப்புகழ் அகன்று விட்டதா? எத்தனை மன்னர்கள் அதன் மாண்பைக்கண்டு மருண்டு ஓடினர்?. எத்தனை வீரர்கள் அதன் மார்பிலே தங்கள் உதிரத்தைச் சிந்தி உயிரிழந்தனர்? அன்று அண்டம் முழுவ

தும் பரந்து நின்ற கொடி அதன் மார்பையலங்கரித்ததே? அன்று பேசிவிளையாட வாவ்து அகழியில் முதலைகளிலிருந்தனவே! இன்றோ அந்த நிலையும் அகன்று விட்டதே! அன்று கவிகளது கற்பனைச் சோலையாகத் திகழ்ந்த அதன் கவினுறு மார்பில் இன்று காக்கைகளல்லவா கரைந்து கதறுகின்றன? எல்லாம் காலத்தின் கோலம்!

கோட்டையழுவதற்குக் காரணமுண்டு. நானும் அதோடு சேர்ந்து அழுதேன். ஆம். வாய் விட்டுக் கதறியழுதேன். நெஞ்சு வெடிக்க விம்மி யழுதேன் நீங்காச்சோர் வெய்திக் கதறினேன்........ என்ன பயன்? காலத்தின் கையிற் சிக்கிய கலைமானல்லவா நான்?

என் மனம் ஒரே குழப்பத்திலாழ்ந்தது. அமைதியை நாடிச்சென்ற அது அல்லலுற்றது. அன்று நான் கண்ட காட்சிகள் ஒவ்வொன்றாக என் நினைவுத் திரையில் பவனி வந்தன. முதலில் படிப்பதற்குப் பிறந்த பள்ளிச் சிறுவர்கள்...! பின்பு காதல் வ ழ்வில் கரைகாணு இன்பம் காணும் அந்த இளங்காதலர்கள்...! அதன் பின் என் வாழ்விற்கு உலைவைத்த அந்தத் தேர்தல் முடிவுகள்—இறுதியில் காலக் காலனால் துன்புற்றுக்கதறும் கோட்டை வெளி....!

பள்ளிச்சிறுவர்கட்கு இன்று வாழ்க்கை, விளையாட்டாகவிருக்கலாம்; ஆனால் அது ஒரு நாள் விபரீதமாக மாறப்போகின்றது. இன்று அக்காதலர்கள் களிப்புறலாம், ஆனால் ஒரு மகவைப் பெற்றவுடன் குடும்பத் தொல்லைகளால் அல்லற் பட்டு அவர்களது இன்றைய இன்பம எங்கோ சென்று மறையப்போகின்றது.

அடுத்தது என்னுடைய அவலநிலை, இறுதியில் கோட்டையின் கூக்குரல். இவைதாம் வாழ்க்கை நமக்களிக்கும் பரிசு! நாம் காலக்குயவனின் கையிற் சிக்கிய களிமண் பொம்மைகள். நம்மை அவனது மனத்திற்கிசைந்த உருவாக மாற்றுவதற்கு அவனுக்குப் பூரணஉரிமையுண்டு. உலகில் எங்குநோக்கினும் அழுகுரல், அரற்றல், மரணம், கொடுமை, கொலை, தோல்வி, ஏமாற்றம்.....! என்ன உலகம்? பாம்பையும் கீரியையும் ஒன்று சேர்த்து மகிழும் பாதகர்களுள் கடவுளும் ஒருவரா? நம்மை இத்துன்பத்தினிடை படைத்து மகிழுகின்றாரா? இல்லையென்றால் இந்நிலைக்குக் காரணம்—?

வாழ்க்கை சிலருக்குக் கற்பகச் சோலையாகக் காணலாம். ஆனால் என்னைக் கேட்டால் இல்லை, இல்லை என்று தான் கதறுவேன். வாழ்க்கை ஒரு பலிபீடம், என்னைப்போன்ற இளம் வாலிபர்களைப் பலி கொள்ளக்காத்தேங்கி நிற்கும் பயங்கரப் படுகுழி....! இதை மறுக்க முடியுமா?

"முடியும்!" என்று என்னுள் ஏதோ கூறியது. உலகம் ஓர் பலிபீடம்! ஆம் உண்மை...! முற்றிலும் உண்மை! ஒரு பக்கம் அதற்குப் பலியாக வேண்டிய நான், மறுபக்கம் பலிகொள்ளக் காத்து நிற்கும் விதி. இடையில் பளபளக்கும் போர்வாள். சில விநாடிகளே எஞ்சி நிற்கின்றன. நான் கட்டாயம் பலியாகத்தான் வேண்டுமா? அவசியமில்லை....அதே வாளைக்கொண்டு விதியைப் பலியாக்கலாமல்லவா? ஆம்......! எனக்கு ஆண்மையிருக்கிறது! சக்தியுள்ளது....! வீரர்கள்

பிறந்த இவ்வுலகில் வாழும் என்னிடம் வீரத்திற்குப் பஞ்சமில்லை. எல்லாம் என் திறமையைச் சார்ந்துள்ளன. நான் வெற்றி பெற்றுவிடின்........வாழ்க்கை என் அடிமை.

இதையே உங்கட்கும் கூறுகிறேன். நீங்கள் வாழ்வில் தோல்வியுற்றிருக்கலாம். ஆனால் உங்களுக்கு வெற்றி கிட்டாமலா போகும்? கல்வியிற் குறைந்தவர்களாயிருக்கலாம். ஆனால் கல்வியொன்றுதானா உங்களைக் கரையேற்றப் போகின்றது? உங்கள் நேற்றைய நிலைமை உங்களுக்கு அதிக இன்பத்தையளித்திருக்கலாம். ஆனால் இன்றைய நிலையிலும் நீங்கள் அதே இன்பத்தைக் காண முடியும்... ..! நிச்சயமாகமுடியும். முடியாவிட்டால் நீங்கள் கோழைகள்.

இறுதியில் ஒரு வேண்டுகோள். வாழ்க்கையினிடமிருந்து அதிகம் எதிர்பார்க்க வேண்டாம். ஆனால் வாழ்க்கை, விதியை வென்று வாகை மாலை சூடிய வீரராக வரப்போகும் உங்களிடமிருந்து அதிகம் எதிர்பார்க்கின்றது.

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# கவிஞர் காட்டும் வழி

**சி. பக்தவத்சலம்**

அன்று திங்கள், காலை ஏழு மணி யிருக்கும். செந்தாமரையின் காதலனை செங்கதிரோன் தன் பொன் போன்ற கதிர்களை அள்ளி வீசி அனைத்துயிருக்கும் ஆறுதலளிக்க அலை கடலினின்று எழுந்தான். அன்றுதான் என் கல்லூரி, கால் ஆண்டுத் தேர்வு நடந்த பிறகு பெற்ற விடுமுறை முடிந்து திறக்கப்படும் நாள். நான், குடிபேற்றத்திலிருந்த என் அத்தான் இல்லத்தினின்று புறப்பட்டேன். புறப்படும் பொழுது, என்னைக் கண்ணிமைபோல் பேணி வளர்க்கும் அக்காளின் "நன்றாகப் படித்து நல் வாழ்வு வாழ வழி செய்துகொள்" என்ற இனிய குரல் சமையலறையினின்று வெளிவந்தது "அப்படியே" என் உறுதியளித்து விடைபெற்றேன்.

காலை எட்டரை மணிக்கு வேலைமாநகரடைந்தேன். பஸ்ஸினின்று இறங்கியதும் "ஐயா கூலி" என்ற குரலைக் கேட்டுத் திரும்பிப் பார்த்தேன். என் வயதுள்ள, "இந்நாட்டு மன்னன்," ஒட்டிய வயிறுடன், அழுக்கேறிய கந்தலையணிந்து, சில பழந்தோல்களைத் தின்றுகொண்டிருந்தான். அவனிடம் என் கைப்பெட்டியைக் கொடுத்தேன். அவன் என்னைப் பின்தொடர்ந்தான். நான் அவனை "நீ ஏன் இப்படி வாழ்கின்றாய்?" என்ற ஒரு கேள்வியைத்தான் கேட்டேன். அவன் தன் சோகக்கதையையே சொல்லத் தொடங்கினான்.

அவன் பிறந்த ஊர் அண்டத்தைக்காக்கும் அருணாசல ஈசுவரர் வாழும் திருவண்ணாமலையாம். தாய் தந்தையரை இளமைப் பருவத்திலேயே இழந்த அவன் தன் அக்காளின் ஆதரவால் பிழைத்து வந்தானாம். தன் அக்காளும்

உணவுப் பற்றுக்குறையால், ஊனுருக்கி நோய்க்காளாகி இயற்கை எய்தினுளாம் அவன் பதினைந்தாம் வயதிலே.

ஆதரிப்பாரற்று, அனுதையாய் நின்ற அவன் தன் ஆண்மையையும், உழைப்பையும் நெசவுத் தொழிலுக்கு உரியதாக்கினுனும். பிறகு அத்தொழிலுக்கே ஆபத்துவர அது அவனை அடைக்கலமாக ஏற்றுக்கொள்ளாமல் வெறுத்து விட்டதாம். அதனுல் தான் அவன் ஏதாவதொரு வேலை கிடைக்குமென்றெண்ணி " வேலையை " (வேலூரை) அண்டினுனும். இங்கும் வேலை கிடைக்காமல் போகவே கைக்கூலி வேலை செய்யத் தொடங்கினுனும்.

என் மனம் அவன் மீது இரக்கமும், சமுதாயத்தின் மீது வெறுப்பும் கொண்டது. " நீ ஏன் சுகமாக வாழ்கின்றுய்? ஏன் கல்லூரியில் படிக்கின்றுய்? அவன் ஏன் உன் நிலையை யடைய முடியவில்லை?" என்று என் மனம் என்னையே கேட்டது. பாரபட்சமும், ஓர வஞ்சனையுமில்லாத, யாவரிடத்து மன்பு பூண்ட கடவுளால் படைக்கப்பெற்ற மனிதரிடை உயர்வு தாழ்வு என்ற மாறுபாடுகள் ஏன்? ஒருவன் ஏன் பணக்காரனுய், படாடோபக்காரனுய் பலரையடக்கியாள் பவனுய், பட்டம் பெற்றவனுய், பதவியை அனுபவிப்பவனுய் மாளிகையில் மெல்லிய மஞ்சத்தில் உறங்கி வாழ்கின்றுன்? மற்றொருவன் ஏன் ஏழையாய், யாதுமற்றவனுய், அடிமையாய், படிப்பு வாசனையறியாதவனுய், உண்ண உணவின்றி உருக்குலைந்து, குந்தக் குடிசையின்றி மண்மேட்டில் மழை, குளிர், வெய்யிலினுல் பாதிக்கப்பட்டு, வானமே கூரையாக நீள் வையமே பாயாகத் தன் கையது கொண்டு, மெய்யது போர்த்தி உறங்கியும் வேலையின் இருப்பிடமாயும், கண்ணியத்தின் உறைவிடமாயுமிருந்து பாழடைகின்றுன்," என்ற பல கேள்விகள் எழுப்பியது என் மனம். சிந்தித்தேன், சிந்தித்தேன்; பதில் இல்லை.

அன்றிரவு என்னை உறக்கம் ஆட்கொள்ள விரும்பவில்லை. காரணம் சிந்தனையைக் காலையில் கண்ட காட்சியைப்பற்றி ஆராய அனுப்பினேன் பகுத்தறிவு என்ற பண்பாளனுடன். தலையோ பாரமாய்த் தோன்றியது. தலையைச் சற்று மேலே உயர்த்தினேன். என் எதிரில் புரட்சிக்கவி பாரதிதாசன் என்னைப் பார்த்துப் புன்னகை புரிவதைக் கண்டேன். அவர், இத்தகைய கொடுமைகளுக்கெல்லாம் சமுதாயம் தான் காரணமென்று சுட்டிக் காட்டினுர். அதைத்திருத்தியமைக்கும் பொருட்டு,

" ஓடப்பராயிருக்கும் ஏழையப்பர் எல்லாம்
உதையப்பர் ஆகிவிட்டால்—ஓடப்பர்
உயரப்பர் எல்லாம் மாறி ஒப்பப்ப ராயிடுவார்—இதை
உணரப்பா "—என்று அறிவுரை கூறினுர்.

வறுமைத் துன்பத்திலே வாடி வதங்கி, இல்லாமைக் கொடுமையிலே பொல்லாங்கினை யனுபவித்து, ஏழ்மையோடு தோழமைகொண்டு, வெங்கொடுமைச் சாகாட்டில் உழலும் ஏழை எளியோரை, கல்வி கேள்விகளிற் சிறந்து, பகுத்தறிவு அவர்கள் மனதிலே படியச் செய்ய வழி வகை செய்வோமாயின் ஏழை, பணக்காரன், ஆண்டான், அடிமை என்ற வேறுபாடுகள் ஒழிந்து, சரிநிகர் சமானமாக மக்கள் மாண்புடன் வாழ்வார்கள்.

# மாறனின் ஈகை

க. பழனியாண்டி

விருந்தோம்பல் தமிழர்களின் தனி உரிமை. தன்னை வந்தடைந்த இரவலர்களுக்கு இல்லை யெனுது தன்னுலான உதவியைச் செய்வதில் தமிழன் தன்னிகரற்று விளங்கினுன். "சோழ வளநாடு சோறுடைத்து" என்ற முது மொழிக்குப் பிறப்பிடம் நந்தம் தமிழ்நாடு. தான் பட்டினி கிடந்தேனும் தன்னையண்டி வந்து யாசித்தவர்களுக்கு வயிரூற உணவிட்டுப் புகழ் பெற்றவன் தமிழன். இத்தகைய தமிழனின் புகழைக் கேட்ட கிரேக்கர், யவனர், சீனர் முதலியோர் வெட்கித் தலை குனிந்தனர். தமிழரை வியந்தனர்.

இத்தகைய வளம் மிகுந்த சோழ மண்டலத்திலே இளையான்குடி என்றொரு ஊர் இருந்தது. அந்த ஊர் மிக்க வளமுடையது. யாங்கணும் நெற்கதிர்கள் சாய்ந்து அறுவடைக்குத் தயாராக இருக்கும் கோலம் மனதை மகிழ்விக்கும். அந்த ஊரிலே மாறன் என்று ஒருவர் வசித்து வந்தார். அவர் ஒரு சிவ பக்தர். அவரது முன்னோர்கள் மிக்க செல்வந்தர்கள் எனினும் மாறன் தம்முடைய வரையா ஈகையால் யாவையுமிழந்து தரித்திரராகிவிட்டார். வறுமையின் கொடுமையால் மாறனும் அவர் மனைவியும் இரண்டொரு வேளை பட்டினி கிடக்கவும் நேரிட்டது. கடன் கொடுப்பார் யாருமில்லை. மூன்று நாட்களாகப்பட்டினி. அன்றிரவு—

இடி! மின்னல்! பலத்த மழை. வீட்டின் கூரையிலுள்ள ஓட்டைகளின் வழியாக மழை நீர் அருவியாக ஓடினது. என் செய்வார் மாறனர்? அவரும் அவர் மனைவியும் வீட்டினுள்ளே அதிக ஓட்டையில்லாத ஓரிடத்தைத் தேர்ந்தெடுத்து, பசி மயக்கம் கண்களை உந்தப் படுத்து உறங்கினர். அன்று காலை தன் தோழனிடம் கடனுக வாங்கிய நெல்லைத் தன் வயலிலே விதைத்துவிட்டு வந்திருந்தார் மாறனர். பெரு மழை காரணமாக அந்த நெல்லும் நிலத்தில் உளதோ, மழை நீரால் அடித்துச் செல்லப்பட்டதோ எனப் பலவாறு எண்ணியபடியே தன் படுக்கையில் புரண்டு கொண்டிருந்தார். அப்போது யாரோ கதவைத் தட்டிய சத்தம் கேட்டது. பிறகு வேதனைக் குரல். மாறனர் மருட்சியுடன் எழுந்தார். விளக்கைத் தூண்டிவிட்டு வாயிலுக்கு வந்தார். அங்கே ஒரு முதியவர் விழுந்து கிடக்கக் கண்டார்.

பஞ்சடைந்த கண்கள். ஒட்டி உலர்ந்த கன்னம். அங்கியற்ற உடல். எண்ணெயைக் கண்டறியாத தலை. வறுமைப் பேய் தன் நாக்கினை நீட்டிக்கொண்டிருப்பது போன்று விளங்கும் மேலெழுந்த மார்பெலும்பு. இத்தகைய உருவமுடைய முதியவரைக் கண்ட மாறன் மருட்சியடைந்ததில் வியப்பு ஒன்றுமில்லை.

கீழே விழுந்து கிடந்த முதியவரை அணைத்தபடியே தூக்கிக்கொண்டு தாம் தம் மனைவியுடன் உறங்கிக்கொண்டிருந்த இடத்திற்கு வந்தார். கயிற்றுக்

கட்டிலிலே, கிழிந்த ஓலைப் பாயின் மீது துயரக் கனவுகள் கண்டுகொண்டு புரண்டு கொண்டிருந்த தம் மனைவியை எழுப்பினார்.

மாறனாரின் மனைவி தன் கணவர் அழைத்த குரல் கேட்டதும், தன் கணவருக்கு ஏதேனும் தீங்கு நடந்துவிட்டதோ என நினைத்துப் பதறியவாறு எழுந்தாள். மஞ்சள் குங்குமம் பளிச்சிடும் முகம். தாலிக்கயிறு தவிர வேறு ஒரு சிறிய திருகாணியுமில்லாத உடல். இரண்டு நாட்களுக்கு முன் வைத்து கருகிப்போன மலர்ச் சரத்தினை யணிந்த தலைக் கொண்டை. வறுமையின் கோரக்கரத்தினால் சின்னாபின்னப்பட்ட உருவம்ஆனால் முகம் மட்டும் பொலிவிழக்கவில்லை. தான் எத்தகைய துன்பமனுபவித்தாலும் தன் கணவனுடன் சேர்ந்திருக்கிறோம் என்ற உவகை முகத்திலே காணப்பட்டது. கணவன் குரலைக்கேட்டு எழுந்தவள் கண்களைத் துடைத்துக்கொண்டு, தான் கண்ணின் கரு மணிபோல் நேசித்து வரும் கணவனடியைத் தொழுது பிறகு முதியவரைப் பணிந்து ஒரு பக்கமாக நின்றாள்.

மாறன் முதியவரைக் கண்டதும் அவர் பசி மயக்கத்தினால்தான் விழுந்து இருக்கவேண்டுமென்று தெளிவாகத் தெரிந்துகொண்டார். "பாம்பின் கால் பாம்புக்குத் தெரியுமல்லவா?" முதியவரை உண்பிக்க யாது வழியென ஒன்றும் அவருக்குப் புலனாகவில்லை.

மழையில் நனைந்த முதியவருடல் நடுங்கத் தொடங்கியது. வெட வெடவென்று நடுங்கும் உடலை எவ்வளவு பலமாகப் பிடித்தும் நடுங்குவது நிற்கவில்லை. செய்வதின்னதென அறியாது மயங்கினார் மாறன். பெட்டியில் மணவிழாவன்று தம் மாமனார் தமக்களித்த உடை இருப்பது நினைவுக்கு வந்தது. ஓட்டமாக ஓடி அதை எடுத்து வந்து முதியவருக்குப் போர்த்தினார். நடுக்கம் நின்றது. களைத்த முதியவருடைய உடையினைக் கயிற்றின் மீது உலர வைத்தார்.

மாறன் பின்னர் முதியவரை உண்பிக்கும் வழி யாது என யோசிக்கத் தொடங்கினார். கடனாக வாங்கித் தம் களத்தருகிலுள்ள வயலிலே அன்று காலை நெல் விதைத்திருந்தது அவருக்கு நினைவுக்கு வந்தது.

தம் மேல் பலத்த மழைத்துளிகள் விழுவதையுமறியாது, தலையில் ஒரு கூடையினைக் கவிழ்த்துக்கொண்டு, பேயும் வெளிவர அஞ்சும் அர்த்த ராத்திரி வேளையிலே, கூப்பிடு தூரத்திலிருந்த தம் வயலுக்குச் சென்றார். வழியிலே இடுப்பளவு தண்ணீர்; கீழே சேறு. இருள் மங்கை வேறு தன் ஆட்சியை நடத்திக் கொண்டிருந்தாள். தடுமாறிக்கொண்டே தம்முடைய வயலை யடைந்த மாறன் மின்னலினுதவியால் வயலைப் பார்த்தார். வயலிலே நெல் முளை விட்டபடியாக மிதந்து கொண்டிருந்தது. அதைத் தாம் எடுத்துவந்த கூடையிலே வாரி எடுத்துக் கொண்டு வீடு வந்து சேர்ந்தார்.

மாறனின் மனைவி அதற்குள் தன் வீட்டு மேற்கூரை ஓர் இடத்தில் சரிந்திருப்பதைக்கண்டு, மூங்கில்களை யெல்லாம் எடுத்து அடுப்பை மிக்க துன்பத்துடன் மூட்டினாள். கண்களெல்லாம் புகை படிந்து எரிச்சல் எடுத்தது. என் செய்வாள், பாபம்!

ஒருவாறாக அடுப்பும் எரிந்தது. தன் வீட்டுக் கொல்லையிலே கிடக்கும் கீரை வகைகளைக் கொண்டு வந்து சாறும் வைத்திருந்தாள் மாறனின் மனைவி. பிறகு தன் கணவன் ஈரத்துடன் கொண்டு வந்த நெல்லை வாங்கி அடுப்பில் இட்டு உலர்த்தி, நெல்லைத் தீட்டி, ஒருவாறாகச் சமையல் செய்து முடித்தாள். பிறகு மாறன் அந்த முதியவரை எழுப்பினார்.

எழுந்தும் உட்கார்ந்து உண்ண முடியாமல் அந்தப் பெரியவர் வருந்துவதைக் கண்ட மாறன், அவரைத் தாங்கிப் பிடித்தவாறே, தம் மனைவி சமைத்த உணவினை ஊட்டினார். சிறு சிறு கவளங்களாக யாவற்றையும் உண்டபின் அந்த முதியவர் தம் விழிகளைத் திறந்து பார்த்தார். உடனே மயக்கமடைந்து மறுபடியும் துவண்டு சாய்ந்தார். அவருடைய கைகளை மாறன் சுத்தம் செய்து தம் மனைவியினுடைய உதவியால் அவரைப் படுக்கையில் கிடத்தி, கை கால்களைப் பிடித்து விட்டுக் கொண்டிருந்தார்.

மறுநாள் காலை. கதிரவன் தன் சுடு கதிர்களுடன் எழுந்தான். ஊர் மிக்க ஆநந்தத்தில் ஆழ்ந்திருந்தது. மழை நீரால் உண்டான ஒரு மணம் வீசிக் கொண்டிருந்தது.

முதியவர் புத்துயிர் பெற்று எழுந்தார். எழுந்தவுடன் மாறனைக்கண்டு மனத்தில் உவகை பொங்கப் பார்த்து தன் இருப்பிடம், காத்தவர்கள் முதலிய விவரத்தைப் பற்றிக் கூறுமாறு பணித்தார். மாறன் நடந்தவற்றை விரைவாகச் சுருக்கமாகக் கூறி முடித்தார்.

அதைக்கேட்ட அந்த முதியவர் மன மகிழ்வுடன் மாறனை நீண்டகாலம் மிக்க செல்வத்துடன் வாழுமாறு ஆசி கூறித் தம் இருப்பிடம் ஏகினார்.

மாறன் தம் மனைவியுடன் அவரைப் பணிந்து போற்றி வழியனுப்பினார். பிறகு பெரியவரின் ஆசியின் பயனாகவும் தம்முடைய முயற்சியின் பயனாகவும் மாறன் நல்ல நிலைமையடைந்தார். நாட்டிலுள்ள மக்கள் அவரது ஈகைத்திறனை வியந்தனர். அந்நாட்டு மன்னன் அவரது புகழைக்கேட்டு அவரைத் தன் அவைக்கு வரவழைத்துப் பல விருதுகள் வழங்கினான். பின்னர் தம் வாழ்க்கை முழுமையும் பிறருக்கு உதவி செய்வதிலேயே செலவிட்டுப் புகழடைந்தார் மாறன்.

நம்முடைய தங்கத் தமிழ் நாட்டிலே இப்படிப்பட்ட ஈகைக் குணமுள்ள மாறன் போன்ற பல வள்ளல்கள் வாழ்ந்து புகழ் பெற்றனர் என்ற வரலாறுகளைக் கேட்டு நாம் பெருமிதமடைகிறோம். தமிழன் வரையிலா ஈகையால் புகழடைந்தான் என்பதைக் கேட்டுப் பூரிப்படைகிறோம். இன்னும் பல வள்ளல்கள் தோன்றித் தமிழ்நாடு குன்றின் மேலிட்ட விளக்கைப்போல விளங்கவேண்டுமென நாம் விழைவோமாக.

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# ஆடவர்

**சோ. பாலகணபதி**

"நாடா கொன்றோ காடா கொன்றோ
அவலா கொன்றோ மிசையா கொன்றோ
எவ்வழி நல்லர் 'ஆடவர்'
அவ்வழி நல்லை வாழிய நிலனே!"

ஒளவையார் ஓர் அமுத ஊற்று! அவர் பாடல்கள் அமுதத் துளிகள் அவைகளிலே இப்பாடலும் ஒன்று.

காடாகவோ, மேடாகவோ, பள்ளமாகவோ அல்லது எப்படி யிருந்தாலும் ஒரு நாடானது 'நாடு' என்று அழைக்கப்படுவதற்கு அதற்கு ஒரு தகுதி வேண்டும். அந்தத் தகுதி யாது? 'நல்ல ஆடவர்களைப் பெற்றிருத்தல்' என்று ஒளவையார் அதற்கு விடை இறுக்கின்றார். அது மட்டுமல்ல; அப்படிப்பட்ட நாடு வாழி என்றும் வாழ்த்துகின்றார். "எவ்வழி நல்லர் 'ஆடவர்' அவ்வழி நல்லை வாழிய நிலனே" என்பது ஒளவையார் கூற்று. இந்தப் பாடலில் வருகின்ற 'ஆடவர்' என்ற சொல்லுக்குப் பொதுவாக 'மக்கள்' என்று பொருள் கூறுகின்றனர். இந்நாளில் 'ஆடவர்" என்ற சொல்லுக்கு 'மக்கள்' என்று பொதுப் படபால் வேற்றுமையின்றிப் பொருள் உரைத்தல் எங்ஙனம் பொருந்தும் என்பது தான் நமக்குப் புரியாத கேள்வியாய் உள்ளது. ஆனால் "ஆடவர்" என்பதற்கு 'ஆண்கள்' என்பது தான் அகராதியில் மட்டுமல்ல, ஒளவையாரின் இப்பாடலிலும் பொருளாகும்; பொருத்தமுமாகும்.

மற்றும் உ. வே. சாமிநாதையர் போன்ற சில உரையாசிரியர்கள் 'ஆடவர்' என்பதற்கு "ஆண் மக்கள்" என்று பொருள் உரைப்பினும் அதற்கு விரிவுரை ஒன்றும் கூறவில்லை. ஆனால் விரிவுரைதான் நமக்கு முக்கியமாயிருக்கிறது.

'மக்கள் நல்லவர்களாயிருக்கின்ற நாடுதான் நல்ல நாடு' என்ற கருத்து புதிய கருத்தன்று; படித்தவர், படியாதவர் எல்லோருக்கும் தெரிந்த கருத்து தான். அப்படி எல்லோரும் அறிந்த ஒரு கருத்தை ஒளவையார் எடுத்துப் பாடியிருக்கவேண்டிய அவசியமும் இருந்திருக்காது. ஆகையால் ஒளவையார் 'ஆடவர்' என்ற சொல்லுக்கு 'ஆண்கள்' என்ற பொருள் கொண்டு தான் பாடியிருக்க வேண்டும். அதில் ஐயமெழ இடமில்லை மேலும் 'ஆடவர்' என்ற சொல்லுக்கு "ஆண்கள்" என்ற பொருள்தான் பொருந்தியதாகவும்; சிறந்ததாகவும் இருக்க முடியும். இப்பொழுது அப்பாடலின் கருத்தை நோக்குங்கள். ஒரு நாடு எப்படிப் பட்ட நிலப்பரப்பினைத் தன்னகத்தே கொண்டிருந்தாலும் நல்ல ஆண்களை அது பெற்றிருந்தால் அந்த நாடே சிறந்த நாடாகும்.

இக்கருத்தினைத் தெரிந்து கொண்ட மாத்திரத்திலேயே 'ஒளவையார்' 'ஆடவர்களை' மட்டும் அவ்விடத்தில் குறித்திருப்பதின் காரணம் என்ன?'

என்ற வினா நம்முள்ளத்தில் எழுகிறது. எந்தப்புலவனானாலும் ஒரு பாடலைப் பாடுவதற்கு ஏதாவதொரு மன வெழுச்சி அல்லது பிற நிலைகள் காரணமாயிருக்க வேண்டும். அப்படியானால் ஔவையாருக்கு இப்பாடலைப்பாட எந்நிலை காரணமா யிருந்தது? அவரது மனவெழுச்சி என்ன?

இன்று பெண்கள், உலகத்தின் அடித்தளத்திலே அமுக்கப்பட்டுக் கிடக்கிறார்கள். ஆனாலும் கடலலைகள் கற்பாறையின் மேல் மோதுவதால் சிதறி எழும் சிறு சிறு நீர்த்திவலைகள் கரைமேல் விழுந்து காய்ந்து போவதைப்போல ஒரு சில பெண்கள் உலகத்தின் மேற்பரப்பை நோக்கி எழுந்து, சீக்கிரத்திலேயே விழுந்து போகிறார்கள். இவைகளுக்கெல்லாம் காரணம் யார்? 'ஆண்களுக்கு உலகமெல்லாம் வீடு, பெண்களுக்கு வீடுதான் உலகம்' என்று வங்கக்கவி தாகூர் கூறிப் போயிருக்கிறாரே நாட்டின் நிலையைப்பற்றி. இந்நிலைக்குப் பொறுப்பாளிகள் யார்? 'சமூகம்' என்று கூறுவார்கள் கதையும் நாவலும் எழுதுபவர்கள், ஆனால் இன்றைய சமூகத்தின் சட்ட நிபுணர்கள் யார்? எல்லோரும் ஆண்கள் தான்!

ஆண்கள் பெண்களை நடத்தும் இழிவான முறையை இன்றும் நாம் காண்கின்றோம். ஆகவே ஆண்கள் நல்லவர்களாயிருந்தால் தான் பெண்கள் நலமுடன் வாழ முடியும் என்று நாம் நினைக்கிறோம். இதையேதான் ஔவையாரும் கூறுகிறார் இப்பாடலின் மூலம். அவர் ஒரு பெண்பாற்புலவரல்லவா? பெண்களின் புழுங்கிய உள்ளம் அவருக்குத் தெரியாமல் எப்படி இருந்திருக்க முடியும்? அவருடைய எண்ணமெல்லாம் இப்பாடலின் கருத்தெல்லாம் பெண்கள் விடுதலைக்கு வழி கோலுவதேயாகும். அவர் பெண்கள் விடுதலைக்குக் கூறும் வழி தான் ஆண்கள் நல்லவர்களாயிருக்கவேண்டும் என்பது. ஏனெனில் ஆண்கள் நல்லவர்களாயிருந்தால் தான் பெண்கள் துன்பமின்றி இன்பமுடன் வாழ முடியும். பெண்கள் பிறப்புரிமை அனுபவிக்கும் நாடு தானே நல்ல நாடாக விருக்கமுடியும்?

சிலர் கேட்கலாம், "பெண்கள் சங்ககாலத்திலுமா ஆடவர்களால் அல்லற் பட்டார்கள், எதற்காக ஔவையார் இப்பாடலை எழுதினார்?" என்று.

'சங்க காலத்தில் பெண்களின் நிலை' என்ற எத்தனையோ நூல்களை நாம் படித்திருக்கிறோம். அவைகள் அத்தனையும் நம் நாட்டைப் புகழ வேண்டும் என்ற நோக்கத்துடன் பெண்களின் நிலையைப்பற்றி மிகவும் உயர்வாக எழுதப் பட்டவை. ஆகையால் சங்ககாலத்தில் பெண்கள் உரிமை அனுபவிக்கவில்லை என்று நான் கூறவில்லை; ஆனால் அவர்கள் அனுபவித்தது மிகக் குறைவு என்று தான் கூறுகிறேன். பொதுவாகக் கூறப்போனால் 'அடிமை நிலை' தான் என்று கூறுகிறேன்.

சங்ககால இலக்கியங்களிலே நாம் காணுகிறோம். தலைவன் தலைவியைப் பிரிந்து 'பரத்தை' ஒருத்தியை நாடுதல் பற்றி. பரத்தையர்கள் என்ற ஒரு இனம் ஒரு நாட்டில் இருப்பதே அந்நாட்டு மாதர்களின் இழிவான நிலைமைக்குப் போது மான சான்றாகும். மன்னர்களுக்கு மனைவியர் பலர் இருந்தனர் என்பது நமக்குத் தெரியும். கோன் வழிதானே குடிகள்செல்வார்கள்? ஆடவர் பல தடவை மணம் புரிந்துகொள்ளும் பழக்கம் இருந்திருக்கிறது என்பது இதனால் தெரிகிறது. ஆனால் பெண்கள் மறுமணம் செய்து கொள்ளும் பழக்கம் பண்டைத் தமிழகத்தில்

இல்லை. கணவனை இழந்தவள் நோன்பு இருந்து கைம்மைத்துயருடனேயே காலம் கழிக்க வேண்டும் என்பது அந்தக் காலத்துச் சட்டம். இது நாம் அறிந்ததே! அரண்மனையிலே 'அந்தப்புரங்கள்' இருந்தன அக்காலத்தில். அதன் பொருள் என்ன? பெண்களை ஆண்கள் பார்க்கக்கூடாது என்பது! அந்தக் காலத்திலே கோவில்களிலே நடன மாதர்கள் (தேவதாசிகள்) இருந்திருக்கின்றார்கள் அவர்கள் எல்லோரும் இளமையிலேயே பெற்றோர்களால் கடவுளுக்கென்று 'அர்ப்பணம்' செய்யப்பட்டவர்கள். அவர்கள் மரணம் வரை 'மணம்' செய்து கொள்ளாமல் வாழவேண்டும் என்பது சட்டம். 'பெண்கள் கல்வியில் முதிர்ந்திருந்தார்கள் முற்காலத்தில்' என்று முடிவுகட்டுகின்றனர். இன்று இதற்கு ஆதாரம், ஔவையார், காக்கை பாடினியார் போன்று விரல் விட்டு எண்ணி விடக்கூடிய ஒரு சில பெண்பாற்புலவர்கள், கோப்பெருந்தேவிகள், அங்கவை, சங்கவை ஆகிய பாரி மகளிர் ஆகியோரே யாகும். சரோஜினி நாயுடு, விஜய லட்சுமி பண்டிட், அம்மு சுவாமி நாதன், அமிர்தகௌரி மற்றும் கல்லூரியில் கற்கும் சில பெண்கள் இவர்களை வைத்துக்கொண்டு 'எங்கள் நாட்டுப் பெண்கள் கல்வியில் தேர்ந்தவர்கள், என்று நாம் கூறுவது எப்படி தவறானதோ, அப்படியே தான் ஒரு சில பெண்மணிகளைக்கொண்டு முற்கால மாதர்களின் கல்வி நிலையை வரையறுப்பதுபொருந்தாததாகும். பெண்களுக்குச்சங்ககாலத்திலே சொத்துரிமை இருந்ததாக எந்த ஆதாரமும் நமக்கு அறிவிக்கவில்லை. செல்வர்கள் வீட்டுப்பெண்களுக்குத் திருமணத்தின் போது 'சீர்கள்' கொடுக்கப்பட்டன; அவ்வளவுதான். பெண்கள் 'புலிப்பல் கொண்டு வந்தவனைத்தான் மணந்து கொள்வார்கள்' என்று இப்படி எத்தனையோ நியதிகள் கூறப்பட்டுள்ளன 'பெண்கள் விரும்பியவனைத் தான் திருமணம் செய்து கொண்டனர்' என்று கூற. ஆயினும், கோவலன் கண்ணகி மணம், இங்கே கூற இடமில்லாத இன்னும் எத்தனையோ மூவேந்தர்களின் மணம் ஆகியவைகளில் இந்த முறை கையாளப்பட்டதாகத் தெரியவில்லை. எல்லாம் பெற்றோர்களின் சம்மதத்தைப் பெற்றுத்தான் நடந்திருக்கின்றன. பெண்களின் விருப்பம் வேண்டப்படவே இல்லை. பெரும்பாலும் வீரனைத்தான் மணந்து கொள்ள வேண்டும் என்பதற்கு நியதி உண்டே ஒழிய நடை முறையில் நடக்கவில்லை என்று தான் நான் கூறுகிறேன்.

இவ்வளவும் ஒரு பெண்ணுக்கு இல்லையானால் அவள் எந்த நிலையில் வாழ்ந்திருக்கவேண்டும் என்று நீங்களே சிந்தித்துக் கொள்ளுங்கள்.

இவைகளை யெல்லாம் கண்டுதான் ஔவையார், 'நல்ல ஆடவர்களைப் பெற்றிருக்கின்ற நாடு தான் நல்ல நாடு' என்று பாடினார். அவரது அறை கூவல் இன்றைய சமுதாயத்திற்கும் வேண்டியதாகத்தான் இருக்கிறது இன்றைய நிலைக்கென்று எழுதப்பட்டது போலவே தான் இருக்கிறது அப்பாடல். ஆகவே 'ஆடவர்கள்' நல்லவர்களாக எந்நாட்டில் இருக்கின்றார்களோ அந்நாடு தான் நன்னாடு என்ற ஔவையாரின் மொழி அமுதமொழி! அந்த மொழி அன்றும், இன்றும், என்றும் மறுக்கப்படாத, மறுக்க முடியாத ஒரு மணிமொழி என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை!

ஆகவே, ஆடவர்கள் நல்லவர்களாக வாழ்ந்து, நாட்டுக்கு நல்ல பெயர் ஒன்று நாட்டுவார்களாக!

# மறக்கலாமோ?

P. M. கணபதி

1. உயர்வான கருமத்தில் ஈடு பட்டு
    உணவை நாம் ஒருவேளை மறந்திட்டாலும்
சயங்கருதி வெளிநாடு சென்றே இன்பச்
    சகத்தினையே விரும்பாது தவிர்த்திட்டாலும்
அயர்வின்றி வேலையினை மகிழ்ந்தே செய்து
    அரும்பருவ நலத்தினைநாம் அகற்றிட்டாலும்
துயரான வாழ்வினைமேற் கொண்டாலும்நம்
    துங்கமிகு ஊரீசை மறக்க லாமோ?

2. கல்லூரிப் படிப்பதனை முடித்து விட்டுக்
    கருத்தோடு பொருள்சேர்த்துக் களிக்கும் போதும்
இல்லாளோ டினிதாக வாழ்ந்தே யின்ப
    இளங்குழவி மழலை மொழி மகிழும் போதும்
நல்லார்கள் பல்லோரின் நட்பே நாடி
    நாளுமே நலம்பலவும் நண்ணும் போதும்
கல்லாத எம்மனோர் கருத்தே ஓங்கக்
    கல்வி-தந்த ஊரீசை மறக்க லாமோ?

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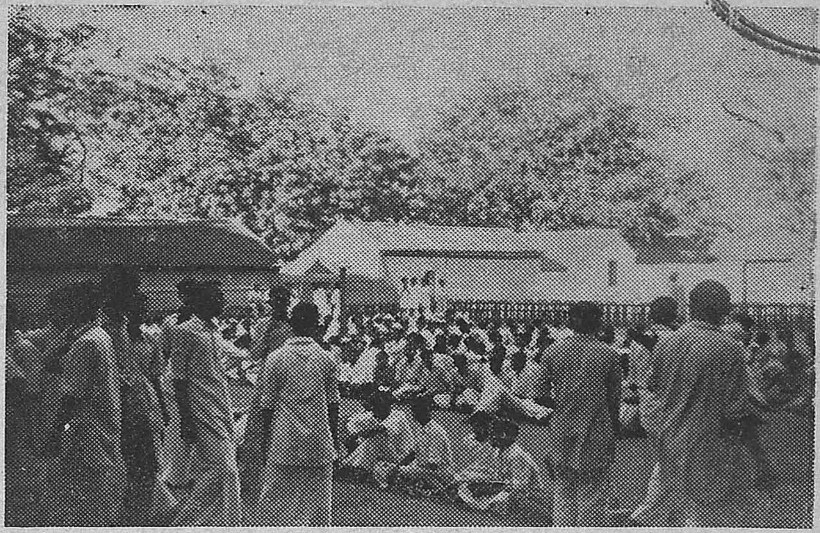
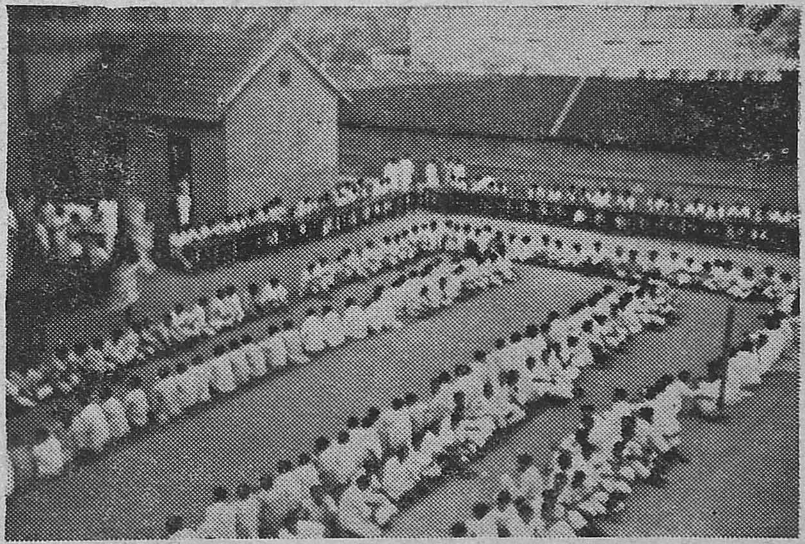


TEA ON ASSOCIATIONS DAY.
V. R. Satchithanandamoorthy, II U.C.



TEA ON ASSOCIATIONS DAY.
V. R. Satchithanandamoorthy, II U.C.

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# విషరుహ విలాపము

కె. రామిరెడ్డి
1st U. C.

" భానుఁడు పశ్చిమాద్రిపయి - భాసిలుచుండెను శీతవాతముల్
మేనులఁదన్పఁగా సఖిస - మేతుఁడనై కమలాకరంబుతీ
రానఁ జరించుచుండి కమ - లాప్తుని రాగపదాకరంబులం
బానముఁజేయునాఁ బఱఁగు - వారిజరాజముఁ గాంచిలుబ్ధుఁడై,

సలిలములడిగ్గి చనివారి - జమునుడాసి
అరుణ పాదాలకాంతిని - హాసుమీదు
దాని, విరిరాణిఁ, ద్రుంచి షే - దరినిఁజేర
వేదనాయుతి ననుబల్కె - బిసరుహంబు. "

" ఓరినీ ఊాదమంతయు నారిపోవ!
నిరతసంతోష వీధి విహారహృష్ట
లలితజీవంబు దుమ్మున దులిపిపెట్టఁ
గరములెట్లాఁడెరా నీకుఁ - గఠినహృదయ!

త్రేపుఁలమాపులందు మిము రెమ్మిమదీయ సురూపభాగ్యపీ
చీపటలాల్ మనంబులను జేరఁగఁజేసి నితాంతదుఃఖముం
బాపినపాపమూరయిది! ప్రాణముగుప్పనముచ్చిలించితే!
యాపదఁగాసినారలకయాపద రోయుటమీకు నైజమా!

చలిత దళపుంజములనొప్ప - జలకణాళి
వరుసలాలంబి మౌక్తికసరులఁబోల,
మందమందంబుగావీచు గంధవహాపు
వీచులందూఁగు తోయజంబుఁబాచితోకొ!

పిల్లతెమ్మెర తెరలలో నల్లనల్లఁ
జంగలించెడి పుష్పాడి షట్పదాళి
చయములకు ప్రేమ నాహూతిఁ జలుపుచుండఁ
గందళితమానసంబులఁ గదియవచ్చి
యాసవాస్వాదనోద్భవా హ్లాదినరుఁగు ;
నిట్టిపుణ్యుండ నే నీకు – చెట్టయాదె !

నవనీతంబును మించెడి
నవకముతో నలరుచుండు – నాదళ నికరం
బవలోకించి మనంబునఁ
జవిఁజూచితి వాక్కోయీను – చతురత్వంబున్ !

కవులు తమకవిత నెపుడు కమలములను
జాలవర్ణించిమృదు వస్తువులమృణాల
పేశలములనఁ బరికించు పేరుటాసఁ
గానిచేఁతకుఁ గడఁగితే – కర్కశాత్మ ?

కాసారమనోజ్ఞోర్మి
వాసంతకిశోరస్పర్శఁ – బ్రచలితనౌనన్
బాసిన కతమున మ్రాన్పడి
గాసినితూడిడెడి బాష్ప – కణములఁగంటే ?

ఆసవరస పానముకై
యాసలు గగనంబుదాక – నలివర్గము నం
బాసినబిసినిద్దఱియుచు
మోసంబని తఱలుచుంట – మోసలచూవే !

తూరుపుతుంగశృంగమునఁ దోచినదాదితదీయపూతపా
దోరురుచుల్ పయిం బఱపియుబ్బనుగూర్చి ప్రఫుల్లనౌచు పెం
పారిన సంతసంబు మెయినాఁడెడినన్గని రోషమందుక
ల్హారవిపక్షుఁడేగునదె ! – హంతకు సిగ్గన నొల్లకద్రికిన్,

ఓరినీయెద ఎంత సారోపలంబు !
ప్రకృతిమాతయే జాలినిఁబలవరింప
బధిర భావానస్నేహిత – వారమునకు
నందమునుబోల్చి నుడువుచు – నఱుగుచుంటి,

జగమునలరించు శోభతోఁజాలనొప్పు
దళచయంబెల్లమృత్తికఁ గలియునింక ;
తేఁటిమిన్నల యెఱకలఁ దేలియాఁడు
రజమురాజిల్లురా దుమారంబునందు !

రక్తదళచయ నిర్గతరాగకాంతి
సంజభానునికిరణాలసంగమించి,
రాగముదయింపఁజేయు విరాగులందు ;
వెడగునీకెట్లు కల్గురా వెడఁదబుద్ధి ?

క్షణముమునుపటకంకణ గణమునందు
పూతజలకంబులాడుచు – శీతవాత
పోతసంస్పర్శచే నొప్పి – యాతనలకు
లక్ష్యమైతిని కోరికలంతబాసి !

జంతుకోటిని యుత్తమ జాతియందు
జన్మదాల్చియు జడముకు షట్పదముల
కుండుకారుణ్యమైననీ – కుండకుండె
మానవుడో ! లేక కఠినపా – షాణమొక్కొ !

కేవలంబు సంతసింపఁ గీడురోయఁ బోకస
ద్భావమెఱిఁగిజీవకోటి దయగఁజూఁడనేర్తువం
చీవునెఱపినట్టి చేఁతనెన్నఁడేనిఁ దలఁపఁగాఁ
బోవటంచునమ్మినుడువఁ బూనినాఁడ నాత్మలోన్."

"అట్లుకొఱకొఱ యూపిరి – నస్మదీయ
చెట్టుచేఁతకుఁ బెల్లుగఁ – దిట్టిపోసి,
యుస్సురని పీడెనక్కట ! – యుసురు, నాదు
కంటఁదోలఁకెను నయనాంబు – కణగణాళి !!! "

# భ్రమ

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ఎన్. ఎమ్. ఇ. రాజామణి
II U. C.

నేను శోభ ఒక్కయూరియందు పెరిగి పెద్దవారమైతిమి. బాల్యమునుంచి మాయింటి ప్రక్కనగల పాఠశాలయందు విద్యను గఱచితిమి. మా యిరువురి గృహములు ప్రక్కప్రక్కన యుండుటచే ఇంటినుండి బడికి వెళ్లునప్పుడుగాని బడి నుండి యింటికి వచ్చునప్పుడుగాని మేమిరువురం జతగనుండెడివారము నన్నువిడచి శోభ, శోభను విడచినేను ఒక్కక్షణమైననూ వుండెడివారము కాము. రాత్రులయం దొకప్పుడు తను మాగృహమునందు పరుండెడిది మరియొకప్పుడు నేను వారి గృహ మునందు పరుండెడిదానను. మా స్నేహమునుచూచి అసూయ పడెడివారు, ముచ్చట నొందెడివారును గలరు. ఏదియెట్లున్నను మా స్నేహమునకు ఆ పాఠశాల యందు విద్యముగించునంతవరకు యెట్టి అవాంతరముగాని, యెట్టి ఆటంకముగాని కలుగలేదు. మాకష్టసుఖములను సరిసమముగ పంచుకొనెడివారము. స్నేహమనగా మాదేయని తలంచి యుప్పొంగి పోయెడివారము. ఆపాఠశాలయందు విద్యపూర్తి యగుటతోడనే మేమిరువురము ఏకీభవించి పట్టుపట్టి విజయవాడయందుగల కళా శాలయందు ప్రవేశించితిమి. అచట రెండు సంవత్సరములు మాజీవితము నిర్విఘ్న ముగ జరిగిపోయెను. పరీక్షలయందు శోభ మొదటి తరగతియందుత్తీర్ణురాల య్యెను. దురదృష్టవశాత్తు నేను అపజయమును గాంచితిని. శోభయొక్క తలిదండ్రు లామెకు గావించిన వాగ్దానము ననుసరించి మద్రాసునందుగల వైద్య కళాశాలకు పంపించిరి. నాయొక్క తలితండ్రులను శోభతోబాటు మద్రాసునకు పంపుమని పరిపరి విధముల ప్రాధేయపడితిని అయితే నేను అపజయము నొందుటచే ఆ ప్రయ త్నమును మానుకొనుమనిరి. ఇష్టమున్న విజయవాడయందేయుండి తిరిగి సెప్టెం బరునందు పరీక్ష వ్రాయుమనిరి. నాకిష్టములేకపోయినప్పటికిని గత్యంతరములేక విజయవాడయందే నాయొక్క చదువును ప్రారంభించితిని. నాస్నేహితురాలి యెడ బాటును సహించలేకపోతిని, కంటికి మంటికి నేకధారగ ఏడ్చితిని. కాలము చెడ్డ దైనప్పుడెంత నేర్పరియగు పురుషుడును హానిలోతు గుండములలో మునిగిపోవును.

ఒకవేళ తేలినచో నొక్కంత జీవితముతో గట్టుచేరును. తుపానులచే నెగురుచున్న యలలుగల సముద్రము మీద యోడ యొడ్డును జేరగలదా? ఆలు బిడ్డలను, రాజ్యమును పోగొట్టుకొని హరిశ్చంద్రుడు మాలని గొల్చెను. మిక్కిలి స్వార్థ త్యాగముగల నలచక్రవర్తి యడవులలో సంచరించెను. పుట్టినప్పటినుండి కష్ట మన్నది యెరుగని గౌతముడీ లోకభోగములను విడిచెను. భుజబలశాలులగు మగంద్రయిదుగురుండియు ద్రౌపది ఒరులకూడిగ మొనర్చెను. శస్త్రాస్త్ర విద్యలలో పేరొందిన భీష్మునకు అంపసెజ్జ ప్రాప్తించెను. కాలచక్రములోని యాకులనడకను దప్పించుకొని పోవుట కెవ్వరికిని వీలుగాదు. రాజును బంటుగాను, బంటునురాజు గాను, ధైర్యశాలిని బిఱికి వానిగాను, కళాహీనుని దేజముగలవానిగను, దేజోయు తుని దీనునిగను చేయునట్టి మహావైభవముచే ప్రకాశించు కాలము అను విచిత్ర కార్యకరుని బ్రహ్మలోకములు తల్లడిల్ల నెట్లు సృష్టించెనో! విధి బలీయము. భగ వంతుని అనుగ్రహము లేనిదే పురుషప్రయత్నము వ్యర్థము. భగవంతుడే మాస్నేహ మును చూచి ఓర్వలేక పోయినప్పుడు నేనేమిచేయుట? అసహాయురాలనైతిని, నే నెంతగా దుఃఖించితినో నానెచ్చెలియగు శోభకూడ అంతగ దుఃఖించెను. కన్నీటి ధారలతో నానెచ్చెలిని వీడ్కొంటిని.

ఈ విధముగ కొంతకాలము జరిగిపోయెను. సెలవు లిచ్చినప్పుడు మా స్వగ్రామమునందు నేను, శోభ కలసికొనెడి వారము. కళాశాల యందున్న ప్పుడు లేఖలమూలముగ యిరువురము సంభాషించుకొనెడివారము. సెలవులందు ప్రతిదినము సాయంత్రములయందు వాహ్యాళికి పోవుచుండెడివారము. మాకళాశాల కబుర్లు నేను తనకు చెప్పుతూవుంటే శోభనాకు ఆమెయొక్క కళాశాల కబుర్లు, మద్రాసునందలి వింతలు, వినోదాలు మొదలగునవి అతిముచ్చటగా చెప్పుతూ వుంటే నేను పరమానందభరితురాలనై ఆసంగతులను వినుచుండెడిదానను. ఈ విధ ముగ మా దసరాసెలవులన్నియు దినమొకగడియగ గడచిపోయినది. ఇరువురము ప్రయాణమునకు సిద్ధపడితిమి. మాగమ్యస్థానములను జేరుకొంటిమి నాకు పరీక్షలు సమీపించుకొలది శోభతోడ లేఖల సంభాషణను కొంతవఱకు తగ్గించుకొంటిని.

కళాశాలయందుగాని హాస్టలుయందుగాని నాతోడి బాలిక లందరు నాతో స్నేహముగనే మెలగుచుండెడివారు. కానీ శోభవంటి అంతరంగిక మిత్రు లెవరు నాకు లేకపోయిరి. అప్పటితో అట్టిమిత్రులయొక్క అవసరంకూడ నాకు లేక పోయినది. ఈ విశాల ప్రపంచమునందు శోభకు నేను నాకు శోభయు స్నేహితు లము. అంతకంటె కావలసినదీ ప్రపంచమందేదియు మాకు లేదు.

గోడమీది గడియారం పదనొకండుగంటలు కొట్టింది. నేను చదువుచుండిన రసాయన శాస్త్ర బోధినిని మూసిపెట్టి నా పరుపును మేడపైకి తీసుకొనిపోతిని. నాగదిక్రిందనే యున్నను రాత్రులయందు మేడపై నిద్రించుట నాకు పరిపాటై పోయినది. ఆరాత్రి మలయానిల మతిమందముగ వీచుటచే నుక్కబోయుచుండెను. ఈ మేడపంచలో పరుండిన హాయిగా ఉండునని భావించి నాతోకూడనున్న సఖిని, హేమాను బయటపరుండెదమాయని అడిగితిని కాని వారుదానికి సమ్మతించలేదు. గదియందే నిద్రించిరి నేను నాపట్టును విడువక నాపరుపును బయట పరచుకొని దానిపై పరుంటిని. శోభయుండినయెడల నేనావిధముగ ఒంటరిగాపరుండి యుండెడి దాననా? లేదు అంతరంగిక మిత్రులయొక్క అవసరం అప్పుడే నాకర్థమైనది. కొంతసేపు శోభనుగూర్చి తలంచుకొంటిని అటుతరువాత దూరమందున్న తలిదండ్రులను స్మరణజేసికొంటిని "వారు నన్నెందుకు చదివించుచున్నారు? నేనేదో వారిని ఉద్ధరిస్తానను నమ్మకముచేతనే కదా వారంత ద్రవ్యమును ఖర్చుచేసి నన్ను చదివించుట మరి నాయొక్క బాధ్యతేమిటి? నాయొక్క విధిని నేను సరిగ నిర్వర్తిస్తున్నానా? లేదా? యని నాలోనేను ప్రశ్నలువేసికొని వాటికి సమాధానములను నాయొక్క అంతరాత్మనడిగినాను. ఈ విధముగ నా మనస్సు పరిపరి విధముల పరుగెత్తసాగెను. కృష్ణ పక్షమగుటచే నంబరవీధి నక్షత్రములతో ధగధగ మెఱయుచుండెను. వీధులందలి విద్యుద్దీపములు ప్రకాశించుటలేదు. ప్రపంచమంతా నిద్రాదేవత యొడిలో గాఢసుషుప్తిలో మునిగియుంది. నిద్రాదేవి నాడు ఏలనో నాతో వైరమూనెను, నేనింకా యేదోఆలోచిస్తూ పరుండి యున్నాను. వెంటనే ఒంటరిగ పరుండియున్నాననుమాట జ్ఞాపకమువచ్చినది. భయముచే ఒడలు జలదరించెను. నిద్రాభారముచే నాకనురెప్పలు మూతలువడెను బడలికచే గాఢమైన నిద్రకలిగెను. నేనావిధముగ ఎంతసేపు పరుంటినో నాకుతెలియదు హఠాత్తుగ నాకు మెలకువ కలిగెను. నానిద్ర కంతరాయముకలిగించిన దొక భయంకరమైన శబ్దము ఆ శబ్దమేమిటో తెలుసా! ఒకదొంగ మేడపైన గునపముతో కన్నము చేయుచున్నట్టి శబ్దము రాళ్లు జలజల రాలుచున్న శబ్దము. ఇక యేమాత్ర మాలస్యము చేసిననూ ఆకన్నముద్వారా దొంగవచ్చి నన్ను యముని గృహమునకతిథిగపంపును ఇప్పుడు నేను చేయవలసిన కర్తవ్యం? ఇంతటితోనే నాజీవిత యాత్రను ముగించవలయునా? యేమో అంతే కాబోలు లేచుటకునాకు కాళ్లుచేతులు ఆడలేదు నాముఖమునం దొక్క నెత్తురుచుక్కయైనను లేదు. కాళ్లుచేతులు చల్లబడినవి. దొంగమరింత గట్టిగా గునపముతో కన్నముచేయుచున్నాడు ప్రతిఒక్కొక్క గునపపుపోటు నా హృదయమును చీల్చివేయుచున్నట్లనిపించెను. కొంతసేపటికి ధైర్యము తెచ్చుకు

న్నాను నిశ్శబ్దముగ పిల్లినడకలతో హేమాయొక్క గదిని సమీపించినాను వణకుచున్న హస్తములతో తలుపులను తెరచినాను హేమాకు, సుశీకి మధ్య కొంత స్థలముంటే అచ్చట కిక్కురు మనకుండ పరుంటిని. దొంగ కన్నము చేయుచున్న శబ్దము మరింత స్పష్టముగ వినవచ్చుచుండెను యేమిచేయుట? నెమ్మదిగ సుశీపై నా చేయివేసి సుశీ, సుశీ అని పిలచినాను. ఆమె అకస్మాత్తుగా లేచుటచే గట్టిగ తనకు ఇష్టమువచ్చినట్లు కలవరించుటకు ప్రారంభించెను. గట్టిగ ఆమెయొక్క నోరు నా హస్తములచే మూసి నెమ్మదిగ లేపి సంగతినంతయు విపులముగ చెప్పితిని. ఆమె దొంగలేదు గింగలేదు పో, మంచినిద్ర చెడగొట్టినావు. ఇక మళ్లీనిద్ర పట్టునా? అని చెప్పుతూనే తిరిగి గురకలుపెట్టి నిద్రించుటకు మొదలుపెట్టినది, అయ్యో కర్మమా, యీమెతో నేనేమి చేయుట? నిద్రయందు కుంభకర్ణునికి సోదరి వలె ఉన్నదని తలంచి మరియొక ప్రక్కనున్న హేమాపై చేయివేసి, మరియొక చేయిని ఆమె నోటిపైనుంచి నెమ్మదిగ లేపితిని. నోటివద్ద చేయి యెందుకా అని పాఠకులు సందేహించుదురేమో మరేమికాదు సుశీమాదిరి హేమకూడ గట్టిగ కలవరించుటకు మొదలుపెడితే కొంప మునిగిపోదూ? దొంగ ఆమె అఱుపులు విని మా ముగ్గుర్ని తనయొక్క ఖడ్గానికి బలియిస్తే నేనేమి చేయగలను? అందుకనే ముందుగనే జాగ్రత తీసికొని హేమానోటిపై నా హస్తముంచినాను ఆమె లేచినది నెమ్మదిగా "హేమా నీకు శబ్దంవినబడుతున్నదా? యింకేమున్నది? దొంగ కన్నముచేయుచున్నాడు కొద్దిసేపటికి ఇచటకువచ్చి మనల్ని ముగ్గురను తనయొక్క కత్తికి ఎఱగాచేయును" అని అన్నాను ఆమె శాంతముతో మరియొకసారి ఆశబ్దమును గమనించి ఆకర్ణించినది. "నిజమే నీవుచెప్పినది ముమ్మాటికి నిజం. కర్తవ్యం" అని నన్ను అడిగినది. దానికిప్రత్యుత్తరముగ మరియొకమారు సుశీని లేపి హేమా నేను నాలుగు తిట్లుతిట్టి క్రిందికి దిగుమని చెప్పితిమి. నాకు మెట్లమీదనుండి క్రిందకు మొట్టమొదట దారితీయుటకు భయం యెందుకనగా క్రిందనే ఒకవేళ దొంగవుంటే యెలా? పోనీ సుశీని, హేమాను ముందుపంపి వారివెనుకనే నేనుకూడ వెళ్లామా అంటే అదీభయమే ఎందుకో తెలుసా నావెనకాలె దొంగవచ్చి నామెడమీద కత్తిపెడితే యెట్లాగు? అందుకని నేనేమి చేసియుందునో పాఠకులూహించి యుందురా? మరేమి పెద్ద కార్యము చేయలేదుకాని హేమాకు, సుశీకి మధ్యనిలబడి యెట్లయితేనేమి క్రిందికి దిగినాము కాళ్లుచేతులు గజగజ వణకుచున్నది నడుస్తుంటే కాళ్లు తొట్రిల్లుచున్నవి నెమ్మదిగ మా వార్డను యొక్క గదిని సమీపించి తలుపు తట్టితిని. ఆమెలేచి బయటకువచ్చి సంగతేమియని ప్రశ్నించెను. కానీ యెవరు జవాబిస్తారు? అందరు భయముచే వణకుచున్న వీరాగ్రేసరులమే. మరియొకమారు సంగతేమని ప్రశ్నించిరి

ఊహూ బదులులేదు మూడవమారు ముఖముచిట్లించుకొని కోపముతో సంగతేమియని ప్రశ్నించెను. నేను కొంచం ధైర్యంతెచ్చుకొని వణకుచున్న అధరములతో క్రిందివిధముగ జవాబిచ్చితిని.

దొం...గ...క...న్న...ము....చే...యు...చు...న్నాడు.

మావార్డనుకు కొంచెం సందేహం కలిగింది యేలయన సమయ మటువంటిది. గోడమీది గడియారం రెండుగంటలు కొట్టినది కుక్కల యఱపులు అతిభయంకరముగ వినవచ్చెను సరే నాతోకూడ మీ అందరు పైకిరండిఅని ఆమెచెప్పినది ఆమె తరువాత నేను, నా తరువాత హేమ, హేమాతరువాత సుశీ వరుసగ మెట్లపై తడబడుచున్న అడుగులతో నడచుచూ మేడపైకి చేరుకుంటిమి ఇంత గందరగోళం జరిగినా దొంగమాత్ర తనపని మానలేదు. మా వార్డను ఆ శబ్దమును జాగ్రత్తగా ఆలకించినది ఆమెకేదో సందేహం కలిగినది వెంటనే ప్రక్కయింటివైపు తొంగి చూచినది మేమంతా ఆమెను వెంబడించి అటువైపు తొంగిచూచి పక్కున నవ్వితిమి యెందుకో పాఠకు లూహించగలరా ?

మా హాస్టలుప్రక్కన వంటచెఱకునమ్మేడి అడితి కలదు. ఆమధ్య వంట చెఱకునకుకూడ కంట్రోలు వుండెడిదికదా ? అందువలన రక్షకభటులకు భీతి చెందిన వంట చెఱకుల ఆసామి మధ్యరాత్రియందు లారీలో వంటచెఱకును రప్పించెను. అందు పెద్ద దుంగలుండెను వాటి నొక్కొక్కటిగా క్రిందికి పడద్రోయుచుండిరి ఆ శబ్ధము సరిగ్గా దొంగ కన్నముచేయుటవలన యేర్పడిన శబ్దమును పోలియుండెను. నేను విన్నశబ్దము వంటచెఱకువలన యేర్పడిన శబ్ధమేకానీ వేఱుకాదని భావించితిని. నాప్రక్కనున్న హేమా సుశీ, మా వార్డను నాయొక్క ధైర్యమునకు మెచ్చి మేకతోలు నాపై కప్పినారు. ఈ సంగతిని పరీక్షలయిన పిమ్మట ఇంటికి వెళ్లినప్పుడు మా శోభతోచెప్పితే తను వూరుకుందనుకున్నారా ? పొట్ట బ్రద్దలయ్యేలాగున నవ్వింది. అంతేకాదు నేను కనపడినపుడల్లా నన్ను హేళన చేయుచుండెడిది. నాయొక్క పిచ్చి భ్రమకు నాలోనేనే నవ్వుకున్నాను.

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# సుహృల్లేఖ

ఎమ్. రామానాయుడు (I. U. C.)

మిత్రమా!

ఉభయకుశలోపరి. నీలేఖను మిత్రునిగాంచిన కమలముబోలె వికసిత వదనుండనై యాద్యంతము నాకన్నులారగాంచి మిక్కిలి సంతోషించితిని. నీనెమ్మనంబున నాయందుగల ప్రేమ యపారము. ఏకగర్భ సంజాతులయందువలె మనమిద్దర మధ్య వృద్ధిపొందుచున్నయనురాగలతను దలంచుకొని తన్మయుడనై యావద్భారతీయులు సయితము తమవిభేదములబోనాడి మనవలె నెందులకన్యోన్యముగా సోదరభావముతో సుహృదయులై మనరాదని విచారించుచు నాతన్మయత్వమునుండి విడివడెడువాడను. "మానవులమధ్య విభేదాలు అడ్డుగోడలు కట్టగలవుగాని మనస్సులు మంచివైతే నవియే పూలవంతెనలు నిర్మించగలవ"ని యొక మహనీయుడు వచించిన విషయము నాకిప్పుడు జ్ఞప్తికివచ్చినది. ప్రతిభారతీయుడును తనపూర్వుల ప్రతిష్ఠను, దేశగౌరవమును దలంచి తానొకభారతీయుడుగా జన్మించినందులకు గర్వించి శిథిలమైన జాతిగౌరవమును మరియొకమారు పునః ప్రతిష్ఠింప సంకల్పించుట వాని విధి. భావిభారత దేశ రూపురేఖలనుతీర్చి దిద్దవలసిన విధాతలమగు మనవంటి యువకుల కర్తవ్యమేమి? వారేవిధముగా నడచుకొనవలయునను విషయము నేనీ లేఖయందు బొందుపఱుప దలచినాను.

పూర్వమునుండియు భరతఖండము వీరవరులవిజయ పరంపరలచేతను. నీతిమంతుల మంత్రాలోచనాశక్తిచేతను, ధర్మతత్పరుల ధర్మనిర్ణయములను, విశిష్టసంపదలచేతను, అఖండవిక్రమయశోవిశాలురైనరా రాజుల పాలనంబులదేదీప్యమానమై మేదినియందు దక్కిన మహాభూఖండములకెల్ల దలలోమాణిక్యమై దనప్రతిభ ప్రపంచమందలి మారుమూలలకు సయితము వ్యాపింప, దీప్తిమంతంబై విరాజిల్లుచుండినది. ఆహా! యేమికాల వైపరీత్యము!! కాలచక్ర పరిభ్రమణంబున పరస్పర విరుద్ధములగు మార్పులు గన్పట్టుచుండును. క్రిందుమీదగును, మీదుక్రిందగును. నాడన్ని దేశములకన్న మిన్నయై యొప్పారుచుండినదేశము నేడు నామమాత్రావశిష్టమై పరదేశీయులు పీల్చిపిప్పిజేసిపోయిన జెఱకుపిప్పివలె నొప్పారుచున్నది. కారణమడయుచో భారతాంబయధః పతనమునకు భారతీయులే మూలకారకులు ప్రేమతోముద్దాడి తనయొడిలో లాలించి బెద్దవానినిజేసిన ప్రేమహృదయ సుకు

మారకరములను కనకంపు కడియములకు బదులు బరువైన యినుపసంకెళ్ళచేనలంకరించి తత్ఫలితమును సుమారురెండు శతాబ్దములవరకనుభవించినాము. తమ పూర్వుల ధర్మములను విస్మరించి, స్వార్థపరత్వము, ఈర్ష్య, మతావేశములను నజ్ఞానాంధకారమున దగుల్కొని ధర్మాధర్మవిచక్షణలేక హైందవుండు దారితప్పినాడు. కొంతకాలము గడచినవెనుక నాదీర్ఘనిశీధము పటాపంచలైనది, సుప్రభాతమాసన్నమైనది. ప్రతిహిందువుని రక్తనాళములు నూతనోత్సాహముతో పులకరించినవి. తనస్థితిని, తోడిమానవుల దీనావస్థను గుర్తెరింగినాడు. భారతాంబ దీనాననయై కన్నీరుగార్చుచుండ నాదుఃఖాశ్రువుల నరికట్ట నమకట్టినాడు. ఆవైనతేయునివలె మాతృదాస్య విమోచనమునకై యాత్మార్పణముగావించి తుదకు ముక్తికాంత బడసినాడు. ఎందరో త్యాగులు, భావిభారతవీరులమగు మనశ్రేయస్సునకై, విశ్వమానవ కల్యాణమునకై, స్వార్థమువిడనాడి తమశరీరముల తృణప్రాయముగ నెంచి యమరత్వమునొందుట నీవెరుగవె.

భావిభారత భాగ్యోదయ మూలకారకులమైన మనవంటి యువకులా యమర జీవుల యడుగుజాడల ననుసరించు టెంతయునొప్పు. వారి యాదర్శమే మనయాదర్శము. వారిలక్ష్యమే మనకులక్ష్యసిద్ధి. జీర్ణించినభారతీయ యశశ్చంద్రికలు మరియొకమారు ప్రపంచమంతట నాచంద్రతారార్కముగా వెలయింపజేసి భారతపుత్రరత్నములనియెడి నామమును స్థిరపరచుకొనవలయును. భావికాలమున సమస్తము ధైర్యసాహసములతోడను గూడుకొనియున్నది. గానధైర్య స్థైర్య జనకమును, శీలనిర్మాణసమర్థమును, ఉజ్జీవనకరమునునగు విద్యయే మనకావశ్యకము క్షుద్బాధాపీడితులై భారతదీనజనకోటి విలపించుచుండ నుద్యోగవాంఛా పూరితులమైతదనుగుణముగా విద్యాభ్యాసముగావించి వారియార్తనాదముల వినుచు స్వార్థపరులై మనుచుండ మానవ సమాజమున మానవత్వమునకు చోటులేదని తెలియుచున్నది. పాలవెల్లినిద్రచ్చి సుధనుబడయగల సంకల్పశక్తి, మృత్యువు నెదుర్కొనవలసివచ్చినను జలింపని యప్రతిహత సంకల్ప బలము, వజ్రప్రహారమునకు సయితము నుక్కుసెడని ఉక్కునరములతోగూడిన శరీరము—ఇవియే మనదేశాభివృద్ధి కిప్పుడు ముఖ్యావశ్యకములు. ఆదర్శవీరుల విలసిల్లజేయగల జాతీయ విశ్వవిద్యాలయములు స్థాపించి దేశమందునిరక్షరాస్యత రూపుమాపిననేగాని ప్రజలు తమ విధ్యుక్తధర్మముల గుర్తెరింగి సక్రమముగ నిర్వర్తింపజాలరు. నేడు మనము సాంఘికముగ నితరదేశీయులకన్న వెనుకబడియున్నాము. సంఘమునందలి శాఖోపశాఖలను రూపుమాపి వర్ణాంతరవివాహములు జరుపుకొన ప్రోత్సహించవలెను. సంఘమునందు

స్త్రీ పురుషభేదముల నెక్కువ పాటించుచు స్త్రీలను కఠినశాసనబద్ధలను గావించి కేవలము సంతానోత్పాదక యంత్రములుగను, స్వాతంత్ర్యములేని కీలుబొమ్మల వలెను, మార్చివైచుట మిక్కిలి శోచనీయము. వారును పురుషులవలె స్వాతంత్ర్య మనుభవించుచు పరిపూర్ణ విద్యావతులుగా మనుచుండిననే వారి గర్భస్థ శిశువు సైతము కమలాకరమం దుద్భవించు కమలమువలె సద్గుణరాశియై వెలుగొందగలడు హిందూజాతియందలి శాఖోపశాఖల నన్నింటిని రూపుమాపి భారతీయులందరేక గర్భసంజాతులవలె మెలగుచు నితరులపై సోదరభావమును బరపుచు నచంచలమైన కృషితో కార్యశూరులమై ముందునకు నడచిపోవునదే మనకర్తవ్యము ఏమి సంభవించినను మనమేలుకొఱకే యనుమనోభావము, ఆత్మవిశ్వాసము నవలంబించి విఘాతములను ప్రతికూల పరిస్థితులనడచు వీరప్రయత్న మొనరింప వలయును.

మతములన్నియు "మానవసేవయే మాధవసేవ" "దయయే దేవుడ"ని ముక్తకంఠముగా జాటించుచుండ మానవులామతము నూతగాగొని యుద్ధముల సృష్టించి భయంకరమైన మానవమారణహోమము జేయ సమకట్టుటజూడ నామతమునకు వారే చీడపురుగులని తోచకమానదు. అన్నిమతములు సయితము మతసహనము గలిగియుండవలయునని యుద్బోధించుచుండ వీరికీ మూఢత్వమేందులకు? అన్నిమతముల సారాంశ మొక్కటియే. ఒకటి 'అహింసాపరమోధర్మః' యనిన మఱియొకటి హింసాపరమోధర్మః' యని నుడువదు. ఒకటి సత్యముపలుకుమని బోధించిన మరియొకటి యసత్యముపలుకుమని యుద్బోధించదు అన్నియు దేవుడున్నాడనియే చెప్పును అందరును దేవుని బిడ్డలమనియే నుడువును. కావున విశ్వమానవశ్రేయోభిలాషయే, మానవసేవయే, మనమతముగానెంచి క్షుధార్తులై విలపించుచున్న భారతదీనజన కోటి నేల యుద్ధరింప బూనుకొనరాదు. బైబిలునందు జెప్పబడినటుల "తన సహోదరుని ప్రేమింపజాలనివాడు తనకగోచరుండైన భగవంతునెట్లు ప్రేమింపగలడు" జాతిమత, స్థలభేదములవిడనాడి, నిరాడంబరజీవనులై, శాంతశమదమాది సద్గుణంబులజెలువారుచు సర్వమానవ సహోదరత్వము హృదయముల తాండవింప, ముఖచంద్ర మండలమున శాంతముట్టిపడుచుండ నట్టికరుణా స్వరూపుని గన్నమాత ధన్యజీవినిగాదె. తామసగుణమంత శత్రువువంటిది. దానివలన నేకార్యమును సిద్ధింపదు. మనస్సునకదియశాంతిని గలిగించును. శాంతముతోగూడిన సద్గుణరాశికి నేకార్యమును నెరవేరకపోదు. నేటిపరిస్థితుల ననుసరించి శక్తిసామర్థ్యములతో మనశ్రేయస్సుతోబాటు దేశశ్రేయస్సునకు పాటుపడవలయును గాని పేరుప్రతిష్ఠలకై ప్రాకులాడుటమిక్కిలి నీచము. అట్టివానికి కడపట నద్దానిచేత కీడు

సంభవించును, ఎందరోమహా పురుషులు స్వార్థమునువీడి, తనువును తృణప్రాయముగనెంచి యితరులకై యసువులబాసిరి. అట్టి మహాపురుషులకు మన దేశము పుట్టినిల్లని నీకును సువిదితమే అట్టిపవిత్రభరతఖండమున జన్మించిన మనమేనాటికి పిరికిపందలముగాము, బలహీనులమును గాము, భరతమాత మహాపురుషులకు గొడ్డుపోలేదు. ఊరకున్నావెందులకు? లెమ్ము కార్యరంగమున ముందడుగిడుము, సర్వమానవ సహోదరత్వము, సమానత్వము, సౌభ్రాతృత్వము సిద్ధించువరకు విశ్రమింపకుము. మిత్రమా ఇదియేనాకోరిక.

"సెలవు"

ఇట్లు

'నీ రా మం'

# కవితాకన్య *

మహదేవ్

కవిత్వమొక సుప్రసిద్ధమైనకళ. ఆ కళాసముద్ర మధురవీచికలలో నూయల లూగి, తదుపాసకుడైనవాడు ఆ మధురకవితామృతాస్వాదనమునకై ఆరాట మంది, తబ్బిబ్బై, తారాడుచు, నిత్యసంతృప్తుడై పోవుచుండును. అది యొక మధురమనోహర స్వాప్నికావస్థ కష్టసుఖములు, కలిమిలేములు స్పృహ తెలియరాని దీర్ఘనిద్రావస్థ ఆ విషయమందే మనస్సు లగ్నంబై, తద్దైక చింతనామృతమత్త చిత్తుండై పోవుచుండును. తదుపాసకుడు పుష్పానికిలేని మార్దవము, మంచుకులేని శైత్యము, ప్రవాహమునకులేని వేగము, కత్తికిలేని వాడి, హిమాలయమునకు లేని యౌన్నత్యము, మానవునకులేని వాగ్ధాటి కంటికున్నది. అటువంటి కన్నుగల వాడు కవి. విన్నది విన్నట్టు, కన్నది కన్నట్టు వ్రాయువాడు కవి.

ఈ కవితాకన్య భాషామతల్లి జనించి, చిన్నారి తప్పటడుగులు సవరించు కొని, జిలిబిల పలుకులు పలికి. పెరిగి పెద్దదై యౌవన ప్రారంభదశలో కలిగిన తొలికాన్పు. ఆ ముక్కు పచ్చలారని వయస్సున నామె క్రమశిక్షణలేక, పట్టినదే పైడి మార్గమని, కుమార్గములలో నొడి దుడుకులు పడినది. వ్యాకరణవల్లభుడు కైవశముగావించు కొనినపిదప నామె స్వచ్ఛందమార్గములో తీర్చి దిద్దబడినది.

తెలుగున నీ కవితావిధానము చక్కబడినది. వ్యాకరణబద్ధమైనది నన్నయ కాలమునవచ్చును అంతకుమునుపే కవిత్వముండినను కట్టుదిట్టములులేక కేవలము గానకళారీత్యా మెఱయుచుండినది.

క్రీ. శ. 11 వ శతాబ్ది నన్నయ, నారాయణభట్టు సాయముతో భారత రచనకుద్యుక్తుడాయెను. ఆంధ్రశబ్ద చింతామణిని వ్రాసి భాషను కట్టుపరచినాడు. కవితాకన్యను మధురమైన, మృదువైన నాగరీకతా లోకములో వెలయించినాడు. ఆ వెనుక తిక్కన, ఎఱ్ఱాప్రగ్గడ లామెకు అలంకార భూషణములెన్నియో అలంక రించి పురాణయుగమును సాగించినారు.

పోతన, శ్రీనాథులు నిత్యమును కవిత్వమునే యుపాసించి భక్తి, శృంగార రసములతో నామెను వన్నెకెక్కించిరి. పెద్దనార్యాదులష్టాదశ వర్ణనాదికములు కల్పించి ప్రబంధయుగమునందినారు. పారిజాతాపహరణము, మను చరిత్రాదికములు

సుప్రసిద్ధభూపతులైన వారామెకు. కవిత్వమెల్లరకు నబ్బు కళగాదు. ఉగ్రతపాలతో నబ్బు టొకరీతి నిరంతరకృషిచే లభించు టొకతీరు. జన్మతో వచ్చు పూర్వపుణ్య లభ్యమైన కవిత్వ ముత్తమము. అది ఉదాత్తమై గంభీరమై, రసవత్తరంబై, మనోహర మధుర లలితమై యొప్పారును. నిరంతరకృషిలభ్యము తేజోవంతముకాక కేవలము పదాడంబరములతో నొప్పి యుదాత్తభావ ప్రకటనారాహిత్యమై యుండును.

కవిత్వ సంపద ఒక విధమగు మత్తుమందు. దానిని పెక్కుమంది పెక్కురీతుల ఉపయోగింతురు. కొందఱు పొట్టకూటికై గిట్టనివారికి కట్టిపెట్టుదురు. కొందఱు పవిత్రరీతి మనస్సంతోషమునకు, నాత్మసంతుష్టికి వినియోగింతురు. ఇది యత్యంత శ్రేష్ఠమార్గము. కవిత్వములో నొకవిధమగు వివశత్వము తాండవించును. ఆలహరిలో నున్మత్తుడై సర్వసుఖ మనుభవించునుకవి.

పూర్వకాలమున రాజులే పట్టుగొమ్మ లౌటచే, కవివరులు పెక్కండ్రు వారి మెప్పునకై కవితాకన్యను శృంగారవీధులలో నాట్యమాడించిరి. మఱికొందఱు భక్త్యావేశముచే దైవారాధన కుపయోగపఱచిరి. ఈ కాలమున పెక్కండ్రు శృంగారోపాసకులుగా పరిఢవిల్లుచున్నారు. ఛందోబద్ధమైనచో భావప్రకటన దుస్తరమని భావ కవిత్వమును సృష్టించిరి.

కవిత్వము సామాన్యమైన కళగాదు. ఱాళ్ళను సయితము కరిగించు కళ. ఈ కవితాకన్య మూలముననే పూర్వము ఘోరాహవములుగూడ చెలరేగినవి. శ్రోతలమనస్సులను కలవరపఱచు కన్యామణియీామె. సింగనభూమీపాలుడీమె పాణిగ్రహణమునకే పోతనతో దీర్ఘవైరమూనెను. తిక్కన ఈమె సాహాయ్యము ననే మనుమసిద్ధిని బాధ విముక్తునిగా జేసెను. 'దానధర్మములు మొదలుకొని దారుణయుద్ధములపఱకు సాయపడగలదిది. అనిమొనసైనికులలో నుష్ణరక్త ప్రవాహంబుగావించి పోరు ఘోరంబుగావింప శక్య. శిలా హృదయులగూడ కరుణామయుల కావింప శక్య.

భావిభారత పౌరులలో చాలమంది యీాకవిత్వకళ నుపాసింపబోవుచున్నారు. ఆభావి పౌరుల హస్తకమలాలలో నాకళ మనోహరరీతి తీర్చి దిద్దబడునట్లు దైవ మనుగ్రహించుగాత ! దీనిచే దేశమునకెంతైనను మేలుగలదు. ఉద్రేకముప్పతిల్ల కలదు.

# మానవత్వము - దైవత్వము

బి. జాన్. ద్వితీయకక్ష్య.

న్యాయము, అన్యాయము, నీతి, అనీతి, సత్యము, అసత్యము, అనునిటువంటి ద్వంద్వబంధుత్వపదము లెన్నియోలభింపవచ్చును. మరియొకరికి నిరర్గళధారగా నచ్చజెప్పవచ్చును. అందులోనే మానవత్వ మణగియున్నది. వానిని ప్రత్యక్షముగా నిదర్శనముగా నిరూపించుటయందే దైవత్వము ధగధగమని మెరయుచున్నది.

రెండవప్రపంచ మహాసంగ్రామమున జర్మనీదేశ సర్వాధికారియై ప్రపంచమునే పటపట లాడించిన హిట్లరువంటివారి జీవితముల నొక్కింత గమనింపుడు. రాయవేలూరు రమణీయమైన పొడుగాటి వీధులందు విశాలనేత్రములుంచుకొని దేశద్రిమ్మరులవలె కట్టగుడ్డలేక, తినుటకన్నము లేక, పరుండుటకు గృహము, పడక రెండునులేక "నా" యనువారు మొదలేలేక అడవిలోని మృగములకన్న హీనస్థితిలోనున్న కపటసన్యాసులనో, సోమరులైన బిచ్చగాండ్రనో, చిక్కి శల్యావశిష్టమైన పిల్లలనో పరికింపుడు. వీరిరువురికిమధ్య నెందుకింత హస్తిమశకాంతర భేదము ధ్వనించినది. ఇరువురు, ఒకేజగమున జన్మించిరి, ఒకవేళ శీతోష్ణస్థితులు, పరిసర ప్రదేశములు భేదపడినంతమాత్రాన యింతటిమార్పుగల్గుటయా, అట్లుగ్రహించుటయే మానవత్వము. అందలిరహస్యమును గుర్తెరుగుటయే దైవత్వము.

ఒకమార్గమధ్యమున మఱ్ఱిచెట్టువలెపుట్టియుండినచో మేలైయుండెడిదని, నా జన్మమే హీనమని తమోగుణమున తమకరింపవలసినది దైవాంశ సంభూతుడగు మానవుడా ? కాదు. సృష్టికంతటికిని రాజుగాసృజింపబడినావు. నీఐశ్వర్య జీవితము, మార్గదర్శకత్వము, విద్యాధనముచూచి సంతోషపడుట కెదురుచూచుచున్న, తల్లిదండ్రులను, గురువులను, తుదకు దైవమునేమరచి లోకరీత్యా సంభవించిన దుఃఖ కష్టముల భరింపలేక ప్రాణములువిడచుటయామానవత్వము, వానినిసంతోషముతో భరించుటయే గొప్పదనము. ఏనాటికైనను చావుతప్పదని యెందుకు అడవులలోనికేగి వసింపరాదు. విద్యకావలె, ధనమార్జించవలె, మేడలుగట్టవలయును. ఈ యుఱ్ఱూత లెందుకు ? ఇదియే మానవత్వము.

నిత్యకల్యాణము పచ్చతోరణముగానుండెడు వృక్షజాలములనొక్కింత నవలోకింపుడు. మానవుడు కదలింపలేని పర్వతరాజములను పరిశీలింపుడు, నిత్యము నీయెదుట సామాన్యముగానుండు పశు,శునకములవంటి మృగముల నవలోకించుడు.

వానిలోను ప్రాణమున్నది. అదియు పెరుగుచున్నవి. మృతిబొందుచున్నవి, వానిలో నీగుణములు, జీవితాశలు వచ్చునకైనను గానరావే. ఇవన్నియు రూపునకు మానవత్వముధరించి లోపలదైవత్వము గల్గియున్నవి.

సర్వము శూన్యమనునట్టి నాస్తికుల విషయమునతప్ప, ఏదేశమందైనను, నేజాతియందైనను దైవత్వమ" నునది గొప్పగా మానవత్వముచే పూజింపబడు చున్నది. తెలతెలవారకయే లేచి చన్నీటస్నానముజేసి అరుణోదయకాంతుల ననుకరించుచు దైవత్వమున దివ్యజీవనము జీవించువారి జీవితములు, ఉద్దేశ్యములు నిష్ఫలములా? ఎటుబోయినను దుఃఖకష్టమయముగా నున్నపుడైనను, దేవుడానీవేదిక్కని మానవత్వము దైవత్వము నశ్రయించుటలేదా? వీరిజ్ఞానమజ్ఞానమా? సర్వమానవ పాపరక్షణకొఱకు తమసర్వజీవితమును సమర్పించుకొని మృత్యుంజయుడై లేచినట్టియు ముక్తిమార్గము చూపినట్టియు యేసుక్రీస్తుయొక్క మూలమార్గము కల్లయా? స్వాతంత్ర్యమే మాజన్మహక్కని రక్తపోరాటములేని రణమున దిగ్విజయముగాంచి నవ్యభారతమునకు సర్వస్వాతంత్ర్యము సంపాదించియిచ్చి తుదకొక మూఢుని చేతిలోప్రాణమును గోల్పోయిన బాపూజీవంటి మార్గదర్శకులు నిష్ఫలులా కారు మున్మాటికి నట్లుతలంచకు.

సర్వము నీచేత నప్పగించబడియు, వానిని సక్రమముగా నుపయోగము జేసికొనలేక మూఢత్వమున మ్రాల్గుట ఉపయోగములేని నీచమానవత్వము. మార్గము తెలియని మానవత్వముకొరకు తమసర్వస్వము నీటివలె ధారవోసినవారే దైవత్వముగల ధన్యులు. రమారమి ఆరువేలసంవత్సరములకు పూర్వము సృజింపబడిన ప్రపంచమున ఆనాటిమానవునికి ఈనాటిమానవునికి జీవితమున నెంతభేదమున్నది. ఆతడెంత నిశ్చింతగా దైవత్వముగా నుండెను. నేడునీవు తళుకుబెళుకు విద్యలతో అటోయిటో నను యుద్యోగములతో, సంతృప్తిలేని జీవితమా నీకు. దైవేచ్ఛయూలేక దైవసృష్టియాయిది. ఇయ్యదియే మానవత్వమందలి మర్మము దైవత్వమందలి ధన్యత్వము.

"తన్నుమాలిన ధర్మము చెడ్డదని" నీతిచంద్రిక నిరూపించుచున్నది. "పరోపకారమిదమ్ రహస్యమని" వేదములు ఘోషించుచున్నది. "మానవసేవయే మాధవసేవయని" ఫ్లారన్సైటింగేలువంటి ఉత్తమ స్త్రీరాజములు తమజీవితమున ప్రత్యక్షముగా చూపియున్నారు ఇంతగొప్ప సాక్షిసమూహము, పవిత్రవేదములు, పారమార్థిక రహస్యములు మనలనావరించి యుండనింకను మానవత్వమర్మమును దైవత్వధన్యతను గుర్తెరుంగకపోవుట కడుశోచనీయమైనది. భువిపై దైవాంశగాజన్మించు

చున్నావు. రానురాను టక్కరి మానవత్వమున మున్గుచున్నావు. వానినిగుర్తించి గుణగణములందభివృద్ధి గాంచ లెమ్ము. రెండుశతాబ్దములుగా పరపాలనలో నలిగిన భారతము సర్వస్వాతంత్ర్యము గాంచలేదా! ధర్మమునకుపాల్పడి అడవుల ఆకులలుములుమేసిన పాండవులు తుదకు విజయముగాంచలేదా. చింతముసలిదైనను పులుసుబోవునా? సింహమువృద్ధమైనచో గడ్డిమేయునా? మానవత్వ మధికమైనచో దైవత్వముబోవునా! చుట్టుప్రక్కల చురచురమని నూతనముగా జన్మించుచు కనిపెటుచున్న శాస్త్రీయాభివృద్ధి నొక్కింతతేరిచూడుము. నీస్వంత యుద్దేశ్యముల ననుసరించుచో సంఘమునకు విరోధికాగలవు. సంఘోద్దేశ్యముల సమర్థించుటకు నీకు శక్తిచాలకపోవచ్చును. మరియుస్వచ్ఛంద సంతృప్తిగాన్పింపక పోవచ్చును. వీటన్నిటిని యోచించి, నిర్ధారణజేసి, పరులకు మార్గదర్శకత్వముగా, జన్మసాఫల్యముగా జీవించుటయే ఉత్తమమానవత్వము.

నీవెటుబోయినను, విద్య, ధనము గౌరవము, హెచ్చినను వచ్చినదారి వెనుకకుజూడుము. పోవుదారిలో గొప్పయుద్దేశ్యములుంచుము. నూతనముగా మొలకలెత్తుచున్న నవీనభారతమున, సర్వరాజహక్కులు గల్గిన స్వతంత్రజీవీ! సర్వశుభములునీకు చేకూడునట్లు దైవత్వమున ధన్యముగాంచుము మానవత్వమును పంకమున కంకించియుండియు.

చేరరారో శాంతిమయమిా నీమ యనుఛాయలో
శుభజన్మంబున – జన్మంబందినరాజా
నీ దివ్యరాజ్యమ్ – నిత్యశుభముల
దైవత్వంబున – వెల్గు లెమ్మా

యన్ననుడుల నుజ్జూతలూగుచు, తామరాకునందలి నీటివోలె పరిశుభ్రజీవితమున, వేమనయంటి మహాయోగులు, బుద్ధునివంటి మానసిక యోజకులు, తెలిపినమార్గములను, వివరించిన యుద్దేశ్యముల సాధ్యమైనంతవరకు సమన్వితముగా సాధించి, మానవత్వమున సత్కీర్తి సద్గతిగాంచుటకు దైవత్వము నిత్యముతోడైయుండి నడిపించుగాక! అందువలన నవీనభారతము నవయువకాంతుల తేజరిల్లి పూర్వపు పుణ్యసద్గతుల, ఔన్నత్యాదర్శముల నభివృద్ధినొంది యాదర్శప్రాయముగా వెలుంగుగాక!

మానవత్వమునవర్ధిల్లి
దైవత్వమున తేజరిల్లుడు
జై హిం ద్

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MADRAS

# యుద్ధంలో సాహిత్యము

యుద్ధమని పేరుజెప్పినంతనే జనులు భయమొందుదురు. ఎందుల కీభయము జనులకు ? యుద్ధమనిన తబ్బిబ్బగుటెందులకని ఒకింత నాలోచించిన తేటతెల్లమగు, హేతువులు, సామాన్యముగ వీధియందు బాలురాడు సంతోషభరితమైన ఆటగాదు యుద్ధము. ఇందు సరససల్లాపములకు, దయాదాక్షిణ్యములకు చోటులేదు. రౌద్రాకారములు దాల్చిన వీరులతోను, మనోవేగంబున బరిగిడు బాంబులతోను, వాన చినుకులవలె లెక్కపెట్ట సాధ్యముగాని విమానంబులతోను, వివిధ విధములగు మారణాయుధంబులతోను ఆధునిక యుద్ధము నిండుకొన్నది. శ్రవణదారణ ఘోరములగు నిస్వనంబులచేత (విన నశక్యమగునట్టి, చెవులు పగులునట్టి శబ్దములు వినబడుచుండు) బాంబు ప్రేలుడులచేత విమానములు ఢీకొనుటచేత, గబాలున బాంబుల తాకుడులచేత పెద్దపెద్ద గృహములు నేలకు కూలుచుండును, తుపాకులు కాల్చునప్పుడు క్రిందపడి, కాళ్ళు తకతక తన్నుకొని, పండ్లు గిట్టుకొని, వికృతాకారమైన మోమువెట్టి ఆక్రందన మాచరించు వీరులను అంతేల, చూడ సాధ్యముగాని దృశ్యములను గాంచవచ్చును యుద్ధభూమియందు. అంతేనా? కాదు. దిమ్మెలు దిమ్మెలుగా కరడుగట్టుకొనియుండును రక్తము, పీనుగలు గుట్టలుగుట్టలుగా పడి క్రుళ్లి వాసన కొట్టుచుండు, కళేబరములందు పురుగులు లుకలుకలాడుచుండు నీయుద్ధభూమియందు ఎంత భయంకరమైనదీ రణరంగము.

ఇట్లు చచ్చినవీరుల భౌతికదేహములకు దహనములేదా ? అంతేనావారిగతి? ఎండకెండి, వానకుతడిసి, చలియనక గిలియనక, రాబందులముక్కులకు భయపడక, తోడేళ్ళ వాడియైనపండ్ల కాట్లను సరకుగొనక, గుంటనక్కల కొరుకులను లెక్కజేయక యుద్ధభూమియందు కుప్పలుకుప్పలుగా బడియున్న వీరులగతింతేనా ?

తొమ్మిదినెలలు మోసి, కని, ఉగ్గుపోసి, పెంచి, పెద్దజేసిన తల్లి కింతేనా ? ఇక రాడాతనపుత్రుడు ? అబ్బా! ఎంతటి ఘోరమైన దీవార్త!! మాతృహృదయము తల్లడిల్లదే? ఛీ! యెందులకీయుద్ధము ? వలదు వలదు !!! వలదిక ప్రజలకు యుద్ధము. ఇంతవరకే ప్రజలు రుచిచూచిరి యుద్ధమును. వారికి తెలుసు – తీపో, కారమో, పులుపో, కాక చేదో–దానిరుచి యుద్ధము సంభవించి దేశమంతయు చెల్లాచెదరై, పంటలులేక, ఆధునిక మారణాయుధంబులు ప్రయోగించుటచేత త్రాగునట్టినీరు మలినమై రోగబీజ గర్భితమైనదానిని త్రాగి రోగమునకెరయై

పడరానిపాట్లు పడిరి జనులు. ఉన్నపంటలు నాశనమగుటచే, క్షామముసంభవించి తినుటకన్నములేక మలమలమాడిపోయిరి. యెందరో కుప్పలు కుప్పలుగా భార్యను వీడి భర్త, తల్లినివదలి పుత్రుండు, అన్ననువదలి చెల్లె-ఇట్లు యెందరో కడుపాత్రమై వేరుపరచబడిరి. ధరాతలముపై కరువు పిశాచములు తాండవముజేసిన దృశ్యము లింకను ప్రజల కండ్లనుండి మరుగుపడలేదు. ఇంతకును మూలకారణము యుద్ధమే. యుద్ధమునకు మూలకారణము "ఆశ" "అసూయ" యనదగు. తానే పెద్దనై ప్రపంచమంతటిని జయించి, యేకచ్ఛత్రాధిపత్యము వహించవలెననెడి కోరిక. ఇది మానవుని మనస్సునుండి మాసినగాని యుద్ధము నిలువదు

అంతేగాదు ముక్కులవరకుమెక్కి, కన్నుగాలు తెలియక, మిట్టపల్లము దెలియక, కండ్లలో క్రొవ్వుపట్టి పొరగట్టుటచే యెదిరిని గానలేక, మంచియనక, చెడ్డయనక ఆలోచించక కిరాతకునివలె విహరించుటచే యుద్ధములు సంభవించుచున్నవి ఇట్టి మదాంధులకు గుణపాఠము నేర్పినగాని యుద్ధమునకు సిద్ధముగారు. అట్లుయుద్ధోన్మాదులకు గుణపాఠమునేర్పుటకు సాహిత్యము తోడ్పడగలదు. అట్టి సాహిత్యము కొందరి చేతులందుమాత్రమే యున్నది. ఎల్లరు కవిత్వమువల్ల జాలరు. ఎల్లరు రచనల రచింపలేరు.

భాషామతల్లికి ముద్దుపుత్రులగు కవులు, ప్రపంచ ప్రసిద్ధ రాజకీయవేత్తలు మొదలగువారు దీనిని గమనించవలెను. తమసాహిత్య నైపుణ్యము నుపయోగించి పామరజనుల కర్థమగునట్టి చక్కని సులభశైలియందు పదములనుపోనిచ్చి ప్రపంచ ప్రజల కొక అమోఘమైన శాంతి సందేశమునందజేయవలెను. ఈ శాంతి సందేశములు, యుద్ధమువలని కీళ్ళను ప్రజల కండ్ల కుగట్టునట్లుండవలెను. తమ రచనలను చదివి, అర్థముజేసికొని రణరంగమనిన యెటువంటిదో సుగమముగావలెను జనులకు విద్యావిహీనులగు ప్రజలనొక్కచో చేర్చి వారికి యుద్ధములుగూర్చి విపులముగ తలకెక్కునట్లు తను సాహిత్యసంపద నుపయోగించి చెప్పవలెను. నిద్రాహారములు లేక కష్టపడ నక్కరలేదు! హేతువేమనిన ఈవరకే ప్రజలకు యుద్ధమనిన యేమని తెలియును. అదియెంతటి సంతసమునుగూర్చునో తెలియకపోలేదు ప్రజలకు.

ప్రతిపౌరుడును ప్రస్తుతము కొరియాయందు జరుగు యుద్ధపు ఫలితములను జూచుచునే యున్నాడు. అల్లారుముద్దుగా బెంచబడిన యెందరు బాలబాలికలు, పాపము పసివారు!! కష్టమనిన తెలియనివారు, హేతురహితముగ తమ ప్రాణములను యుద్ధమధ్యమందు బలియియ్యలేదు. ఎందరు ధీరులు తమ ప్రాణములను గోల్పోలేదు.

ఇక వత్తురావారు ? తలిదండ్రుల జూచుటకు వత్తురా ? భార్యా బిడ్డలతో ముచ్చటలాడుటకు వత్తురా ? మనతో మరొకసారి విందులుగుడుచుటకు వత్తురా ? వారెచ్చటనున్నారు ? ఏరీ ? యెటువెళ్లిపోయిరి ? దాగుకొనినారా కొండ గుహలందు ? లేదు ఉన్నారు అమరధీరులు. ఏ తుపాకికో ప్రాణముల బలియిచ్చి పడియున్నారు రణరంగమందు.

పచ్చి ప్రాణములను నిట్టనిలువునదీసి తమ రక్తదాహమును దీర్చుకొనుచున్న ఈ యుద్ధోన్మాదుల కీశాంతియుతమైన ప్రపంచములో తావున్నదా ? లేదు ముమ్మాటికిలేదు స్వలాభమునకై యెందరిప్రాణముల బలిగొనిరో జూడుడు. నోరులేని పశువులకుచెప్పినను కన్నీరుకార్చక తప్పవు ఈ అమరధీరుల గాథల విన్నంతనే. కాని యీ నరపశువులకు అంతమాత్రమైనను కనికరములేదే తమ సహోదరులపై.

కొరియా రణరంగమందు చెప్పనలవికాని స్త్రీలు యుద్ధోన్మాదుల కిరాత కృత్యములకు తలయొగ్గవలసివచ్చె ఎప్పుడోకొం డొకప్పుడు పాంచాలి వస్త్రము లొలిపించి మానభంగము గావించిరట సభామధ్యమందు. ఇప్పుడో పట్టపగలందే కొరియాయందు స్త్రీలను వస్త్రహీనముగావింపు నలువురి ఆమధ్య జంతు సంతసమును పొందుచున్నారీ యుద్ధోన్మాదులు కొరియా యుద్ధ రంగమందు.

ఇట్టి కిరాతకచర్యల నరికట్టుటకును, యుద్ధోన్మాదులనురితీయుటకును, శాంతిని స్థాపించుటకును, విద్యావిశారదులు నడుము బిగించి శాంతి సందేశములను రచించి దేశదేశములకంపి యుద్ధమువలన ప్రజలెంత హాయిగనున్నారో తెల్పవలెను కండ్లకుగట్టినట్లు ఎల్లెడలను శాంతిని సంపూర్ణముగ నెలకొల్పవలెను. అదియే నిర్వర్తింపదగిన గొప్ప కార్యము కవులు రాజకీయవేత్తలు సాంఘిక రచయితలు.

శాంతి చిరస్థాయిగా నిలుచుగాక !!!
యుద్ధోన్మాదులు నేలమట్టమగుదురుగాక త్వరలోనే !!!

రచయిత : బంగారు రుక్మాంగదుఁడు.
రా య వే లూ రు.

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Edited and Published by Mr. S. Jesuratnam, B.A., B.Sc.,
*Principal, Voorhees College, Vellore,*
and printed by Mr. M. S. Ekambaram at Solden & Co., Madras - 5.

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